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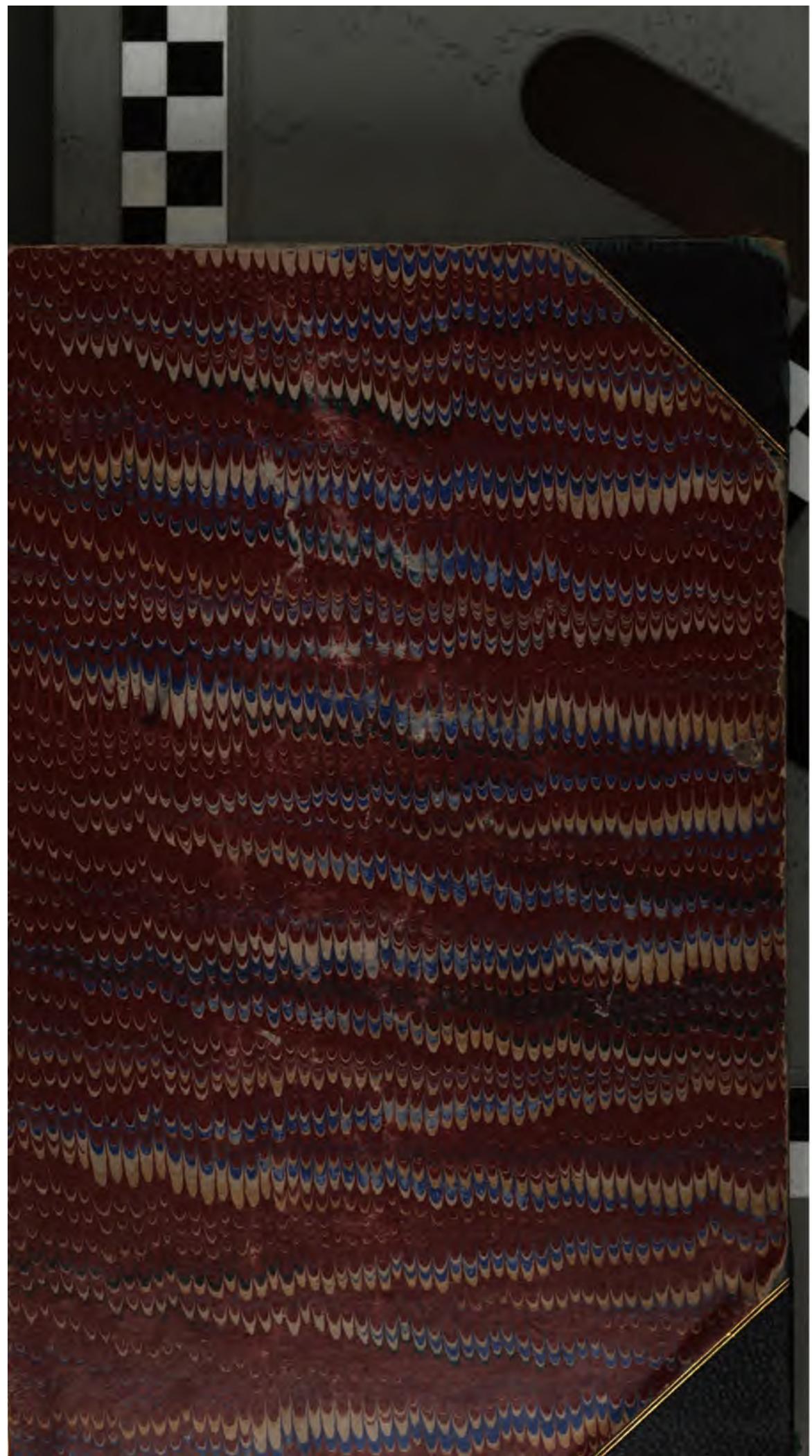
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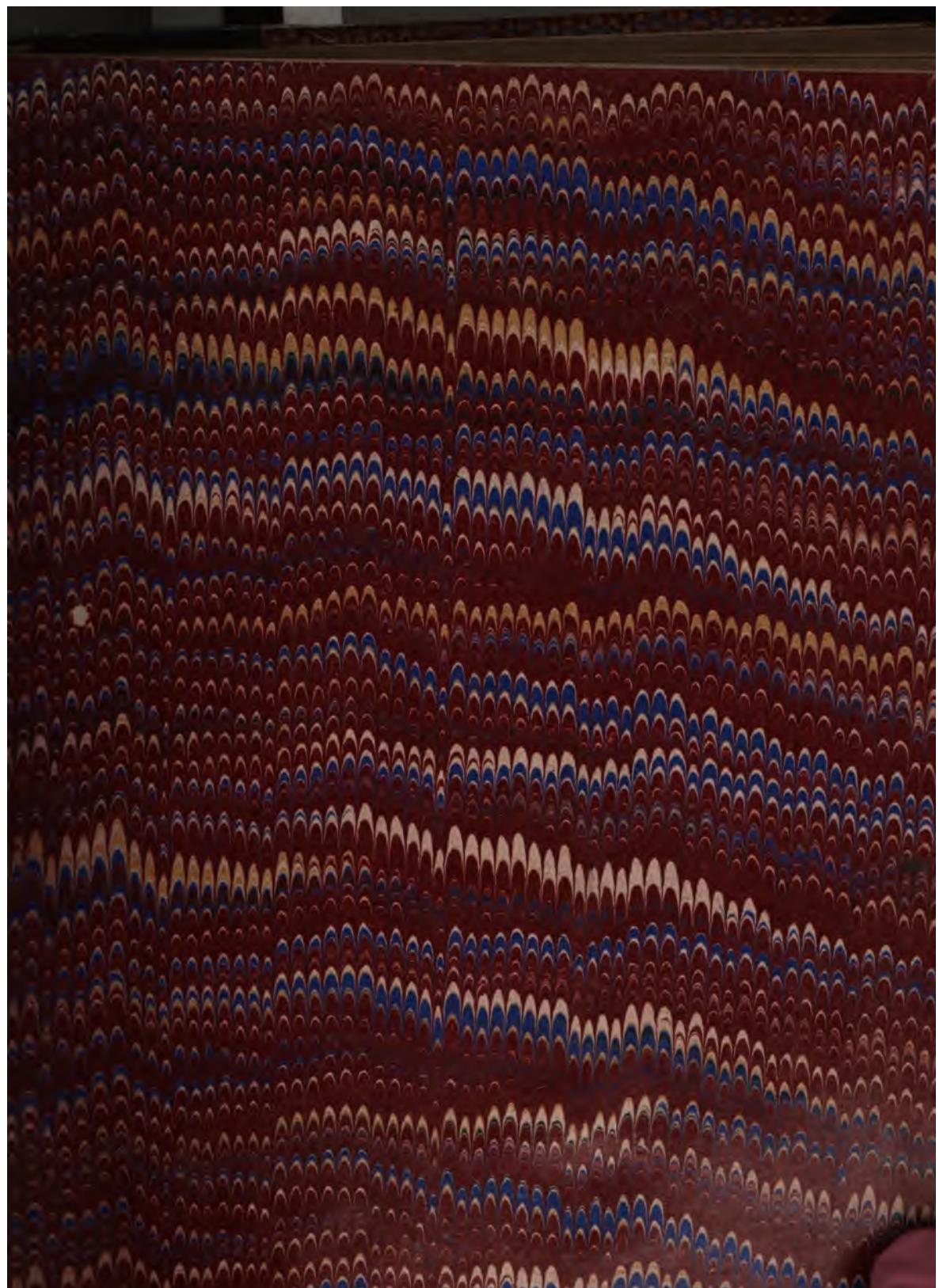
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OCCASIONAL ISSUES
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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

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Modest Maid," *etc.* 1594. and PETER COLETT'S "Penitope's
Complaint," *etc.* 1596.
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INTRODUCTION.

IT would seem as though SHAKESPEARE'S own impersonality—in so far as biographic fact is concerned—had a mysterious power of thinning away other personalities from whom light on him might have been looked for, *e.g.*, SIR ROBERT CHESTER's *Love's Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint* (1601), with its “Diverse Poeticall Essaies,” gives us those dulcet pieces of music and subtle pathos, Shakespeare's “Let the bird of lowdest laie” and “Threnos,” so arguing intimacy and something beyond, with Chester. But all the links of friendship and circumstance have been calcined; and the extant *data* concerning SIR ROBERT CHESTER and SIR JOHN SALISBURY yield scarcely a point of departure toward a solution of the mystery folded up in the poems involved, *i.e.*, except Shakespeare's common feeling with Chester toward ESSEX and ELIZABETH.* Similarly, with the present noticeable volume of *Willowie's Avisa*. There are things as shall appear immediately—in this poem and related poems—that are declarative of kindred intimacy and something beyond, as between

* As I write this, there reaches me from Mr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Director and Founder of the “New Shakspere Society,” a paper by him in opposition to my interpretation of the “Phoenix and Turtle” of Chester and of Shakespeare. Mr. Furnivall shews that he really does not know the A B C of what he is writing about. I shall have very little difficulty in putting aside this extremely small production, and in shewing that neither Mr. Furnivall, nor his *fidus Achates*, Mr. P. A. Daniel, is the Solomon or genius each (apparently) imagines himself. I am in hopeful pursuit of the Italian poems of Celiano—alleged by Chester to have been his prototypes at least—and so soon as I am fortunate to recover them, it is my intention to issue a separate tractate, restating and further illustrating and confirming my demonstration that the “Phoenix” was Elizabeth, and the “Turtle” Essex. Meantime Mr. Furnivall leaves the proof absolutely untouched, and tattles of merest accidents.

Shakespeare and either "Willowie," or HADRIAN DORRELL, who writes the long "Epistles" and after-'Apologie.' But again, when you try to get near either or both, you have the same mysterious and baffling impersonalization of them, until you do not know well what to decide. As those things, which I have designated, are really the preserving salt of the book, it seems expedient to adduce them in the outset.

(a) In the commendatory verses headed "In praise of Willowie his Auifa, Hexameton to the Author," there is found this stanza :

" Though Collatine haue dardly bought
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found, that most in vine haue sought,
To haue a Faire, and Constant wife,
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare, paints poore Lucrece rape." (p. 15.)

This is the earliest known 'praise' of Shakespeare, except the doubtful *Action* bit of Spenser.* The *Rape of Lucrece* was entered in the *Registers of Stationers Hall* on 9th May 1594, as follows :

9 Maii [1594].

Master harrison Entred for his copie vnder th[is] h[is] and of master Cawood
Senior. Warden, a booke intituled *the Ravyshment of LUCRECE*
vj^d C†

* Since the text was printed, I have chanced on the following in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica* : "Prefix'd are commendatory versees by Abell Emet and another, who signs *Contraria contrariis*, and mentions Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, but does not, as hath been hastily surmised, celebrate Shakespeare himself." This "English eagle," and "Brytan bird," alluding to Willowies own poem, and Shakspeare being introduc'd only by way of foil. The lines are, "Tarquyne pluckt," &c. (p. 396). I am not aware to whom Ritson refers as having 'hastily surmised' that by "This English eagle" and "Brytan bird" Shakespeare was meant. The bibliographer is certainly right in so far as the verses signed "Contraria contrariis" are concerned. But in *Willowies Avisa* itself, it had struck me that Shakespeare might have been intended by an 'Eagle' metaphor. See p. 24, st. 3, ll. 1-4—possibly only *Avisa* was meant here. In relation to Spenser's *Action*, the thing is worth thinking out. I hope to do so some day in my edition of Spenser.

† Arber's *Transcript*, vol. ii, p. 648.

Then on the following 3rd September, came *Willowie's Avisa*, as thus :

II. 3. Septembris [1594].
master windet. Entred for his copie vnder th[er]e h[er]andes of master Hartwell
and the wardens A book entituled Willowye *his avisa or the
true picture of a modest maid and of a chas[te] and Constant
wife*.....vj^d*

It would thus appear that the reference to Shakespeare was worked into this (so-called) 'Hexameton' within at most three or four months of the publication of the *Rape of Lucrece*, and probably or possibly, within a few weeks. This leaves the impression that whoever wrote this 'Hexameton' had a special and personal interest in Shakespeare. I know that 'Mr.' could not have been poetically introduced ; but 'Shake-speare' simply, has a familiar like sound. Eheu ! The signature to the little poem, "Contraria Contrarijs Vigilantius : Dormitanus," affords no guidance to the name of its author. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan asks — "Does it contain the name of the writer in disguise"? † I think not. It seems only a playful allusion to "Willowies Avisa," wherein he speaks of his "sleepie Muse." ‡

(b) In a prose-introduction to 'Cant. xlivii,' we thus read :

"H. W. being sodenly affected with the contagion of a fantastical fit, at the first sight of A[visa], pyneth a while in secret grieve, at length not able any longer to indure the burninge heate of so feruent a humour, bewrayeth the secrefy of his disease vnto his familiar frend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection ; yet finding his frend let bloud in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in stede of stopping the issue, he inlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perfwading him that he thought it a matter very easy

* Arber's *Transcript*, p. 659.

† *Notes and Queries*, January 28th, 1860, pp. 59-60.

‡ See p. 17, c. i, st. 2 ; and cf. 'Apologie,' p. 143, ll. 14-15.

to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in tyme to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his frends folly, that had giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his part better then himselfe, & in viewing a far off the course of this louing Comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player," &c. (pp. 90-1.)

There succeed to this, c. xlippii to c. xlvi, which consist of verse-dialogues between H. W. and W. S.

The first*—so far as I have been able to trace—to find WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in this “W. S.” and “familiar frend” of H. W., was Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER. In his *Life of Shakespeare* (1858, p. 115), he refers to c. xlippii-v. (and in his introduction to the *Rape of Lucrece* (vol. vi, p. 526), he notes the allusion (*ut supra*) to that poem.) Without being aware of this, the late Sir WALTER C. TREVELYAN, in a communication to *Notes and Queries* (as before), quotes the whole of the passage from an imperfect exemplar of *Willobies Avisa* in his own possession, with a grotesque advance on Mr. Collier. For he writes: “I extract the passage in full, together with two sonnets connected with it, and which, if W. S. may be taken for Shakespeare’s initials, may not improbably be his writing.” More of this impossible authorship anon.

The next notice of *Willobies Avisa* in relation to Shakespeare that I have come upon, is in Dr. Ingleby’s *Shakspeare Allusion-Books*, pt. i, 1592-98, for “The New Shakspeare Society,” 1874. Therein he gives (1) Title-page of *Willobies Avisa* (1594); (2) Commendatory verses signed “Contraria Contrarijs”; (3) Cant. xlippii-xlvii; and in his

* Sir Egerton Brydges’ (*Restituta, &c.*) and George Ellis’ (*Specimens*) appear simply to have quoted the passages (partially).

admirable "General Introduction" (pp. xxviii–xxx), he thus speaks of the book :

" *Willobie his Avisa*, said to be a poem 'in hexameter verse,' because each verse contains six lines, was first published in 1594; and we have reprinted the commendatory poem and four *canti* from that edition. Other editions were in 1596, 1605, 1609, and 1635. From the Epistles found in these several editions we learn all we know of the presumptive author of this remarkable poem. A word on some of these first. To the edition of 1594 are prefixed an 'Epistle Dedicatory' as well as an 'Epistle to the Reader.' Both are from Hadrian Dorrell, the reputed editor of the book and friend of its author. The latter he dates 'from my chamber in Oxford, this first of October.' To the edition of 1605 Dorrell adds an 'apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avisa,' which professes to answer some who misconstrued the poem, especially P. C. [Peter Colse], and ends with these remarkable words :

" 'If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their vnsatisfied minds they must for ever rest in the[ir] rightlesse erring, till the author (now of late gone to God) returne from Heaven to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farewel. Oxford this 30 of June 1596.'

" A poem called *The Victory of English Chastity* printed next to the *Apologie* is signed 'Thomas Willoby Frater Henrici Willoby nuper defuncti' [n.d.].* From these premises we should naturally conclude that there were two brothers, Henry and Thomas Willoby (Willobie, or Willoughby, the orthography being phonetic), both of whom were poets, and wrote on one and the same subject. The *Apologie* also records that Henry Willobie left 'many other pretty things—of his devising,' and a poem called *Susanna*, which must have been suggested by the story of *Susanna and the Elders*, and therefore we are asked to believe that both brothers wrote poems (*Avisa*, *Susanna*, and *The Victory of English Chastity*) on one subject — chastity, maidenly, or matronly; which, to say the least, is surprising. We also learn from the same premises that Henry Willobie died at Oxford between Oct. 1, 1594, and June 30, 1596, and that his brother survived him. One might almost guess already that Hadrian Dorrell is hoaxing us; that he was the Henry Willobie of the *Avisa* and *Susanna*, and after June, 1596, the Thomas Willobie of the *Victoriz*. We shall soon find fresh suggestions of doubt.

" In the editions of 1605 and 1635 are found the *Apology* and the *Epistle to the Reader*. In the former Dorrell says the author 'fained an Individuum: ** to this fained Individuum, he gave this fained name *Avisa*;' and in the latter he writes

" ' I found this very name AVISA, written in great letters, a pretty distance a sunder, and under every letter, a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme,

" * Having been unable to see a copy of this edition, we are here trusting to the account of it in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iii, p. 241. The edition of 1596 is only 'presumed' in that work, nor has Mr. Hazlitt 'met with' it."

Introduction.

A. V. I. S. A.
Amans Vxor Inuiolata Semper Amanda.'

But Dorrell presently goes on to say,

" Yet of the other side, when I doe more deeply consider of it and more narrowly weigh every particular part, I am driven to thinke that there is something of truth hidden under this shadow. The reasons that move me are these. First in the same paper where I found the name of *Avisa* written in great letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the author's owne hand, viz., ' Yet I would not have Avisa to be thought a publike fiction, nor a truthelesse invention, for it may be, that I have at least heard of one in the west of England, in whom the substance of all this hath been verified, and in many things the verie words specified which hath endured these and many more, and many greater assaults, yet, as heere, she stands unspotted, and unconquered.' Who the lady was has never been determined, nor yet where she abode. We must not rush to the conclusion that her name was Susan, from the mention of *Avi-Susan* in the commendatory poem : for that has no more reference, of necessity, to the real lady's name than *Lucres-Avis* (phonetic for *Lucrce-Avis*), the Susan being the Susanna of the Apocrypha, and the Lucres being the Lucrece of Roman History ; the former celebrated by H. W. (Henry Willibie), the latter by W. S. (William Shakspere). Avisa, like the lady 'in the west of England,' abode

At Westerne side of Albion's isle
Where Austine pitcht his monkish tent,

which suggests Glastonbury ; and her homestead is described in the single stanza which constitutes Canto XLVI. If one might make a guess at the lady's real name, from the hint given in that stanza, *St. George* is at once suggested, and one is reminded of *Rick. III. v. 3*,

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits upon our helms.

" But there are two statements in Dorrell's *Apology* which are hard to reconcile. He writes :

" ' This poetical fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirtie and five yeeres since (as it will be proved), and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other prettie things did of his devising ; and so might have continued still (as his Susanna yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it and publisht it.'

" We know from the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iii, pp. 242, 253, that this passage is in the *Apology* (dated 1596) added to the edition of 1605. Now, 35 from 1596 leaves 1561, so that, according to Dorrell's statement, Henry Willibie had written his *Avisa* by June, 1561. The poem showing no sign of immaturity, we must conclude that he was nearly of age at that date ; which will throw his birth back to about 1540. Taking that year as a basis of computation, he must have been from 53 to 56 at the time of his death. At least he was then a man of fifty, an elderly man, of whose achievements Dorrell might have written

with praise, but of whom he could not have written as of a promising student and a young soldier : yet Dorrell describes him, in his epistle of Oct. 1594, as 'a scholar of very good hope,' and what is even more absurd, as a 'young man, who, desirous of seeing the fashion of other countries, had not long sithence departed voluntarily in her Majesty's service,' whereas he was in June, 1596, *nuper defunctus*, and had 'not long sithence' departed at the bidding of the King of kings. Sir Egerton Brydges considered that this 'anachronism [might] be ascribed to inadvertency.' For ourselves, we see in it the *pes clauda* which so persistently dogs the hoaxter; and we are led to the conclusion, already mentioned, that *Willobie his Avisa* is of the same class as *The Legacy of an Etonian*, Edited by Robert Nolands, sole executor (Macmillan, 1846), where the executor's name is a pseudonym, and the editor was sole author of the poems, which are there attributed to 'a young friend, Mr. E——n.' Here, *nostro iudicio*, we have the key to the Willobie-Dorrell mystery. Otherwise, we should be driven to the conclusion that this poem, which is redolent of late Elizabethan associations, belongs (by a miraculous anachronism) to the reign of Henry VIII., and that therefore the interlocutor whose initials are W. S. could not be William Shakspere, seeing he was not born till the third year after the poem was written.

"On the other hand, the name of Willobie is found in a marginal note in William Clarke's *Polemanteia*, 1595, where he is referred to as one of those of Oxford who 'are able to sing sweetly when it please thee.' Clarke makes 'England to her three daughters, the Universities, say,

Sweet Master Campion. " " I know, Cambridge, howsoeuer now old, thou hast some young, bid them be chast, yet suffer them to be wittie; let them be soundly learned, yet suffer them to be gentlemanlike qualified; Oxford thou hast many, and they are able to sing sweetly when it please thee. And thou youngest of all three, either in Hexameter English, thou art curious (but that thou learnest of my daughter Cambridge) or in any other kinde thou art so wisely merrie, as myselfe (though olde) am often delighted with thy musick, tune thy sweet strings, & sing what please thee.' [sign. Britton. Percie. Willobie. Fraunce. Lodge. Master Davis of L. I. Drayton. Learned M. Plat. Q3. back.]

But this does not clear up the difficulty, as Clarke may have only known Willobie's name from the book.

" The commendatory poem (called an *Hexameton*) contains the earliest printed mention of Shakspere that has yet been discovered. Its date is at least as early as the first edition of *Willobie his Avisa*, viz. 1594; i.e. one year earlier than that of Clarke's *Polemanteia*, in a marginal note to which the name of Shakspere also occurs. The second verse of this *Hexameton*, in which Shakspere is named as the author of *Lucrece*, was quoted by Mr. J. P. Collier in his Introduction to that poem (Ed. of Shakespeare, 1858, vol. vi. p. 526). He here also refers to the *Canti* of the *Avisa*, which we have reprinted at large, in his *Life of Shakespeare* (Ibid. vol. i. p. 115). The dialogue between H. W. and W. S. was first reprinted in Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 378, and subsequently at greater length by Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. ix. 59-60, under date Jan. 28, 1860.

"The *Hexameron* is signed *Contraria Contrariis: Vigilantius: Dormitarius*, under which fanciful signature some have supposed to lurk the real name of the writer: but all that it appears to mean is that, if we designate contraries by contraries, the author is *Wide-awake Sleepy-head*: which might possibly contain a pun on his name."

Almost contemporaneously, Dr. Ingleby issued the first edition of his *Centurie of Praise*. It contained the same quotations from *Willobies Avisa*, but not the critical remarks of the "General Introduction" to his *Shakspere Allusion-Books*. In the new edition of the *Centurie of Praise* (1879) as re-edited by Miss L. Toulmin Smith, the *Avisa* quotations are reproduced; and the following is the enlarged annotation :

"Henry Willobie's W. S. is referred to Shakespeare on two distinct grounds: (1) Because W. S. appears in this 'imaginary conversation' as a standard authority on Love; and assuredly Shakespeare was *the* amatory poet of the day, and, to judge by his Sonnets, 'had tried the courtesy of the like passion,' and had come unscathed out of the ordeal. [Compare also his counsel to the wooer in the poem No. xix, beginning, 'Where as thine eye hath chose the dame,' of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, to which Willobie's verses bear a strong and curious resemblance in metre, subject, and treatment, L. T. S.]* (2) Because it is said that this W. S. 'in viewing the course of this loving Comedy determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end *for this new actor, then it did for the old player*,' with other theatrical imagery specially applicable to a player and dramatist. Assuredly, no other contemporary poet of the same initials, whether lyrist or dramatist (and five or six might be named), had any claim to this distinction." (p. 11.)

I make these remarks on Dr. Ingleby's and Miss Smith's criticisms :

I. The 1596 edition is spoken of doubtfully, as if, possibly,

* Every one who had read *Willobies Avisa* recognised this. Dr. B. Nicholson specially called my attention to it, as, I suppose, he had Miss Smith's.

there never had been such. But its publication is verified by the date of the *Apologie* (1596), and by the notice of Peter Colse's *Penelope's Complaint*, which, entered in the *Stationers' Register* 13 February 1596, was duly published in 1596. So that

2. It is a mistake to set down the *Apologie* as belonging to the edition of 1605. It doubtless did appear in it as well, but the 1635 edition, in its reprint of the whole, dates it 1596, so shewing that either it was so dated in the 1605 edition, or fetched directly from that of 1596.

3. The imagined improbability of "two brothers" writing on one and the same subject, viz., Chastity, is gratuitous, seeing that Thomas Willoby's is a kind of vindication of Henry Willobie's *Avisa*, and so was necessarily on "one and the same subject," and not at all "surprising."

4. We prove, onward, the actual existence of a Henry and Thomas Willobie or Willoughby. So that the reality of the "two brothers" must be conceded. But

5. We shew that no Hadrian Dorrell is found, either in the abundant Dorrell pedigrees, or in the Oxford *Registers*, or Wood's *Athenæ*, or *Fasti*, or his *MSS.*

6. The margin-note in William Clarke's *Polimanteid* (1595) is manifestly taken from the title-page of *Avisa*, and is testimony to knowledge of the book, but not necessarily of the man. I put it positively, not hypothetically.

7. While in the "General Introduction" to the *Shakspere Allusion-Books*, Dr. Ingleby assigns *Willobies Avisa* to Hadrian Dorrell, in his *Centurie* (both editions) he assigns them to Willobie. In the former, Willobie is a myth, in the latter, an actual personality. As will be found in the sequel, Hadrian Dorrell was the myth.

8. For after-reference, it seems expedient to place before the student-reader the poem, "When as thine eye hath chose the Dame," and I avail myself of Mr. CHARLES EDMONDS' inestimable *literatim* text of the *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (1870):

“ When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
 And stalle the deare that thou shouldest strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy (partyall might) [wight ?]
 Take counsell of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tong with fild talke,
 Least she some subtil practise smell,
 A Cripple foone can finde a holt,
 But plainly say thou louest her well,
 And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning browe be bent
 Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
 And then too late she wil repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight.
 And twice desire yer it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away,

What though she striue to try her strength,
 And ban and braule, and say the nay :
 Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to lay :
 Had women beene so strong as men
 In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy waies,
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,
 Where thy desart may merit praife
 By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
 The strongest castle, tower and towne,
 The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with assured trust,
 And in thy fute be humble true,
 Vnlesse thy Lady proue vniust,
 Prease neuer thou to chuse a new :
 When time shall serue, be thou not flacke,
 To proffer though shee put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
 Dissembled with an outward shew :
 The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
 The Cock that treads the shall not know,
 Haue you not heard it said full oft,
 A womans nay doth stand for naught.

Thinke Women still to strieue with men,
To finne and neuer for to faint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint,
Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,
Leaſt that my miſtreſſe heare my ſong,
She will not ſtick to round me on th'are,
To teach my young to be ſo long,
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To heare her ſecrets ſo bewraide.

9. Dr. Ingleby calls the interchanging verses between "H. W." and "W. S." "an imaginary conversation" (*a la* Landor I assume); but they seem to carry more in them than 'imagination'—as shall appear.*

There doubtless have been other notices of *Willowies Avisa* with reference to the "W. S." passages; but I do not know of any. These, however, may suffice, albeit it had been satisfactory to have had the opinion of such Shakespeareans as DYCE, SINGER, STAUNTON, Dr. W. ALDIS WRIGHT, and their compeers.

For myself, I feel disposed to think that the initials "W. S." really represent Shakespeare, for these reasons:

1. The early and familiar allusion to Shakespeare in the commendatory 'Hexameton' so self-evidently by one who was of a group of friends known to, and by, him.
2. The singular combination of theatrical terms or words in the prose-introduction to the cantos, as though tacitly to suggest, to all in the secret, that 'W. S.' was a 'Player,' as we know Shakespeare then was (well-known as such, indeed, from 1592, as witness Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, and Chettle's *Kind-hart's Dreame*), e.g., 'he [W. S.] would see whether

* *En passant*—In the *Centurie of Praise*—both editions—the quotations are chronologically inexact. Chettle (*bis*)—*A mournful Dittie* (1603?), Harvey (1598), and Carew (1595–1600), ought to have followed, not preceded, the *Avisa* quotations.

another could *play* his part better than himselfe and whether it would sort to a happier end for this *new actor*, than it did for the *old player*.' 'Old' is here = former or prior, in apposition not opposition, to 'new,' not = old in years, or ancient.

3. The pleasant girds at W. S.'s love-experiences, he [W. S.] having "giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne [love] folly" chronologically congruent with Shakespeare's sonnets, and congruent with friendship.
4. The correspondence between the 'counsel' given by W. S. in these (so-called) sonnets, and Shakespeare's own sonnets. Though I cannot for a moment think of assigning the cantos put into the mouth of W. S., to Shakespeare as their author—as Sir Walter C. Trevelyan does—I am disposed to regard them as versifying actual *bardinage* and 'counsel' given by Shakespeare to their author—dimmed and impoverished, doubtless, by the immeasurably inferior reporter, yet true to the fact of interchanged experience. Thus looked at, these verse-dialogues between W. S. and H. W. seem to me the one definite ray of light shot across the love-experiences made immortal in the sonnets, by a contemporary. I for one have always held Shakespeare's sonnets to be as largely auto-biographic as are Sidney's of *Stella*; and these *bits* in *Willowies Avisa* point to just such love-troubles as the sonnets superbly celebrate in their ever-varying, ever-alternating height and depth, glory and shame, shine and shadow, gravity and levity.
5. Shakespeare was certainly the love-poet of the period, through his *Venus and Adonis*.
6. In the prose-introduction to canto xlivii we read, "he [W. S.] took pleasure for a tyme to see him bled, and in steed of stopping the issue, he inlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, per-

swading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, and no doubt with payne, diligence and some cost in tyme to be obtayned." This seems to me an extremely noticeable passage. When I turn to the poem No. xix of the *Passionate Pilgrim* (as given *supra*), I find in these words a singularly close description or abstract of it. Hence I am inclined to conjecture that Shakespeare may have sent his friend H. W., or Dorrell, this identical poem, while in *Avisa* itself we have recollections of actual conversations between Shakespeare and his love-lorn friend. Besides, in these special words "there are incidents not mentioned in the poetic text of *Avisa*, and they give one the idea that other particulars of a fact are here incidentally touched on." The latter quotation is from Dr. B. Nicholson to myself.*

I commend the student-reader to re-read critically the Sonnets of Shakespeare with *Willobies Avisa*, from canto xliiii to canto xlviii, open before him. (See more, onward.)

In his 'note' (already referred to and quoted from) Sir Walter C. Trevelyan puts another question by way of solving another Shakespearean problem, as follows: "May we not also conjecture the 'Mr. W. H.' to whom the first edition (1609) of Shakespeare's Sonnets was dedicated, may have been his friend this Henry Willobie? whose sonnets, written some years probably before Shakespeare's, must have been known to him, and may have 'begotten'—that is, suggested—a similar work to our immortal bard." This 'conjecture' as to "Mr. W. H." (initials, as was common, reversed) having been the 'W. H.' of the sonnet-dedication of 1609, is swept aside by the hard matter-of-fact, that Henry Willobie or Willoughby, was certainly dead by

* The *Passionate Pilgrim* I have shewn in my Introduction to the Poems of Richard Barnfield (Roxburghe Club) to have been an unauthorized medley, in great measure non-Shakespearean; but the verse-dialogue of *Willobies Avisa* seems to verify the Shakespearean authorship of poem No. xix.

1596 at latest, as we shall see onward. But apart from this it is grotesque to pronounce the Sonnets of Shakespeare a "similar work" to *Willobies Avisa*, and inspired or 'suggested' by it!

These points, in my judgment, warrant re-calling of the attention of Shakespeareans to *Willobies Avisa*; and I trust will stimulate some of them to researches elucidatory of the names and things that I have now to submit. Alas! alas! They are but a meagre result of prolonged and well-seconded inquiries. I propose to try to answer these four questions:

1. WAS HENRY WILLOBIE OR WILLOUGHBY A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH?
2. WAS HE THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'?
3. WAS HADRIAN DORRELL A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH?
4. WAS HE THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'?

1. WAS HENRY WILLOBIE OR WILLOUGHBY A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH? The answer to this is, that there was a 'real' Henry Willobie or Willoughby. That is to say, in the pedigree of the Willoughbys, a Henry Willoughby appears as the second son of Henry Willoughby—eldest, William—by Jane, daughter of Dauntsey of Lavington, in the county of Wilts—who was son of Christopher Willoughby, illegitimate son of Sir William Willoughby, brother of Sir Robert Willoughby, Lord Brooke.*

That this was *the* Henry Willobie (or Willoughby) of *Avisa* is incidentally confirmed by the fact that a younger brother (third son) is, in the same pedigree, named 'Thomas,' while this 'Thomas Willoughby' is found adding an entire new poem to the 1596 edition of *Avisa*, signed "Thomas Willoby Frater Henrici Willoby." Another proof that Henry Willobie was a 'real person' is, that in the list of matriculations in St. John's College, Oxford, is this entry:

"1591 Hen. Willobie Wilt. Arm. fil." [=Wiltshire, Armiger filius].

On this the president of St. John's (Dr. Bellamy) notes—

* Hoare's *Modern Wilts.*, vol. i, pt. i, pp. 38-39.

"He was an 'independent member,'" which, being interpreted, signifies that he was 'not on the foundation,' *i.e.*, he was a commoner. In accord with this, my friend Colonel Chester of London, has sent me, from the University Register-Books, an identical entry, with the important addition, that Henry Willobie, on matriculation, was aged 16 (in 1591).* So that he must have been born in 1574 or 1575, and in his eighteenth or nineteenth year in 1594, when *Avisa* was entered and published, and in his seventeenth or eighteenth year when it was written. All this, as well as his youthful age, agrees with Hadrian Dorrell's wording in introducing *Avisa*—"It is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Maiesties seruice" (p. 5). I add, that in addition to what I have quoted of his brother's signature to his own poem, there is appended, 'nuper defuncti.' This intimates, that in 1596 he was 'lately deceased.' Such is the little all of outward fact that I have gained concerning Henry Willoughby. Not a *scintilla* of light remains on the alleged 'service' abroad of Elizabeth; nor is any expedition or embassage historically known between 1594 and 1596 with which he might have been associated. He was thus, at most, in his twenty-second year when he died. These (slight) memorials of Henry Willobie seem to render the alternative of our question, 'or a myth,' superfluous. But I have put it, because it gives me a basis for our second question, *viz.*,

2. WAS HE THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'? The merest tyro is aware that in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, it was no uncommon thing for authors, especially poets, to transfer the names of patrons and friends to their productions. Thus Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* was called

* See additional Notes and Illustrations to this Introduction, No. 21.

by, or for him, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," after his illustrious sister. So Nicholas Breton entitled his inestimable *Passion*, "The Countesse of Pembroke's Passion." Similarly, Abraham Fraunce dubs his *Ivy Church* and *Emanuel*, by the same 'fair lady's' name. It were easy to multiply examples. The countess of Pembroke was a 'real person,' but that did not make her author of the books that bear her name. And so it is not matter-of-course that because the present volume bears the name of *Willobies Avisa* that he was its author. It is always difficult to prove a negative; but on grounds that shall appear immediately, I have come to the conclusion that the alleged authorship was a 'myth,' and that the actual author, whoever he were, simply appropriated the name of Henry Willobie. This leads to our third question, viz.,

3. WAS HADRIAN DORRELL A REAL PERSON OR A MYTH? The family of Dorrell, in its many ramifications, has unusually full and detailed pedigrees. But in none does a Hadrian Dorrell occur. COLONEL CHESTER (as before) has ample collections on the name, and in *Harleian MS.*, 1106, and others, there are elaborate genealogies; but neither in any of them does a Hadrian Dorrell find a place. Nor in the University of Oxford's Registers generally, or in St. John's College specifically, is the name found. Except in connection with *Willobies Avisa* he is un-noticed by Anthony a-Wood, either in his *Athenæ* or *Fasti*, or by Dr. Bliss. The Wood MSS. in the Bodleian — contemporary and subsequent, and supplementary to his two great works — have nowhere the slightest trace of a Hadrian (or Adrian) Dorrell. I confess that this utter absence of notices of Hadrian Dorrell, makes me doubt whether it were not a pseudonym or mask. The conclusion which seems inevitable is, that 'Hadrian Dorrell' was the appropriation of an existent surname with a fancy christian name, by some one who did not care to be known, save esoterically.

Of course a long-hidden letter, or hitherto over-looked reference, may, at any moment, prove the personality and actuality of a Hadrian Dorrell; but with present lights I hold him for a myth.

It is to be observed at this point, that an unknown PETER COLSE published, in 1596, a poem entitled *Penelope's Complaint: or, A Mirrour for Wanton Minions*. I shall take occasion to say more of this imitation of *Willobies Avisa* in the sequel. Here I simply note that, in his epistle-dedicatory to the Lady Edith Horsey, Colse, with *Avisa* before him, designates its author as 'vnknowne'—"seeing an *unknowne Author*, hath of late published a pamphlet called *Avisa*," &c. Evidently neither Henry Willobie nor Hadrian Dorrell were known to Peter Colse at any rate. Hadrian Dorrell replied to this in the 1596 edition of *Avisa*, but, as we shall discover, misleadingly and falsely.

4. WAS HADRIAN DORRELL THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLOBIES AVISA'? I think he must have been, though—as above—his 'real' name was not Hadrian Dorrell. These are my grounds:

(a) While in the original edition (of 1594) Dorrell describes Henry Willobie as a 'yong man,' and tells us that he had found on his 'departure' on 'her Maiesties seruice,' *i.e.*, in 1594, in his 'studie' the 'booke' which he named 'Willobies Avisa,' in an "Apologie shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avisa," prefixed to a new edition (1596) of the poem, he thus obviously writes: "This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirtie and fve yeeres since, (as it will be proued) and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his deuising; and so might haue continued still (as his *Susanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good end, to which it was directed) published it." (pp. 142-3.) This is in absolute contradiction with the first statement. For 'thirtie and fve

'yeeres since' takes us back (reckoning from 1595) to 1561, or a good thirteen years before the Henry Willobie of St. John's College, Oxford, was born; and there is no other Henry Willobie or Willoughby of the period.

(b) That the original date is the true one, *i.e.*, 1594, or shortly before, not 1561, is in agreement with the reference to Shakespeare's 'Rape of Lucrece' in the 'Hexameton' of 'Contraria Contrarijs,' though *cæteris paribus* we might have accredited the poem as written long before and the commendatory verses to have been furnished on publication. *As it is*, the ante-dating of the poem looks like the slip of a man who was trying to carry out a feigned story—as Dr. Ingleby has noted.

(c) The preliminary matter of both the 1594 and 1596 editions of the poem has the favorite words of the poem itself. I have recorded some of these in my *Notes and Illustrations*. Besides, the whole style and tone of the preliminary matter bear the impress of one mind with the poet of *Avisa*. I can scarcely hope to communicate my own sense of this; but I commend it to the reader.

(d) His evident anxiety to explain the intent of the poem is an anxiety over-keen for any but the author. This anxiety is deepened in the 'Apologie' of 1596, when be it re-called Henry Willobie was dead, as Dorrell intimates at the close, thus—"If any notwithstanding will continue the errore of their vnsatisfied minds, they must for euer rest in the rightleſſe erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heauen to satisfie them farder touching his meaning" (p. 149).

(e) If the Henry Willobie under whose name *Avisa* was published were an Englishman and not a mere mask-name, how could he have called himself 'Italo-Hispalensis'? Anglo-Hispalensis or Italo-Anglicanus—pointing to the country whither he was 'departed' on 'her Maiefie's service,' he might have been, but Italo-Hispalensis never. (See p. 90).

(f) It is noticeable also that as the loving friend he professes, he spends very few words on Henry Willobie, either in 1594, or in 1596, when he had just died. Contrasted with his copiousness on other things, this points to the same conclusion.

(g) The elaborate 'Apologie' so soon as an attack was made by Peter Colse on *Willobies Avisa* in order to make it good that 'Avisa' was only a 'fained' and non-existent woman, is extremely suspicious. There was no inkling of this before, and so far as Willobie was concerned, no call for it, seeing that he was then dead.

(h) Similarly, the addition in the 1596 edition of *Avisa* of a new poem by Thomas Willoby, brother of Henry Willobie, in the light of these considerations, is felt to have been a supra-ingenious method of supporting the Henry Willobie authorship. One can understand how the brother of Henry would not be unwilling to help his friend Hadrian Dorrell at a pinch in extricating himself from trouble through the attacks on *Avisa*. The new piece is inferior in thought and composition (cf. p. 150, st. 3, and p. 153, st. 4); so that indubitably it was written by Thomas Willoby, not by Hadrian Dorrell in his name.

(i) Finally—The mask seems inadvertently to be let slip aside in the original 'Epistle' (1594), when he refers to the expectation that he [Dorrell] had been expected by some to write a poem in their praise of the very nature of *Avisa*.

My answer, therefore, to my third question is, that whoever Hadrian Dorrell was, he simply used the 'real' name of his 'chamber fellow and friend' Henry Willobie to conceal his own authorship of *Avisa*; and similarly persuaded his dead friend's brother to semi-ratify the honour paid that brother in inscribing the poem with his name. I grant that there are difficulties and possible objections to my verdict; but *ad interim* I venture to pronounce it and leave it for critical examination by fellow-students of Shakespeare and our great Elizabethan-Jacobean literature.

Another thing demands statement and elucidation. As previously noticed, in the 'Apologie' of 1596, Hadrian Dorrell, in repudiating the attacks in Colse's *Penelopes Complaint*, is full and servid in his repudiation of any one 'real woman' having been meant by 'Avisa.' If the Reader turn to the original Epistle of 1594, he will find that he there wrote doubtfully and hesitatingly, *e.g.*, "whether it be altogether fayned, or in some part true, or altogether true; and yet in most part Poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtfull, and therefore I make you the Judges" (p. 5). Again: "It seemes in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his own loue: I know not, and I will not bee curious" (p. 7). Once more: "when I do more deepeley consider of it, and more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am drieren to thinke that there is some thing of trueth hidden under this shadow," &c., &c. (pp. 7-8).* On the other hand, he is passionate and positive in the 'Apologie' of 1596 that 'Avisa' was merely chastity personified and no 'real' woman, *e.g.*, "But most I maruaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to bee a scholler) hath beene carried away with this stremme of misconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or priuie to any one sentence or word in that booke" (p. 142). So throughout. It may be said that supposing it on other evidence established that Henry Willolie was the actual author of *Avisa*, then the explanation of this positiveness in 1596 lies in the assurance of Henry Willolie between 1594 and 1596 that he merely intended Chastity personified. But in such case Dorrell would certainly have said so. Whereas, in his authorly eagerness to be delivered from the attacks on *Avisa*,

* Cf. also his supposititious finding of "an English Susanna" in the original Epistle-dedicatory (p. 4), with the express announcement in the 'Apologie' that Henry Willolie had left behind him another poem on 'Susannah' (p. 143). Quaint old ROBERT AYLET took up this for verse-subject (1622).

he commits the chronological blunder of still making Henry Willobie the author, though ante-dating the poem thirteen years before his birth.

That the whole materials for the study of the various problems suggested by *Willobies Avisa* might be before my constituents and readers in our leading public libraries, I have reproduced in the present volume these aids over and above *Willobies Avisa* itself of 1594.

1. The *Apologie* of Hadrian Dorrell 1596 (pp. 141-149.)
2. The *Victorie of English Chastitie under the fained name of Avisa.* (pp. 151-157.)

These are drawn from the 1635 reprint of the 1596 edition — no exemplar of the latter being known.

3. *Penelopes Complaint: or, A Mirrour for Wanton Minations, &c.* 1596. (pp. 159-183.)

This exists in a single exemplar now in the noble library of Alfred H. Huth, Esq., who, as worthy son of worthy sire, at once placed it at my service for reproduction. Sooth to say, Colse is a sorry poet, and *Penelopes Complaint* is thin and weak ; yet as containing the attacks on *Willobies Avisa*, and as hitherto in the hazards of a solitary copy, I judged it right to give it as an appendix. By examining these several additions, the question of the reality or fiction of *Avisa's* personality will be determinable by the student-reader for himself. Whoever S. D. were — and that he was not SAMUEL DANIEL, as has been over-hastily assumed by certain bibliographers who may be here nameless, I am morally certain — he joined with Peter Colse in thinking that she was a real woman, as witness his commendatory verses prefixed to *Penelopes Complaint*.

S. D.'s verses are only so-so, yet as there are satiric touches in the little poem that seem to indicate knowledge of a 'real' *Avisa* and an actual love-story, it may be pardonably made to 'speak English' here :

"To his most dear friend P. C. S. D.

Why seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—Avisa?
 Is she with thy Penelope to vie?
 The one renowned, revered, true to her own : Avisa
 An unknown woman from a place unknown.
 The one spouse of a prince of glorious name : Avisa
 Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same.
 The one is chaste, her husband being away : Avisa
 Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.
 The one through twice ten years strong to endure : Avisa
 Through scarce as many days could be kept pure.
 The one to a hundred lords refused her hand : Avisa
 The price and prayers of seven could scare withstand.
 The one would spin until her task was done : Avisa
 Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.
 The one to the Greeks and Romans praise : Avisa
 Has but one man her name and fame to raise.
 Long live Penelope and flourish fair : Avisa
 May never with Penelope compare.

Colse himself wrote in the same strain in his Epistle-dedicatory to Lady Edith Horsey, condemning the 'vn-known author' in that 'ouerlapping so many praiseworthy matrons' he 'hath registred the meanest.' (p. 161.) Possibly the word 'meanest' as well as S. D.'s scorn, is to be explained not by knowledge of any actual love-story of 'Avisa,' but by passing allusions in the poem from which the natural inference is that 'Avisa' must have been of lowly circumstances; in short an inn-keeper's wife. Surely that again points to a 'real' woman (not an impersonation) living

*"At Westerne side of Albion's isle,
 Where Austin pitcht his monkish tent."*

Thus, on the whole, it can scarcely be doubted that *Avisa* had a flesh-and-blood original, and that Hadrian Dorrell never would have been so vehement in protest and repudiation unless conscious of something behind the poem, of actual fact. Shall I wrong Mrs. Dorrell's memory (or whoever was the wife of the person assuming the name of Dorrell) by imagining that perchance she was touched of jealousy and demanded shrewishly — explanations? The

realism of a bit like this in Avisa, is declarative of its being a description of a known spot and of known facts :

“ Not farre from thence there lyes a vale
A rosie vale in pleasant plaine ;
The Nimpes frequent this happie dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe ;
Here Muses sing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth refounds both night and day.
At East of this a Castle stands,
By auncient shepheards built of olde,
And lately was in shepheards hands,
Though now by brothers bought and sold,
At west side springs a Christall well ;
There doth this chaste *Avisa* dwell.
And there she dwels in publique eye,
Shut vp from none that list to see ;
She answeres all that list to try,
Both high and low of each degree :
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And try her well ere they depart.” (p. 21)

Again :

“ Seest yonder howfe, where hangs the badge
Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
Victorius land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopelesse help doth ly :
And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my heart thus rage and swell.” (p. 95.)

The third stanza of the first quotation is interpreted by this to be = an inn having St. George, and perhaps the Dragon, for sign. Apparently it was in some sea-side town or village. I have not attempted to follow up Hazlewood's suggestion that the scene was in Kent, because, with Henry Willobie, while a 'real' person nevertheless a 'fained name' in the poem, and Hadrian Dorrell a probable pseudonym, it were idle to argue from the residences of either the Willoughbys or the Dorrells. In *Notes and Illustrations*, 'farder' and other words are noted as Northern.*

* See note No. 15 in Postscript to this Introduction. I make this reference because the second line in the first stanza of above first quotation, “A *rosie* vale in pleasant plaine,” is a peculiar expression, and the word ‘rosie’ may here also fold in it some secret allusion to one of the Horsey family. I simply throw this out. The perception of it would explain Colse’s wrath.

Bibliographically, *Willobies Avisa* has passed through these editions :

1. 1594 is reproduced from the exemplar in the British Museum, and of which only another perfect copy is known, viz., at Britwell.
2. 1596—containing for the first time the 'Apologie' and Thomas Willoby's new canto—no exemplar now known.
3. A third edition between 1596 and 1605—no exemplar now known.
4. 1605. The title-page is as follows: "Willobie his Avisa, or, the true Picture of a modest Maide, and of a chaste and constant Wife. Whereunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avisa: with the Victorie of English Chastitie, neuer before published, by Hadrian Dorrell. The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1605." (4to.) (Hazlitt's *Handbook*, s.n.). A unique exemplar is at Britwell.
5. "The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1609." Probably only 'remainder' of 1605 edition, with a new title-page, and not a 'fifth' or new edition — no exemplar known.
6. "Willoby his Avisa, or the True Picture of a Modest Maide, and of a chaste and constant Wife. Whereunto is added an Apologic, shewing the true meaning of Willoby his Avisa; With the victory of English Chastitie. The fifth time corrected and augmented. London. Printed by William Stansby. 1635." (12mo.) A unique exemplar is in the British Museum.

No. 4 (1605) professes that the *Apologie* and *Victorie* were 'never before published,' but this was a mere copying of the 1596 title-page, as is evidenced by the date of the *Apologie* in the 1635 edition, viz., 1596. The alleged 'corrections'

are extremely trivial and not always improvements, being nearly wholly orthographical. The alleged 'augmentations' are simply the *Apologie* and *Victorie*. With reference to No. 5 (1609) a copy of it occurs in the famous Sale-Catalogue of Benjamin Furley in 1714-15,* as follows :

" 104. Hadr-Dorell's true Picture of a modest Maide, and of a chaste and constant Wife : item, the Commonwealth of England ; the Merchants Avizo ; the Irish Hubub ; Youthes Witte, Golden Legend of new St. John ; the Lieutenant of the Tower, his Speech and Repentance at the Time of his Death ; Newes from Heaven ; Vox Militis," &c., Lond. 1609 (p. 294).

By the price-marked copy of this curious volume in the British Museum (11901 a), we learn that the buyer of this miscellaneous collection secured it and another lot for 4l. 12s., his name being 'Dⁿ Berlicius.' The word 'Item' (not *Idem*) signifies that the other books put along with the *True Picture* (secondary title of *Avisa*) were by other authors, as, indeed, is known otherwise. But the book called *The Merchants Avizo* we should like to get sight of, from its echo of *Avisa*. I have sought fruitlessly to trace the 'lot' in Holland ; and I have nowhere come upon *The Merchants Avizo*. (Query—intimation of goods, *aviso* Italian for 'advice' or 'invoice' ?

The sympathetic and observant reader will not be unrewarded for reading *Willowies Avisa*. As a whole, it is inartistic and poorly wrought ; yet now and again there is a pleasant smoothness, with a brook-like ripple of music, and jets of vivacity and touches of real human feeling. The pleading of those who 'woo' *Avisa* to falsify her married vow is often vivacious and in keeping with the character. There is a vein of simple tenderness in the opening (cant. i, p. 17) ; and substantively, elegant simplicity and quiet tenderness and sweetness, are the characteristics

* *Bibliotheca Furliana sive Catalogus Librorum Honoratiss. & Doctiss. Viri Benjamin Furly, inter quos excellunt Bibliorum Editiones, Mystici, libri proprii cuiuscumque Sectæ Christianæ, & Manuscripti membranei. Auctio sicut die 22 Octobris 1714 in Aedibus Defuncti in Platea vulgo dicta Haringvliet. Roterodami, apud Fritsch et Bohm. M.DCC.XIV.*

of the poem. I have found myself, also, lingering over an occasional happy epithet and well-worded axiomatic phrase. But the main interest, as the main *motif*, of this reproduction, is the H. W. and W. S. verse-dialogues, which, I think, have not yet yielded up all their meaning to Shakespeareans or students of the sonnets of Shakespeare.

I append to this Introduction certain things promised in the Notes and Illustrations. As on former occasions I owe much to my ever-ready, as richly-furnished, friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON of London, for his suggestions and jottings in reading the proof-sheets. As usual I have aimed at a reproduction in integrity of my texts, though I may have slightly inserted or deleted commas and other punctuation. Those used to the literature of the period will find little difficulty in reading, spite of the surplusage of commas and irregular punctuation, and arbitrary dis-syllables. I must add, that *Willowies Avisa* has never before been thus reproduced *in extenso*. Dr. Ingleby's and Mr. Furnivall's statements are misleading; for only the H. W. and W. S. passage is given in the 'New Shakspere Society's Allusion Book,' where the wording would lead one to suppose that the complete poem had been reproduced.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's, Blackburn,
February 4th, 1880.

POSTSCRIPT.

The following additional Notes may here be given :

1. Page 21, l. 1, 'ſinke' = jakes. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*. See Schmidt, s.v. It is to be noted, that at present a 'sink' is not = a channel or drain-gutter, and that Timon's steward retired to a 'sink' in same sense as now.
2. " 30, st. 5, 'I will remember'—query a misprint for 'well'?
3. " 74, Canto xxxiii, Heading, *Dydimus Harco* = a Latin-German.
4. " 83, l. 5, 'Dum habui'—this has the initials of D. H. and agrees with the opening line of st. 1, 'Whilſt erſt,' &c.
5. " 92, st. 1, l. 2, 'Thal doth bereave my quyet rest'—a then not unfrequent mode of speech. We now say, 'bereave [me of].'

6. Page 98, st. 1, l. 4, 'uncouth'—the occurrence of this word here enables me to avail myself of the discovery of the words 'uncouth, unkiste,' assigned to Chaucer in *Alcilia*. Since *Alcilia* was issued, Dr. B. Nicholson has found it in *Troilus and Cresida*, i, l. 809, though another reading of 'unknowe' for 'uncouth' has been adopted. I have myself found that Kirke quotes the words in his Dedication of the *Shepherd's Calendar* to Harvey.
7. " 99, st. 4, l. 4, 'Yet none, or none'—query misprint for 'Yet one, or none'?
8. " 100, margin-note—a misprint, 'wan-nesse' for 'wanton-nesse.'
9. " 101, canto li, st. 1, l. 5, 'onely sight'—sight alone—a contemporary phraseology, as in Shakespeare, and memorably in the inscription-dedication of the sonnets.
10. " 103, st. 4, l. 4, 'That' refers not to 'mee' but to 'you.'
11. " 106, l. 2, 'enterd plaints'—qu., entered complaints? a technical-legal term.
12. " 114, margin—it is difficult to see how this should be called a 'quatrain,' when it is a 'sexieme,' like the preceding.
13. " 122, canto lxvi, l. 8, misprint 'ted' for 'ned.'
14. " 127, end of st. 2, 'Vini,' &c.—some error here—some form of the verb 'vincere.'
15. " 156, st. 5, l. 2, 'Troyan rafe'—the allusion is to the fiction that the English descended from Brutus. *Ib.*, st. 4, l. 1, 'Rogero' = Roger: but what surname? I do not find a Roger Horsey. That Thomas Willoughby meant, however, to introduce the Horseys (so lauded by Colse) is pretty certain, from p. 152, st. 2, l. 2, 'A Noble prince in Rosie born.' This is an anagram (in a fashion) of orsei = Horsey, 'h' in an anagram being allowed to be elided if necessary and 'i' and 'y' being interchanged. Perhaps he dared not make it too plain by naming the ironically dubbed 'Noble prince' Ralphe, and so selected 'Rogero' as commencing with the same initial and as conveying a hint of clownishness or ill manners. But all this goes to show that the 1596 edition of *Avisa* in these additions was aimed at in Colse's book.
16. " 162, *An Encomium*, &c., l. 2, 'of spring' = offspring.
17. " 171, *Sie bewailes*, &c., l. 8, 'hips and hawes'—an odd phrase.
18. " 177, *Telemachus*, &c., st. 5, l. 2, 'trencher knights' = men who prefer to sit and indulge themselves at board (as they are frequently represented here and elsewhere) rather than perform acts like those of Ulysses, worthy of remembrance.
19. " 179, *Her reply*, &c., st. 2, 'the devils lims'—a very early example of the phrase.
20. " 182, *She hearing*, &c., st. 1, l. 4, 'nothing lefft'—here, and in other places of this poem, the phrase signifies that he thinks of the reverse.

21. Introduction, p. xix. In the Matriculation-Register of Oxford, under date of 5 November 1591, is Henry Willabie, Arm. t.l. Wilts, 16, St. John's Coll. He signed his name in the Subscription Book, Willoughby. 'Armiger' was — esquire. The distinctions in the Matriculation-Register refer directly to the scale of fees. Henry Willoughby paid the fees of an Armiger's (an Esquire's) son, which were higher than those of a 'gentleman's' son. Armiger, generosus, &c., constantly occur.

ON THE NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

22. Page 192, on c. xxxviii, p. 81, l. 9, 'relent' — did he derive it from *lentus*, *lente*, or from *relinquo*?

23. " 193, on c. xlvi, p. 88, l. 14, 'm:?' — rather it is the melting of t and d into one, sometimes of two d's, as in Shakespeare, &c.

24. " 194, on c. xlvi, p. 96 — perhaps after all the original punctuation is defensible = Again you must, and [must] still, &c.

25. " 194, on c. xlvi, p. 97, l. 8, 'vernant' — In Brathwaite's First Sonet or Madrigall at end of his *Golien Fierce*, st. 1, we have 'Those vernant comforts which each day ith week,' &c. (1611).

26. " 196, on c. lxxi, p. 131, l. 2, 'breede' = breedes — I ought *not* to have corrected 'breede' into 'breedes.' As 'breede' it is an excellent example of a not uncommon ellipsis of '[doth] breed.'

Willobies Avisa of 1594 is a very carelessly printed book; and that of 1635 — from whence the 'Apologic' and Thomas Willoby's new poem of 1596 are taken — is still more careless. In the latter lines and words are omitted, and any various readings are simply blunders throughout. Consequently I have not deemed it necessary to record departures from 1594 in 1635 edition. A. B. G.

WILLOBIE
HIS
AVISA
OR

The true Picture of a modest Maid, and of a chaste and constant wife.

In Hexamiter verse. The like argument whereof, was never here before published.

Read the preface to the Reader before you enter farther.

A vertuous woman is the crowne of her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in his bones. Proverb. 12. 4.

Imprinted at London by

John Windet

1594.





To all the constant Ladies & Gentlewomen of England that feare God.



Ardon me (sweete Ladies,) if at this present, I deprive you of a iust Apology in defence of your constant Chastities, deserued of many of you, and long sithence promised by my selfe, to some of you : and pardon mee the sooner, for that I haue long expected that the same should haue beene perfourmed by some of your selues, which I know are well able, if you were but so wellwilling to write in your owne praise, as many men in these dayes (whose tongues are tipt with poyson) are too ready and ouer willing, to speake and write to your disgrace. This occasion had bene most fit, (publishing now the praise of a constant wife) if I had bene but almost ready. But the future time may agayne reueale as fit a meanes heereafter for the perfourmance of the same: if so it seeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I haue presumed to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed courtesies; if yee aske me for the persons: I am altogether ignorant of them, and haue set them downe, onely as I finde them named or disciphered in my author. For the trueth of

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The Epistle deaicatory.

this action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliuer my opinion hereafter. Touching the substance of the matter it selfe, I thinke verily that the nature, woordes, gestures, promises, and very quintessence, as it were, is there liuely described, of such lewd chapmen as vse to entise silly maides, and assayle the Chastity of honest women. And no doubt but some of you, that haue beene tried in the like case, (if ever you were tryed,) shall in some one part or other acknowledge it to bee true. If mine Author haue found a Brytaine Lucretia, or an English Susanna, enuy not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endeuer to deserue the like. There may be as much done for any of you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatsoeuer is in me, I haue vowed it wholy, to the exalting of the glory of your sweete sex, as time, occasion and ability shall permit. In the meane time I rest yours in all dutyfull affection, and commend you all to his protection, vnder whose mercy we enioy all.

*Your most affectionate
Hadrian Dorrell.*





To the gentle & courteous Reader.



*T*is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarilly to her Maiesties seruice. Who at his departure, chose me amongst the rest of his frendes, unto whom he repos'd so much trust, that he deliuered me the key of his study, and the vse of all his bookeſ till his returne. Amongſt which (peruſing them at leſſure) I found many pret̄y & witty conceites, as I ſuppoſe of his owne dooing. One among the reſt I fancied ſo much, that I haue ventered ſo farre upon his frendſhip, as to publiſh without his conſent. As I thinke it not neceſſary, to be ouer curiouſ in an other mans labour, ſo yet ſomething I muſt ſay for the better underſtanding of the whole matter. And therefore, firſt for the thing it ſelue, whether it be altogetheſ fayned, or in ſome part true, or altogetheſ true; and yet in moſt part Poetically shadowed, you muſt giue me leaue to ſpeake by coniecture, and not by knowldege. My coniecture is doubtfull, and therfore I make you the Iudges. Concerning the name of AVISA, I thinke it to be a fai ned name, like vnto Ouids Corinna; and there are two cauſes that make mee thus to thinke. Firſt, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember; and next for that

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in a

The Epistle

*in a voide paper rolled vp in this boke, I found this very name
AVISA, written in great letters a pretie distance a funder,
& under euery letter a word beginning with the same letter,
in this forme.*

A V I S A.
Amans. vxor. inuiolata. semper. amanda.

*This is in effect. A louing wife, that neuer violated
her faith, is alwaies to be beloued. Which makes me con-
iecture that he minding for his recreation to set out the Idea of
a constant wife, (rather describing what good wiues should doe
then registering what any hath done) devised a womans name,
that might fitly expresse this womans nature whom he could
aime at: desirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off,
ether Plato in his Common wealth, or More in his Utopia.
This my surmisse of his meaning, is confirmed also by the sight
of other odd papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it,
out of Cornelius Agrippa, drawen the seuerall dispositions
of the Italian, the Spanyard, the French man, the German,
and the Englishman, and how they are affected in loue. The
Italian dissembling his loue, assaileth the woman beloued, with
certaine prepared wantonesse: hee praiseth her in written
verses, and extolleth her to the Heauens.*

*The Spanyard is unpatient in burning loue, very mad
with troubled lasciuiousnesse, hee runneth furiously, and with
pittyfull complaintes, bewailing his feruent desire, doth call
upon his Lady, and worshippeth her, but hauing obtained his
purpose makeith her common to all men.*

*The Frenchman endeuoreth to serue, he seeketh to pleasure
his woman with songes and disports &c.*

*The Germane & Englishman being nigher of nature, are
inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instant-
ly require with arte, and entice with giftes &c. Which seue-
rall*

To the Reader.

rall qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assualtes made by the noble man, and the lustie Caualieros, Captaines, or Cutters &c. Signifying by this generalitie that our noble men, gentlemen, captaines, and lusty youthes haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to sollicit their cause, & court their Ladies, & louers, & this continueth from the second Canto, to the ende of the two and twentieth.

After this he comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainly, and beginneth first with the French man vnder the shadow of these Letters. D. B. from the three and twentieth Canto unto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly the Englishman or Germane, vnder these Letters, D. H. from the 34 Canto vnto the ende of the forty three. Lastly the Spanyard and Italian, who more furiously inuadeth his loue, & more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty four Canto to the ende of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his owne loue: I know not, and I will not bee curious.

All these are so rightly described according to their nature, that it may seeme the Author rather meant to shew what suites might be made, and how they may be aunswereed, then that there hath bene any such thing indeede.

These thinges of the one side leade me to thincke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides & women in such temptations should stand upon their guard, consideringe the glory & praise that commendes a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy, & foule contempt that waiteth vpon a wicked and dissolute behauour.

Yet of the other side, when I do more deepeley consider of it,

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The Epistle

& more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driven to thinke that there is some thing of trueth hidden vnder this shadow. The reasons that moue me are these, First in the same paper where I found the name of AVISA written in greate letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the Authors owne hand, videlicet, Yet I would not haue Auisa to be thought a politike fiction, nor a truethlesse inuention, for it may be, that I haue at least heard of one in the west of England, in whome the substaunce of all this hath bene verified, and in many thinges the very wordes specified: which hath indured thefe and many more, and many greater assaultes, yet, as I heare, she standes vnspotted, and vnconquered.

*Againe, if we marke the exact descriptions of her birth, her countrie, the place of her abode; and such other circum-
stances, but especially the matter and manner of their talkes
and conferences, me thinkes it a matter almost impossible that
any man could inuent all this without some ground or foun-
dation to build on.*

*This inforceth me to coniecture, that though the matter
be handled poetically, yet there is some thing under these fai-
ned names and shewes that hath bene done truely. Now iudge
you, for I can giue no sentence in that I know not. If there bee
any such constante wife, (as I doubt not but there may bee) I
wish that there were more would spring from her ashes, and
that all were such. VVhether my Author knew, or heard of a-
ny such I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to
swear, that I know one. A. D. that either hath, or would, if
occasion were so offered, indure thefe, and many greater tempt-
ations with a constante mind, and settled heart. And therfore
here I must worthely reprechend the eniuious rage, both of Hea-
then Poets, and of some Christian and English writers, which*

so

To the Reader.

so farre debase the credite and strength of the whole sexe, that they feare not with lying toungs wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they bee tried. Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of the old Poets. Ludunt formosæ, casta est, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches loue to play.

And they are onely chaste, whome no man doth assay.

And againe

*Rara auis in terris, nigroq; simillima cygno,
Foemina casta volat.*

*A rare-seene bird that neuer flies, on earth ne yet in aire,
Like blackish Swan, a woman chaste; if she be yong and faire.*

This false opinion bred those foule-mouthed speeches of Frier Mantuan, that upbraides all women with fleeting unconstancy. This made Ariosto and others to inuent, and publish so many lewd and vntrue tales of womens unfaithfulnes. And this is the cause, that in this booke ye shall so often find it obiected against AVISA by all her futors, that no woman of what degree so euer can be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and course conceit is receiued but onely among common, lewd, & carelesse men, who being wicked themselues, giue sentence of all others, according to the loose and lawlesse humors where-withall they feele their owne straying and wandring affections to be infected. For they forsooth, because in diuers and sundrie places, (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angell and a great deale lesse, haue hired nagges to ride at their pleasure, such as make a finnefull gaine of a filthy carkasse; because in other countries, where stewes and brothelhouses are winckt at, they see oftentimes, the fairest and not the meanest flocke to the fellowship of such filthy freedome, Thinke present-ly, that it is but a mony matter, or a little intreatie, to ouer-

A throw

The Epistle

throw the chasfity of any woman whatsoeuer. But if all women were in deede such as the woman figured vnder the name of AVISA either is, or at least is supposed to bee, they should quickly restore againe their auncient credite and glory which a few wicked wantons haue thus generally obscured. In the twentie and seuen Canto, I find how D. B. perswadeth with A. that it is little sinne or no fault to loue a frend besides her husband. VVhereupon, inquiring more of the matter I haue heard some of the occupation verifie for a trueth: That among the best sort, they are accompted very honest women in some cities now, that loue but one frend besides their husband, and that it is thought amongst them a thing almost lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thincke it to bee true, because wicked men feare not to report any vntrueths) but if it be true, I feare least the ripenesse of our sin cry to the Lord for vengeance against vs, that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods iudgements, that haue bound a heauy curse & woe vpon the backe and conscience of them, That speake good of euill, and euill of good. That is, such as are growne to that pointe, that they are no longer ashamed of their sinne, nor care for any honesty, but are become wilfully desperate in the performance of all kind of impiety.

But I leaue this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to returne to my purpose, although I must confesse that of all sortes of people, there haue bene & will be still some loosely and lewdly giuen, yet this can bee no excuse to lauishe tongues, to condemne all generally. For, I dare to venter my hand, and my head upon this point, that, let the foure moral vertues be in order set downe.

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Prudence} \\ \text{Fortitude} \\ \text{Temperance} \\ \text{Iustice} \end{array} \right\} \text{ and let the}$$

holy scriptures be searched from the beginning to the end, & let

To the Reader.

let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will bee found women inough, that in the performance of all these vertues, haue matched, if not ouermatched men of euery age, which I dare my selfe, to verifie in their behalffes vpon the venter and losing of my credite, if I had time and leasure. Among infinite numbers to giue you a taste of one or two : for wisedome, and Iustice, what say you to Placilla, wife to the Emperour Theodosius ? She was wont every day in her owne person, to visit the sicke, the poore, and the maymed : And if at any time shee saw the Emperour declining from Iustice to any hard course, shee would bid him Remember himselfe, from whence he came, & Theodoret. what he was, in what state hee had bene, and in what state he was now ; which if he would do, he should neuer wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercyfull and iust.

For temperance, how fay you to the wife of one Pelagius, Theodor. eccl. of Laodicea, which being yong her selfe, and married to a yong and lusty man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly, to forbeare carnall pleasure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example, for any liking I haue to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather, against the curious carpers at womens strength, to proue that some women haue done that, which few men can doe.

For Fortitude and temperance both, I finde, that in Antioche, there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather than they would be defloured, cast themselues all willingly into a great riuier, and so drowned themselues.

And also, that in Rome there was a Senatours wife, who when she heard, that there were messengers sent from M. Xentius the tirant, to bring her unto him, perforce, to be rauished of him ; and seeing that her husband was not of ability for Blandina in Eusebius, a rare example and & fortitude.

The Epistle

and power to defend her, she vſed this pollicy. Shee requested that they wold giue her leave to put on ſom better apparel & to attire her ſelfe more decently: which being graunted, and ſhe gotten into a chamber by her ſelfe, ſhe tooke a ſword and perced her ſelfe to the hart, rather than ſhe would be counted the Emperours whore.

By this may be ſeen what might be ſaid in this argument, but leauing this to ſome other time, or to ſome other better able; I returne to my author.

For the persons & matter, you haue heard my coniecle, now for the manner of the composition, diſpoſition, inuention, and order of the verſe, I muſt leauue every mans ſence to himſelfe, for that which pleaſeth me, may not fancy others. But to ſpeake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the diſpoſition, is not common, nor (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verſe: Although hee flye not alofte with the winges of Astrophell, nor dare to compare with the Arcadian ſhepheard, or any way match with the dainetie Fayry Queene; yet ſhall you find his wordes and phrases, neither Tryuiall nor absurd, but all the whole worke, for the verſe, pleasant, without hardneſſe, ſmooth without any roughneſſe, ſweete without tediousneſſe, eaſie to be underſtood, without harrifh abſurdi‐ty: yeelding a gratiouſe harmony euery where, to the delight of the Reader.

I haue christened it by the name of Willoby his Auifa: because I ſuppoſe it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my bouldnes, both in the publishing, and naming of it, I know not. For the incouaging and helping of maides and wiues to holde an honest and conſtant courſe againſt all vnhonourable and lewd temptations, I haue doone that I haue doone. I haue not added nor detraſed any thing from

To the Reader.

from the worke it selfe, but haue let it passe without altering any thing : Onely in the end I haue added to fill vp some voyd paper certaine fragmentes and ditties, as a resolution of a chaste and constant wife, to the tune of Fortune, and the praise of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farder delaies, I commit you to the good gouernment of Gods spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

Hadrian Dorrell.





*Abell Emet in commendation of
Willowies Auisa.*

*To Willowby, you worthy Dames yeeld worthy prayse,
Whose siluer pype so sweetly sounds your strange delayes,
Whose lofty stile, with golden winges remountes your fame,
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotles name :
O happy wench, who so she be if any be,
That thus deserud thus to be praisd by Willowbie.
Shall I beleue, I must beleue, such one there is,
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such on[e] there is :
If one there be, I can beleue there are no more,
This wicked age, this sinfull tyme breeds no such store :
Such siluer myntes, such golden mines who could refuse ?
Such offers made and not receu'd, I greatly muse.
Such deepe deceit in frendly shewes, such tempting fittes,
To stell withstand, doth passe the reach of womens wittes :
You Country maides, Pean nimpes reioyse and sing,
To see from you a chasf, a new Diana spring :
At whose report you must not frett, you may not frowne,
But rather striue by due desert for like renowne,
Her constant faith in hot assaye hath wonne the game,
Whose praise shall liue, when she is dead with lasting fame.
If my conceit from strangers mouth may credit get,
A brauer Theame, more sweetly pend, was never yet.*

Abell Emet.

*In praise of Willobie his Auifa, Hex-
ameton to the Author.*

IN Lauine Land though Liuie boſt,
There hath beene ſeene a Conſtant dame:
Though Rome lament that ſhe hath loſt
The Gareland of her rareſt fame,
Yet now we ſee, that here is found,
As great a Faith in English ground.

Though Collatine haue deerely bought,
To high renowne, a laſting life,
And found, that moſt in vain haue ſought,
To haue a Faire, and Conſtant wife,
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his gliſtering grape,
And Shakeſpeare, paints poore Lucrece rape.

Though Susan ſhine in faithfull praife,
As twinkling starres in Chriſtall ſkie,
Penelop's fame though Greekes do raiſe,
Of faithfull wiues to make vp three,
To thiſke the Truth, and ſay no leſſe,
Our Auifa ſhall make a meſſe.

This number knits ſo ſure a knot,
Time doubtes, that ſhe shall adde no more,
Vnconſtant Nature hath begot,
Of Fleeting Feemes, ſuch fickle flore,
Two thouſand yeares, haue ſcarcely ſeene,
Such as the worſt of theſe haue beene.

Then

Willowbie

The birde that doth resemble right,
The Turtles faith in constant loue,
The faith that first her promise plight ;
No change, nor chance could once remoue :
 This haue I tri'd ; This dare I trust,
 And sing the truth, I will, I must.

Afflicted *Susans* spotlesse thought,
Intis'd by lust to sinfull crime,
To lasting fame her name hath brought,
Whose praise encounters endlesse time :
 I sing of one whose beauties warre,
 For trials passe *Susanna's* farre.

The wandering Greekes renownmed mate,
That still withstoode such hote assayes,
Of raging lust whose doubtfull state,
Sought strong refuge, from strange delayes,
 For fierce assaults and tryals rare,
 With this my Nymph may not compare.

Hote tryals try where Golde be pure,
The Diamond daunts the sharpest edge,
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not indure,
All quickly leape the lowly hedge,
 The obiect of my Muse hath past
 Both force and flame, yet stands she fast.

Though Egle-eyde this bird appeare,
Not blusht at beames of Phoebus raies :
Though Faulkcon wing'd to pearce the aire,
Whose high-pla'st hart no feare dismaies :
 Yet sprang she not from Egles nest,
 But Turtle- bred, loues Turtle best.

At

At wester side of Albions Ile,
Where Austine pitcht his Monkish tent,
Where Sheapheards sing, where Muses smile,
The graces met with one consent,
To frame each one in sundry parte,
Some cunning worke to shew their arte.

First *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
A sweete aspect, and comly grace ;
There did the Rose and Lillie lie,
That brauely deckt a smiling face,
Here Cupids mother bent her wil,
In this to shew her vtmost skill.

Then *Pallas* gaue a reaching head,
With deepe conceites, and passing wit,
A fetled mind, not fancie-led,
Abhorring Cupids frantique fit,
With modest lookes, and blushing cheekeſ,
A filed tongue which none mislikes.

Diana deckt the remnant partes,
With fewture braue, that nothing lacke,
A quiuer full of pearcing Darts,
She gaue her hanging at her backe ;
And in her hand a Golden shaft,
To conquer Cupids creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
Of nouell worke, of pereleſſe frame ;
Amongſt them three, contention grew,
But yet *Diana* gaue the name,
Auiſa ſhall ſhe called be,
The chiefe attendant ſtill on me.

Willowbie

When *Juno* view'd her luring grace,
Olde *Juno* blusht to see a new,
She fear'd least *Ioue* would like this face,
And so perhaps might play vntrew,
They all admir'd so sweete a sight,
They all enuide so rare a wight.

Beautie without
riches, is
as a faire pict-
ure without
life.

When *Juno* came to give her wealth,
(Which wanting beautie, wants her life)
She cryde, this face needes not my pelffe,
Great riches sow the seedes of strife :
I doubt not, some Olympian power
Will fill her lap, with Golden shower.

Jealousie
breedes enuy :
Both together
breed frenzie
yet neither of
them both
can preuale
against wan-
dering fancie.

A straunge
bayte.

This iealous *Juno* faintly said,
As halfe misdeeming wanton *Ioue*,
But chast *Diana* tooke the maide,
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remoue :
O iealous enuie, filthie beast,
For enuie *Juno* gaue her least.

In lew of *Juno*'s Golden parte
Diana gaue her double grace ;
A chast desire, a constant heart,
Disdaine of loue in fawning face,
A face, and eye, that should intice
A smile, that should deceive the wife.

A sober tongue that should allure,
And draw great numbers to the fieldc ;
A flintie hart, that should indure
All fierce assaults, and neuer yeelde,
And seeming oft as though she would ;
Yet fardest off when that she should.

Can

Can filthy sinke yeelde holsome aire,
Or vertue from a vice proceede ?
Can enuious hart, or iealous feare
Repell the things that are decreed ?
By enuie though she lost her thirst,
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,
A rosie vale in pleasant plaine ;
The Nimpes frequent this happie dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe ;
Here Muses fing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth resounds both night and day.

At East of this, a Castle stands,
By auncient sheepeheards built of olde,
And lately was in sheepeheards hands,
Though now by brothers bought and folde,
At west side springs a Christall well ;
There doth this chaste *Auifa* dwell.

And there she dwels in publique eye,
Shut vp from none that list to see ;
She answeres all that list to try,
Both high and low of each degree :
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And try her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behauour breeds their hope,
Their hope assures them to obtaine,
Till hauing runne their witleffe scope ;
They find their vice by vertue croft,
Their foolish words, and labour lost.

This

Willowbie

This strange effect, that all should craue,
Yet none obtaine their wrong desire,
A secret gift, that nature gaue,
To feele the frost, amidst the fire :
 Blame not this Dians Nimphe too much,
 Sith God by nature made her thus.

Let all the graces now be glad,
That fram'd a grace that past them all,
Let *Juno* be no longer sad ;
Her wanton loue hath had a fall ;
 Ten yeares haue tryde this constant dame,
 And yet she holds a spotles fame.

Along this plaine there lyes a downe,
Where sheepheards feed their frisking flocke ;
Her Sire the Maior of the towne,
A louely shout of auncient stocke,
 Full twentie yeares she liued a maide,
 And neuer was by man betrayde.

A good gift.

At length by *Juno's* great request,
Diana loth, yet gaue her leaue,
Of flowring yeares, to spend the rest
In wed-locke band ; but yet reccive,
 Quod she, this gift ; Thou virgin pure,
 Chast wife in wed-locke shalt indure.

O happie man that shall enioy
A blesing of so rare a price ;
That frees the hart from such annoy ;
As often doth torment the wife,
 A louing wife unto her death,
 With full assurance of her faith.

When

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was returnd,
From countrie hills, in towne to dwell,
With special gifts and grace adornd,
 Of futors store there might you fee ;
 And some were men, of high degree.

But wisdom wild her chuse her mate,
If that she lou'd a happy life,
That might be equall to her state,
To crop the sprigges of future strife ;
 Where rich in grace, wher found in health,
 Most men do wed, but for the wealth.

Though iealous *Juno* had denyde
This happy wench, great store of pelffe :
Yet is she now in wedlocke tyde,
To one that loues her as himselfe,
 So thus they liue, and thus they loue ;
 And God doth blesse them from aboue.

This rare seene bird, this Phoenix sage
Yeelds matter to my drowsie pen,
The mirror of this sinneful age,
That giues vs beasts in shapes of men,
 Such beasts as still continue sinne,
 Where age doth leaue, there youths begin.

Our English soile, to Sodoms sinke
Excessiue sinne transformd of late,
Of foule deceite the lothsome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,
 The greatest sinnes mongst greatest sort,
 Are counted now but for a sport.

Old

Willowbie

2. Chro. 15. 16.

Old Asues grandame is restor'd ;
Her grouie Caues are new refinde :
The monster Idoll is ador'd
By lustie dames of Macha's kinde :
They may not let this worship fall,
Although they leese their honours all.

Numer. 25. 6.

Our Moab Cozbies cast no feare,
To Iet in view of euery eye,
Their gainelesse games they holde so deere,
They follow must, although they dye.
For why ? the sword that Phineas wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muse, that neuer try'd
Her ioynted wings till present time,
At first the perelesse bird espyed,
That mounts aloft, deuoide of crime :
Though high she sore, yet will I tric,
Where I her passage can discry.

Her high conceites, her constant minde ;
Her sober talke, her stout denies ;
Her chaft aduise, here shall you find ;
Her fierce assaults, her milde replies,
Her daily fight with great and small,
Yet constant vertue conquers all.

The first that faies to plucke the Rose,
That scarce appear'd without the bud,
With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glofe,
To sow the seeds that were not good :
Suppose it were some noble man
That tride her thus, and thus began.

The

The first triall of A V I S A , before
she was married, by a Noble man : vnder
which is represented a warning to all young maids
of euery degree, that they beware of the allu-
ring intisements of great
men.

CANT. II.



Ow is the time,
if thou be wife,
Thou happie maide,
if thou canst see,
Thy happiest time,
take good aduise,
Good fortune laughs,
be rulde by me :
Be rulde by me,
and her's my faith,
No Golde shall want thee till thy death.

NOB.

Thou knowest my power, thou seest my might,
Thou knowest I can maintaine thee well,
And helpe thy friends vnto their right ;
Thou shalt with me for euer dwell,
My secret friend thou shalt remaine,
And all shall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou seest thy parents meane estate,
That barres the hope of better chance ;
And if thou proue not wise too late,
Thou maist thy selfe, and thine aduance :
Repulse not fondly this good hap,
That now lies offred in thy lap.

C

Aboun-

Willowbie

Abandon feare that bars consent,
Repel the shame that feares a blot,
Let wisdome way what faith is ment,
That all may praise thy happie lot ;
 Thinke not I seeke thy liues disgrace ;
 For thou shalt haue a Ladies place.

Thou art the first my fancie chose,
I know my friends will like it well :
This friendly fault to none disclose,
And what thou thinkst, blush not to tell,
 Thou seest my loue, thou know'st my mind,
 Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA.

YOur Honours place, your riper yearees,
 Might better frame some grauer talkes :
Midst funnie rayes, this cloud appeares ;
Sweet Roses grow on prickly stalkes :
 If I conceiue, what you request,
 You aime at that I most detest.

My tender age that wants aduice,
And craues the aide of fager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wise,
To stay my steps from slipperie slides ;
 Then thus to fucke, then thus to taft
 The poys'ned sap, that kils at last.

I wonder what your wisdome ment,
Thus to assault a silly maide :
Some simple wench, might chance consent,
By false resembling shewes betraide :
 I haue by grace a natvie shield,
 To lewd assaults that cannot yeeld.

I

I am too base to be your wife,
You choose me for your secret frend ;
That is to lead a filthy life,
Whereon attends a fearefull end :
Though I be poore, I tell you plaine,
To be your whore, I flat disdaine.

Your high estate, your siluer shrines,
Replete with wind and filthy stinke ;
Your glittering gifts, your golden mynes,
May force some fooles perhaps to shrinke :
But I haue learnt that sweetest bayt,
Oft shrowds the hooke of most defayt.

What great good hap, what happie time,
Your proffer brings, let yeelding maids
Of former age, which thought to clime
To highest tops of earthly aids,
Come backe a while, and let them tell,
Where wicked liues haue ended well.

Shores wife, a Princes secret frend,
Faire *Rosomond*, a Kings delight :
Yet both haue found a gastly end,
And fortunes friends, felt fortunes spight :
What greater ioyes, could fancie frame,
Yet now we see, their lasting shame.

If princely pallace haue no power,
To shade the shame of secret sinne,
If blacke reproch such names deuoure,
What gaine, or glory can they winne,
That tracing tractes of shameleffe trade,
A hate of God, and man are made ?

Willowbie

This onely vertue must aduaunce
My meane estate to ioyfull blisse :
For she that swaies dame vertues launce,
Of happie state can neuer misse,
But they that hope to gaine by vice,
Shall surely proue too late vnwise.

The roote of woe is sond desire,
That neuer feeles her selfe content :
But wanton wing'd will needes aspire,
To finde the thing, she may lament,
A courtly state, a Ladies place,
My former life will quite deface.

Such strange conceites may hap preuaile,
With such as loue such strong desayts,
But I am taught such qualmes to quaille,
And flee such sweete alluring bayts,
The witlesse Flie playes with the flame,
Till she be scorched with the same.

You long to know what grace you find,
In me, perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I find in you, lesse then I should,
Moue this no more, vse no reply,
I'le keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

NOB. **A** Las, good soule, and will yee so ?
You will be chaft *Diana's* mate ;
Till time haue woue the web of woe,
Then to repent wil be too late,
You shew your selfe so foole-precise,
That I can hardly thinke you wife.

You

You sprang belike from Noble stocke,
That stand so much vpon your fame,
You hope to stay vpon the rocke,
That will preserue a faultlesse name,
But while you hunt for needelesse praise,
You loose the Prime of sweetest daies.

A merry time, when countrie maides
Shall stand (forsooth) vpon their garde ;
And dare controll the Courtiers deedes,
At honours gate that watch and warde ;
When Milkemaids shal their pleasures flie,
And on their credits must relie.

Ah silly wench, take not a pride,
Though thou my raging fancie moue,
Thy betters far, if they were try'd,
Would faine accept my proffered loue ;
'Twas for thy good, if thou hadst wist,
For I may haue whome ere I list.

But here thy folly may appeare,
Art thou preciser then a Queene :
Queene *Ioane* of Naples did not feare,
To quite mens loue, with loue againe :
And *Meffalina*, tis no newes,
Was dayly seene to haunt the stewes.

Cornelius A-
grippa.

And *Cleopatra*, prince of Nile,
With more then one was wont to play :
And yet she keepes her glorious stile,
And fame that neuer shall decaie,
What need'st thou then to feare of shame,
When Queenes and Nobles vse the same ?

Willowbie

CANT. V.

AVISA.

NEeds must the sheepe strake all awrie,
Whose sheepheards wander from their way :
Needes must the sickly patients die,
Whose Doctor seekes his liues decay :
Needs must the people well be taught,
Whose chieffest leaders all are naught.

Such lawlesse guides Gods people found,
When Moab maides allur'd their fall ;
They sought no falue to cure this wound,
Till God commaunds, to hange them all ;
For wicked life, a shamefull end
To wretched men, the Lord doth fend.

Was earth consumde with wreakful waues ?
Did Sodom burne and after sinke ?
What sinne is that, which vengeance craues,
If wicked lust no sinne we thinke ?
O blind conceites ! O filthy breath !
That drawes vs headlong to our death.

If death be due to euery sinne,
How can I then be too precise ?
Where pleasures end, if paine beginne,
What neede haue we, then to be wise ?
They weave indeed the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly praise,
I long to keepe a blameleffe fame,
And constant hart agaist hard affaies :
If this be folly, want of skill,
I will remaine thus foolish still.

The

The blindfold rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that know not God,
Gods heauie iudgements tried since,
And felt the waight of angry rod ;
God sauе me from that Sodomes crie,
Whose deadly sting shall neuer die.

CANT. VI.

FOrgiue me wench, I did mistake,
I little thought that you could preach,
All worldly ioyes, you must forfaze :
For so your great Diuines doe teach,
But yet beware, be not too bold,
A yongling Saint, a Deuill old.

NOB.

Well wanton well, thou are but yong,
This is the error of thy youth,
Thou wilt repent this faith ere long,
And see too late (perhaps) the truth ;
And they that seeme so pure at first,
Are often found in prove the worst.

Thy youth and beautie will not last,
For sicknes one, the other age
May captiue take, when both are past,
You may haue leasure to be sage,
The time will come, if these retire,
The worst will scorne that I desire.

Of chast renowme, you seeke the praise,
You build your hope aboue the ayre,
When wonders last not twentie daies,
What need you rusticke rumors feare ?
Esteeme not words aboue thy wealth,
Which must procure thy credits health.

And

Willowbie

And yet in truth I cannot see,
From whence such great discredit growes,
To liue in spight of euery eye,
And swim in silkes, and brauest shewes,
To take the choise of daintiest meate,
And see thy betters stand and waite.

These graue respects breede pleasures bane,
Thy youthly yeares for ioyes craue,
And fading credit hath his wane,
That none to thee doth shine so braue :
That smokie fame which likes thee best,
The wisest haue esteemed least.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

W^Ell now I see, why Christ commends,
To louing mates the Serpents wit,
That stops his eares, and so defends
His hart, from luring sounds vnfitt,
If you your madnes still bewraye,
I'le stop my eares, or goe my way.

Vliffes wife, yet dar'd not stay
The tising sound of Syrens song :
What fancie then doth me betray,
That thinke my selfe, so wise and strong ;
That dare to heare, what you dare speake,
And hope for strength, when you be weake ?

My wisdome is the liuing Lord,
That giues me grace which nature wants,
That holds my feate from waies abhord,
And in my hart good motions plants :
With him I dare to bide the field,
Strive while you list, I cannot yeeld.

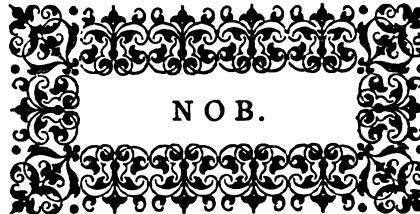
Fond

Fond fauour failes, the time will passe,
All earthly pleafures haue their end,
We fee not that, which sometime was,
Nor that which future times will fend :
 You say the truth, remember this,
 And then confesse, you stray amisse.

The shorter time, the greater care,
Are pleasures vaine ? the leſſe delight,
Are daungers nye ? why then beware,
From base affections take your flight,
 Thinke God a reckning will require,
 And ftrive to quaile this bad desire.

To swim in filkes, and braue aray,
Is that you thinke which women loue,
That leads poore maides ſo oft astray,
That are not garded from aboue ?
 But this I know, that know not all,
 Such wicked pride, will haue a fall.

CANT. VIII.



A Las the feare, alas the fall,
And what's the fall, that you fo feare ?
To toſſe good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I prize fo deare,
 I doubt leaſt theſe your needleſſe feares,
 Will bar good hap, from witleſſe yeares.

D

Thy

Willowie

Thy age experience wants I fee,
And lacking tryall art afraid,
Leaft ventring farre to credit me,
Our secret dealings might be wrayd ;
What then doth not my mightie name,
Suffice to sheeld thy fact from shame ?

Who dares to stirre, who dares to speake,
Who dares our dealings to reprove ?
Though some suspect, yet none will creake,
Or once controll thy worthy loue ;
My might will stand for thy defence,
And quite thee clear from great offence.

Who fees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our sport in secret vse,
Thy cheeke will not bewray thy acts,
But rather blushing make excuse :
If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
I'le keepe it secret till thy death.

To seeme as chaste, let that suffice,
Although indeed thou be not so,
Thus deale our women that are wise,
And let thy godly Doctors go,
Still faine as though thou godly art,
It is inough, who knowes thy hart ?

Let not the idle vulgar voice,
Of fained credit witch thee so,
To force thee leaue this happie choise,
And flying pleasure lie in woe ;
If thou refuse, assure thy mind,
The like of this shalt neuer find

Let

CANT. IX.



L Et that word stand, let that be true,
I doe refuse and so doe still,
God shild me from your cursed crew,
That thus are led by beastly will,
It grieues my hart, that I doe find
In Noble bloud so base a mind.

On worldly feare, you thinke I stand,
Or fame that may my shame refound,
No sir, I feare his mightie hand,
That will both you and me confound,
His feare it is that makes me stay
My wandring steps from wicked way.

Who dares, say you, our facts vnsold ?
Eu'n he that can mightie Kings tame,
And he that Princes hath controld,
He dares prouide a mightie shame,
What fence haue you for to withstand
His firie plagues, and heuie hand ?

Though *Samson* queld the Lyons rage
Though *Solomon*, a mightie King,
Yet when to sinne their harts they gage,
On both doth God confusion bring,
How can you then his wrath auoid,
That you and yours be not destroied ?

D 2

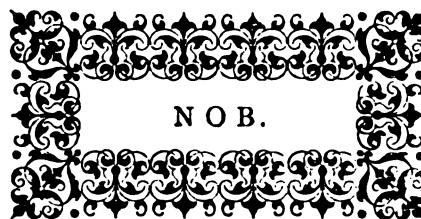
He

Willowbie

He fees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we sinne in secret place,
A guiltie conscience alwaies bleeds :
My faults will shew vpon my face,
 My cheeke will blush, when I doe sin ;
 Let all men know, when I begin.

To feeme as chaste, and not to be,
To beare a shew, and yet to faine,
Is this the loue, you beare to me,
To damne my soule in lasting paine ?
 If this the best you haue to fay,
 Pray giue me leauue, to goe my way.

CANT. X.



W^{ell} then I see, you haue decreed,
 And this decree must light on me :
Vnhappie Lillie loues a weed,
That giues no sent, that yeelds no glee,
 Thou art the first I euer tride,
 Shall I at first thus be denide ?

My haplesse hap, fell much awrie,
To fix my fancies prime delight,
In haggard Hauke that mounts so hie,
That checkes the lure, and Fawckners sight ;
 But sore you hie, or flie you low,
 Stoupe needs you must, before you goe.

Your

Your modest speech is not amisse,
Your maidens blush becomes you well ;
Now will I see how sweete you kisse,
And so my purpofe farder tell ;
Your coye lookes and trickes are vaine,
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou must perforce be well content,
To let me win thee with thy will ;
Thy chiefest friends haue giu'n consent,
And therefore thinke, it is not ill,
Abandon all thy fond delay,
And marke this well, that I shall say.

My house, my hart, my land my life
My credit to thy care I giue :
And if thou list to be a wife,
In shew of honest fame to liue ;
I'le fit thee one, shall beare the cloke,
And be a chimnie for the smoake.

But say the word, it shall be don,
And what thou list, or what thou craue,
What so be lost, what euer won,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue,
Thou shalt haue all, what wilt thou more,
Which neuer woman had before.

Here's fortie Angels to begin ;
A little pledge of great goodwill,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin ;
I will be carefull of thee still :
If youth be quaid, if I be old,
I can supply that with my gold.

Silkes

Willowbie

Silke gownes and velvet shalt thou haue,
With hoods and cauls, fit for thy head ;
Of goldsmithes worke a border braue,
A chaine of golde ten double spread
And all the rest shall answere this,
My purse shall see that nothing misse.

Two wayting maides, attendant still,
Two seruing men, soure geldings prest,
Go where you list, ride where you will,
No iealous thought shal me molest ;
Two hundredth pounds I doe intend,
To giue thee yearlye for to spend.

Of this I will assurance make,
To some good friend, whom thou wilt chuse
That this in trust from me shall take,
While thou doft liue, vnto thy vfe ;
A thousand markes, to thee giue I
And all my Iewels when I die.

This will I doe, what euer chance,
I'le shortly send, and fetch thee hence ;
Thy chiefest friends I will aduance,
And leaue them cause of no offence,
For all this same, I onely craue
But thy good will, that let me haue.

A modest maide is loth to say,
In open words, she doth consent,
Till gentle force doe breake the stay,
Come on, mine owne, and be content,
Posseſſe me of my loues desire,
And let me taſt that I require.

Hand

CANT. XI.



H And off my Lord, this will not serue,
Your wisdome wanders much awrie,
From reasons rule thus farre to swarue,
I'le neuer yeeld, I'le rather die,
Except you leaue, and so depart,
This knife shall sticke within your hart.

Is this the loue, your franticke fit
Did so pretend in glosing shew?
Are these your waies, is this your wit,
To tice and force poore maidens so?
You striue in vaine, by raging lust,
To gaine consent, or make me trust.

For who can trust your flattering stile,
Your painted words, your braue pretence,
When you will striue, by trayned will
To force consent to lewd offence,
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
I'le rather die within your armes.

Your golden Angels I repell,
Your lawlesse lust I here defie
These Angels are the posts of hell,
That often lead poore soules awrie,
Shame on them all, your eyes shall fee,
These Angels haue no power of me.

Your

Willowbie

Your gownes of silke, your golden chaines.
Your men, your maides, your hundredth pounds,
Are nothing else but diuelish traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling sounds,
A bladder full of traiterous wind,
And fardest off from filthy mind.

Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,
And lust would giue no longer leauc,
To faithlesse hart, to lie and saine,
Which might perchance in time deceiue,
By Iesus Christ I doe protest,
I'le neuer graunt that you request.

CANT. XII.

N O B. Furens.

THou beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clownish spawne, thou country gill,
My loue is turnd to wreakefull hate,
Go hang, and keepe thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,
I hope to see the begge, erre long.

Was this great offer well refus'd,
Or was this proffer all too base?
Am I fit man to be abus'd,
With such disgrace, by flattering gase?
On thee or thine, as I am man,
I will reuenge this if I can.

Thou

Thou think'ſt thy ſelfe a peareleſſe peice,
And peeuiſh pride that doth poſſeſſe
Thy hart ; perfwades that thou art wife,
When God doth know ther's nothing leſſe,
 Twas not thy beautie that did moue
 This fond affeſt, but blinded loue.

I hope to fee ſome coutrie clowne,
Poſſeſſor of that fleering face,
When need ſhall force thy pride come downe,
I'le laugh to fee thy fooliſh caſe,
 For thou that think'ſt thy ſelfe ſo braue,
 Wilt take at laſt ſome paſtrie knaue.

Thou ſelfewill gig that doth deteſt
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend, I doe protest,
I'le bring thee out to open shame,
 For ſith thou fayn'ſt thy ſelfe ſo pure,
 Looke to thy leapes that they be ſure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadſt my hart, but now my hate,
Refuſing wealth, God ſend thee woe,
Repentance now will come too late,
 That tongue that did protest my faith,
 Shall waile thy pride, and wiſh thy death.

E

Yea

Willowbie

CANT. XIII.



Y Ea fo I thought, this is the end
Of wandring lust, resembling loue,
Wa'ft loue or lust, that did intend
Such friendlesse force, as you did moue?
Though you may vaunt of happier fate,
I am content with my estate.

I rather chuse a quiet mind,
A conscience cleare from bloudy sinnes,
Then short delights, and therin find
That knawing worme that neuer linnes,
Your bitter speeches please me more,
Then all your wealth, and all your store.

I loue to liue deuoid of crime,
Although I begge, although I pine,
These fading ioyes for little time,
Imbrace who list, I here refine,
How poore I goe, how meane I fare,
If God be pleas'd, I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you sweare reuengement deepe,
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,
That you might laugh, when I should weepe,
Your lust would like but for a space,
But who couldalue my foule disgrace?

Mine

Mine eares haue heard your taunting words,
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongst your mates at open bords,
Know'ſt such a wife ? know'ſt such a maid ?

Then must you laugh, then must you winke,
And leaue the rest for them to thinke.

Nay yet welfare the happie life,
That need not blush at euery view :
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you,
Then laugh as long, as you thinke best,
My fact shall frame you no ſuch ieft.

If I doe hap to leape aside,
I must not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me ſore afraide ;
Nay watch your worſt, I doe not care,
If I offend, pray doe not ſpare.

You were my friend, you were but dust,
The Lord is he, whome I doe loue,
He hath my hart, in him I trust,
And he doth gard me from aboue,
I waie not death, I feare not hell,
This is enough, and ſo farewell.

E 2

THE

Willowbie

THE SECOND TEMPTATION of AVISA, after her marriage,

by Ruffians, Roysters, young

Gentlemen, and lustie Captaines, which all shee
quickly cuts off.

CANT. XIII.



Ome lustie wench,
I like thy lookes,
And such a pleasant
looke I loue,
Thine eyes are like
to bayted hookes,
That force the hungrie
fish to moue,
Where nature granteth
such a face,
I need not doubt to purchase grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought,
Doth yeeld as fast as doth thine eye ;
A loue in me hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you cannot well denye ;
From loue you cannot me refraine,
I seeke but this, loue me againe.

And

And so thou doft, I know it well,
I knew it by thy side-cast glance,
Can hart from outward looke rebell ?
Which yeaster night I spide by chance ;
Thy loue (fweete hart) shall not be lost,
How deare a price fo euer it cost.

Aske what thou wilt, thou know'ft my mind,
Appoint the place, and I will come,
Appoint the time, and thou shalt find,
Thou canft not fare fo well at home,
Few words suffice, where harts consent,
I hope thou know'ft, and art content.

Though I a stranger seeme as yet,
And feldome seene, before this day,
Assure thy felfe that thou mayft get,
More knackes by me, then I will say,
Such store of wealth as I will bring,
Shall make thee leape, shal make thee sing.

I must be gone, vfe no delay,
At fix or feuen the chance may rise,
Old gamesters know their vantage play,
And when t'is best to cast the dice,
Leaue ope your poynt, take vp your man,
And mine shall quickly enter than.

CANT. XV.



What

Willowbie

WHat now? what newes? new warres in hand?
More trumpets blowne of fond conceites?
More banners spread of follies band?
New Captaines coyning new deceites?
Ah woe is me, new campes are pla'st,
Whereas I thought all daungers past.

O wretched soule, what face haue I,
That cannot looke, but some misdeame?
What sprite doth lurke within mine eye,
That kendles thoughts so much vncleane?
O lucklesse fewture neuer blest,
That sow'st the seedes of such vnrest.

What wandring fits are these that moue
Your hart, ingrade with euery glance;
That iudge a woman straight in loue,
That welds her eye aside by chance,
If this your hope, by fancie wrought,
You hope on that I neuer thought.

If nature giue me such a looke,
Which seemes at first vnchaift or ill,
Yet shall it proue no bayted hooke,
To draw your lust to wanton will,
My face and will doe not agree,
Which you in time (perhaps) may see.

If smiling cheare and friendly words,
If pleasant talke fuch thoughts procure,
Yet know my hart, no will afords,
To scratching kites, to cast the lure,
If milde behauior thus offend,
I will affaie this fault to mend.

You

You plant your hope vpon the sand,
That build on womens words, or smiles ;
For when you thinke your selfe to stand
In greatest grace, they proue but wyles,
When fixt you thinke on surest ground,
Then fardest off they will be found.

CANT. XVI.



Y ou speake of loue, you talke of cost.
Is't filthy loue your worship meanes ?
Assure your selfe your labor's lost ;
Bestow your cost among your queanes,
You leſt not here, nor here ſhall find,
Such mates as match your beaſtly mind.

You muſt again to Coleman hedge,
For there be ſome that looke for gaine,
They will beſtow the French mans badge,
In lew of all your cost and paine,
But fir, it is againſt my vſe,
For gaine to make my house a ſtewes.

What haue you feene, what haue I doon
That you ſhould iudge my minde ſo light,
That I ſo quickly might be woon,
Of one that came but yeaster night ?
Of one I wifte not when he came,
Nor what he is, nor what's his name ?

Though

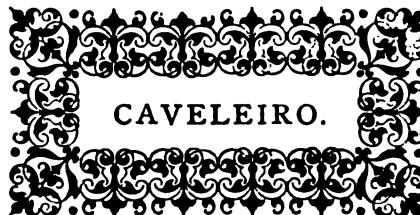
Willowie

Though face doe friendly smile on all
Yet iudge me not to be so kind,
To come at euery Faulkners call,
Or wawe aloft with euery wind,
And you that venter thus to try,
Shall find how far you shooote awry.

And if your face might be your iudge,
Your wannie cheekes, your shaggie lockes,
Would rather moue my mind to grudge,
To feare the piles, or else the pockes :
Yf you be mou'd, to make amends,
Pray keepe your knackes for other frends.

You may be walking when you list,
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way,
I hope you haue your market mist,
Your game is lost, for lacke of play,
The point is close, no chance can fall,
That enters there, or euer shall.

CANT. XVII.



G Ods wo : I thinke you doe but iest,
You cannot thus delude my hope :
But yet perhaps you thinke it best,
At first to giue but little scope :
At first assault you must retire,
And then be fors't to yeld desire.

You

A right Cau-
leiro.

You thinke, that I would iudge you bad,
If you should yeld at first assaie,
And you may thinke me worfe then mad,
If on[e] repulse send me awaie,
You thinke you doe your credit wrong,
Except you keepe your futors long.

But I that know the wonted guise,
Of such as liue in such a place,
Old dame experience makes me wife,
To know your meaning by your face,
For most of them, that seeme so chaste,
Denie at first, and take at last.

This painted sheth, may please some foole,
That cannot see the rustie knife :
But I haue bin too long at schooles,
To think you of so pure a life,
The time and place will not permit,
That you can long, here spot-lesse sit.

And therefore wench, be not so strange,
To grant me that, which others haue,
I know that women loue to change,
Tis but deceite, to seeme so graue,
I neuer haue that woman tri'd,
Of whome as yet I was deni'd.

Your godly zeale doth breed my trust,
Your anger makes me hope the more ;
For they are often found the worst,
That of their conscience make such store,
In vaine to blush, or looke aside,
A flat repulse, I can not bide.

F

Thou

CANT. XVIII.

A V I S A.

THou wicked wretch, what doſt not thinke
There is a God that doth behold
This finnesfull waies, this Sodoms finke ?
O wretched earth that art ſo bold,
To ieft at God, and at his word,
Looke for his iuft reuenging ſword.

1. Cor. 5.

Saint Paul commands vs not to eate,
With him that leads a wicked life ;
Or ſhall be found to lie in waite,
To ſeeke to ſpoyle his neighbours wife,
Such wicked ſoules God doth forſake,
And dings them downe to fierie lake.

A young
man was ſtricken blind for
looking diſh-
onestly vpon
a godly wo-
man.
The Locren-
ſes wife to put
out both the
eyes of the a-
dulterers.
The law Julia
in Rome put
adulterers to
the ſword.
The Arabians
doe the like.

A brain-ficke youth was ſtriken blind,
That ſent his greedie eye to view,
A godly wench, with godleſſe mind,
That paine might ſpring, whence pleasures grew,
Remember friend, forget not this,
And ſee you looke no more amiffe.

O *Julia* flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy word,
That did condemne the wedlock crime,
To preſent death, with bloody ſword ?
The ſhining of this percing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

Though

Though shamelesse Callets may be found ;
That Soyle them selues in common field ;
And can carire the whoores rebound,
To straine at first, and after yeeld :
 Yet here are none of *Creseds* kind,
 In whome you shall such fleeting find.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not sway,
But they that vertue doe condemne,
By time and place, are led astray,
 This place doth hold on at this time,
 That will not yeeld to bloudy crime.

You thinke that others haue posset
The place that you so lewdly craue,
Wherein you plainly haue confest,
Your selfe to be a iealous knaue,
 The rose vnblusht hath yet no staine,
 Nor euer shall, while I remaine.

CANT. XIX.



ME thinkes I heare a sober Fox,
 Stand preaching to the gagling Geese ;
And shewes them out a painted box,
And bids them all beware of cheeze,
 Your painted box, and goodly preach,
 I see doth hold a foxly reach.

Willowbie.

Perchance you be no common card,
But loue the daintie diamonds place,
The ten, the knaue, may be your gard,
Yet onely you, are still the ace,
Contented close in packe to lie,
But open dealing you defie.

Well I confess, I did offend,
To rush so headlong to the marke ;
Yet giue me leaue this fault to mend,
And craue your pardon in the darke,
Your credits fame I will not spill,
But come as secret as you will.

Nay her's my hand, my faith I giue,
My tongue my fact shall not reueale,
To earthly creature while I liue ;
Because you loue a secret deale,
And where I come, I still will say,
She would not yeeld, but said me nay.

So shall your credit greater grow,
By my report and passing praise
And they that scant your name doe know,
Your fame on hie, and hie shall raiſe,
So shall you gaine that you desire,
By granting that, which I require.

To plant a siege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall manly hart,
That can not brooke ſuch high despite,
Then fay you yea, or fay you no,
I'le ſcale your wals, before I go.

A

CANT. XX.



A V I S A.

A Fine deuice, and well contriu'd,
Braue Golde vpon a bitter pill ;
No maruaile well though you haue thriu'd,
That so can decke, that so can dill ;
Your quaintish quirkes can want no mate ;
But here I wis, you come too late.

Its ill to hault before the lame,
Or watch the bird that cannot sleepe,
Your new found trickes are out of frame,
The fox will laugh, when Asses weepe ;
Sweare what you list, say what you will,
Before you spake, I knew your skill.

Your secret dealing will not hold,
To force me trie, or make me trust
Your blind deuises are too old,
Your broken blade hath got the rust,
You need not lie, but truely say,
She would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue shall spare to spread my fame,
I list not buy too deare a found,
Your greatest praiife would breed but shame,
Report of me as you haue found,
Though you be loth to blow retreat,
This mount's too strong for you to get.

The

Willowbie

The wifest Captaine now and then,
When that he feeles his foe too strong ;
Retires betime to saue his men,
That grow but weake, if seige be long ;
From this assault you may retire,
You shall not reach, that you require.

I hate to feede you with delaies,
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,
You spend in vaine your strong assaies,
To win the towne, or gaine the feeld :
No Captaine did, nor euer shall,
Set ladder here, to skale the wall.

CANT. XXI.

CAVELEIRO.

H Ad I knowne this when I began,
You would haue vfde me as you fay,
I would haue take you napping than,
And giue you leaue to fay me nay,
I little thought to find you so :
I neuer dreamt, you would fay no.

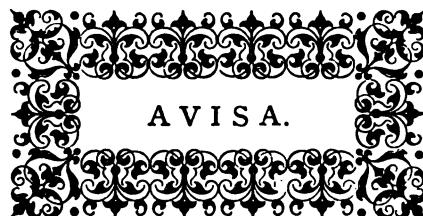
Such felfe like wench I neuer met,
Great cause haue I thus hard to craue it,
If euer man haue had it yet,

I

I sworen haue, that I will haue it.
If thou didst neuer giue consent,
I must perforce, be then content.

If thou wilt sweare, that thou hast knowne,
In carnall act, no other man :
But onely one, and he thine owne,
Since man and wife you first began,
I'le leaue my fute, and sweare it trew,
Thy like in deed I neuer knew.

CANT. XXII.



I Told you first what you should find,
Although you thought I did but iest.
And selfe affection made you blind,
To seeke the thing, I most detest ;
Besides his host, who takes the paine,
To recken first, must count againe.

Your rash swore oth you must repent,
You must beware of headlong vowed ;
Excepting him, whome free consent,
By wedlocke words, hath made my spouse,
From others yet I am as free,
As they this night, that boren bee.

Well

Willowbie

CAVELEIRO.

W Ell give me then a cup of wine,
As thou art his, would thou wert mine.

AVISA.

H Aue t'ye good lucke, tell them that gau
You this aduice, what speede you haue.

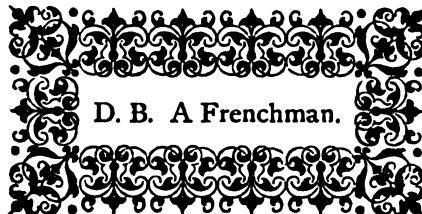
Farewell.



The

The third trial ; wherein are expressed the long
passionate, and constant affections of the close and
wary futor, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, by pri-
nie messengers, by Jewels, Rings, Golde, diuers gifts, and by
a long continued course of courtesie, at length pre-
uaileth with many both maides and wiues, if they be not
garded wunderfully with a better spirite
then their owne, which all are here
finely daunted, and mildly o-
uer throwne, by the constant
aunsweres, and chraft
replies of Auisa.

CANT. XXIII.



AS flaming flakes
too closely pent,
With smothering smoke,
in narrow vault,
Each hole doth trie,
to get a vent,
And force by forces,
fierce assault,
With ratling rage,
doth rumbling rauie,
Till flame and smoke free passage haue.

G

So

Willowbie

So I (my deare) haue smothered long,
Within my hart a sparkling flame,
Whose rebell rage is grown so strong,
That hope is past to quell the same,
 Except the stone, that strake the fire,
 With water quench this hote desire.

The glauncing speare, that made the wound,
Which ranckling thus, hath bred my paine,
Must pearcing slide with fresh rebound,
And wound, with wound, recure againe.
 That flooting eye that pearst my hart,
 Must yeeld to salue my curelesse smart.

I striu'd, but striu'd against the streme,
To daunt the qualmes of fond desire,
The more their course I did restraine,
More strong and strong they did retire,
 Bare need doth force me now to runne,
 To seeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy present state wants present aid,
A quicke redresse my grieve requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaide,
That yeelds vs both our harts desires,
 If you will ease my pensiue hart,
 I'le find a salue to heale your smart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That list to bowle in euery plaine,
But (wench) consider both our state,
The time is now, for both to gaine,
 From daungerous bands I set you free,
 If you wil yeeld to comfort mee.

Your

CANT. XXIIII.



YOur fierie flame, your secret smart,
That inward frets with pining griefe,
Your hollow sighes, your heuie hart,
Methinks might quickly find reliefe,
If once the certayne cause were knowne,
From whence these hard effects haue growne.

It little boots to shew your sore,
To her that wants all Phisickes skill,
But tell it them, that haue in store,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill,
I would be glad, to doe my best,
If I had skill, to giue you rest.

Take heede, let not your griefe remaine,
Till helpes doe faile, and hope be past,
For such as first refus'd some paine,
A double paine haue felt at last,
A little sparke, not quencht be time,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sin,
Be chiefeſt cauſe, why you lament,
If guiltie conſcience doe begin,
To draw you truely to repenteſt,
A ioyfull end muſt needs redound,
To happye griefe ſo ſeldome found.

Willowbie

To strieue all wicked lusts to quell,
Which often sort to dolefull end,
I ioye to heare you meane so well,
And what you want, the Lord will send :
But if you yeeld to wanton will,
God will depart, and leaue you still.

Your pleasant aide with sweete supply,
My present state, that might amend,
If honest loue be ment thereby,
I shall be glad of such a frend,
But if you loue, as I suspect,
Your loue and you, I both reiect.

CANT. XXV.

D. B. A Frenchman.

What you suspect, I cannot tell,
What I doe meane, you may perceiue,
My workes shall shew, I wish you well,
If well ment loue you list receiue,
I haue beene long in secret mind,
And would be still your secret frind.

My loue should breed you no disgrace,
None should perceiue our secret plaie,
We would obserue both time and place,
That none our dealings should bewraie,
Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Loue makes me venter this assault.

You

You mistresse of my doubtfull chance,
You Prince of this my foules desire,
That lulls my fancie in a trance,
The marke whereto my hopes aspire,
 You see the sore, whence springs my grieve,
 You weld the sterne of my relief.

The grauest men of former time,
That liu'd with fame, and happie life,
Haue thought it none, or pettie crime,
To loue a friend besides their wife,
 Then sith my wife you can not be,
 As dearest friend accompt of me.

You talke of sinne, and who doth liue,
Whose dayly steps slide not awrie ?
But too precise, doth deadly grieue,
The hart that yeelds not yet to die,
 When age drawes on, and youth is past,
 Then let vs thinke of this at last.

The Lord did loue King *Dauid* well,
Although he had more wiues then one :
King *Solomon* that did excell,
For wealth and wit, yet he alone,
 A thousand wiues and friends possest,
 Yet did he thriue, yet was he blest.

CANT. XXVI.



O

Willowbie

O Mightie Lord, that guides the Spheare ;
Defend me by thy mightie will,
From iust reproch, from shame and feare,
Of such as seeke my soule to spill,
Let not their counsell (Lord) preuaile,
To force my hart to yeeld or quaile.

How frames it with your sober lookes,
To shroud such bent of lewd conceites,
What hope hath pla'st me in your booke,
That files me fit, for such deceites ?
I hope that time hath made you see,
No cause that breeds these thoughts in mee.

Your feruent loue is filthy lust,
And therefore leaue to talke of loue,
Your truth is treason vnder trust,
A Kite in shape of hurtlesse Doue,
You offer more then friendship wold,
To giue vs brasie in steed of gold.

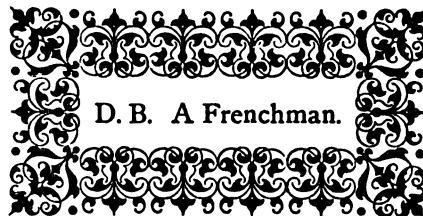
Such secret friends to open foes,
Do often change with euery wind,
Such wandring fits, where follie groes,
Are certaine signes of wauering mind,
A fawning face, and faithlesse hart,
In secret loue, breeds open smart.

No sinne to breake the wedlocke faith ?
No sinne to swim in Sodomes sinke ?
O sinne the seed and sting of death !
O sinnefull wretch that so doth think !
Your grauest men with all their schooles,
That taught you thus, were heathē fooles.

Your

Your lewd examples will not serue,
To frame a vertue from a vice,
When *Dauid* and his Sonne did swerue,
From lawfull rule, though both were wife,
Yet both were plagu'd, as you may see,
With mightie plagues of each degree.

CANT. XXVII



D. B. A Frenchman.

From whence proceedes this sodaine change?
From whence this quainte and coye speech?
Where did you learne to looke so strange?
What Doctor taught you thus to preach?
Into my harte it cannot sinke,
That you doe speake, as you doe thinke.

Your smiling face, and glauncing eye,
(That promise grace, and not despite)
With these your words doe not agree,
That seeme to shun your chiefe delight,
But giue me leaue, I thinke it still,
Your words doe wander from your will,

Of women now the greatest part,
Whose place and age doe so require,
Do chuse a friend, whose faithfull hart,
May quench the flame of secret fire,
Now if your liking be not pla'st,
I know you will chuse one at last.

Then

Willowie

Then chusing one, let me be he,
If so our hidden fancies frame,
Because you are the onely she,
That first inrag'd my fancies flame,
If first you graunt me this good will,
My hart is yours, and shall be still.

I haue a Farme that fell of late,
Woorth fortie pounds, at yearely rent,
That will I giue to mend your state,
And proue my loue is truely ment,
Let not my sute be flat denide,
And what you want, shall be supplide.

Our long acquaintance makes me bold ;
To shew my greife, to ease my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old,
The like perhaps you shall not find,
Be not too rash, take good aduice ;
Your hap is good, if you be wise.

CANT. XXVIII.



MY hap is hard, and ouer bad,
To be misdeem'd of euery man ;
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That see me pleasant now and than :
Yet would I not be much a greiu'd,
If you alone were thus deceiu'd.

But

But you alone are not deceiu'd,
With tising baytes of pleasant view,
But many others haue belieu'd,
And tride the same, as well as you,
But they repent their folly past,
And so will you, I hope at last.

You seeme, as though you lately came
From London, from some bawdie sell,
Where you haue met some wanton dame,
That knowes the trickes of whoores so well,
Know you some wiues, vse more then one?
Go backe to them, for here are none.

For here are none, that list to chuse,
A nouell chance, where old remaine,
My choice is past, and I refuse,
While this doth last, to chuse againe,
While one doth liue, I will no more,
Although I begge from dore to dore.

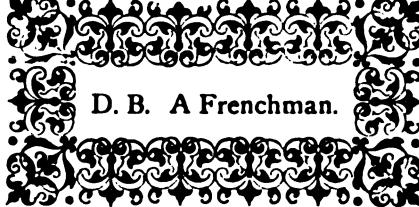
Bestow your farmes among your frinds,
Your fortie pounds can not prouoke,
The fetled hart, whom vertue binds,
To trust the traines of hidden hooke,
The labor's lost that you indure,
To gorged Hauke, to cast the lure.

If lust had led me to the spoyle,
And wicked will, to wanton change,
Your betters that haue had the foyle,
Had caus'd me long ere this to range,
But they haue left, for they did fee,
How far they were mistake of mee.

H

Mistake

CANT. XXIX.



D. B. A Frenchman.

M I stake indeed, if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to faours foe ;
If wisdome spring, where fancie grew ;
But sure I thinke it is not so :
Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,
That likes for loue, and not for lust.

Although you fweare, you will not yeeld,
Although my death you should intend,
Yet will I not forsake the field,
But still remaine your constant frend,
Say what you list, flie where you will,
I am your thrall, to faue or spill.

You may command me out of sight,
As one that shall no faavour find,
But though my body take his flight,
Yet shall my hart remaine behind,
That shall your guilty conscience tell,
You haue not vs'd his master well.

His masters loue he shall repeate,
And watch his turne to purchase grace,
His secret eye shall lie in waite ;
Where any other gaine the place :
When we ech others can not fee,
My hart shall make you thinke of mee.

To

To force a fancie, where is none,
Tis but in vaine, it will not hold,
But where it growes it selfe alone,
A little fauour makes it bold,
Till fancie frame your free consent,
I must perforse, be needs content.

Though I depart with heauie cheare,
As hauing lost, or left my hart,
With one whose loue, I held too deare,
That now can smile, when others smart,
Yet let your prisoner mercy see,
Least you in time a prisoner bee.

CANT. XXX.



I T makes me smile to see the bent,
Of wandring minds with folly fed,
How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
To bring a louing foole to bed ;
They will be dead, except they haue.
What so (forsooth) their fancie craue.

If you did seeke, as you pretend,
Not friendlesse lust, but friendly loue,
Your tongue and speeches would not lend,
Such lawlesse actions, so to moue,
But you can wake, although you winke,
And sweare the thing, you neuer thinke.

Willotie

*Catullus. Tum
iam nulla viro
iuranti fami-
na credat.
Nulla viri
speret, sermo-
nes esse fideles.
Qui dum ali-
quid cupiens
animus prege-
fit apisci, Nil
metu unt inura-
re, nihil pro-
mittere par-
cunt.
Sed simul ac
cupida mentis
satiata libido
est, Dicla nihil
metuere, nihil
periuria cu-
rant.*

Combat be-
tweene reaso
and appetite.
No constant
loue where
vnconstant
affections
rule.
That loue on-
ly constant
that is groun-
ded on vertue.

To wauering men that speake so faire,
Let women neuer credit giue,
Although they weepe, although they fware,
Such fained shewes, let none belieue ;
For they that thinke their words be true,
Shall soone their hastic credit rue.

When ventring lust doth make them dare,
The simple wenches to betray,
For present time they take no care,
What they doe sweare, nor what they say,
But hauing once obtaind the lot,
Their words and othes are all forgot.

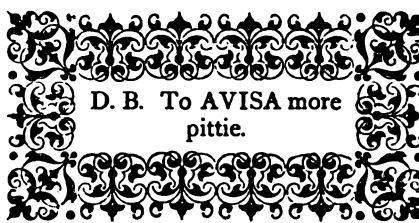
Let rousing Prince from Troyes facke,
Whose fauning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, that wisdome lacke,
Mistrust the most, beware of all,
When selfewill rules, where reason fate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

The wandring passions of the mind ;
Where constant vertue bares no sway,
Such frantick fickle chaunges find,
That reason knowes nor where to stay,
How boast you then of constant loue,
Where lust all vertue doth remoue ?

D. B

D. B. Being somewhat grieued
with this aunswere, after long
 absence and silence, at length
 writeth, as followeth.

CANT. XXXI.



*Here is a cole that burns the more,
 The more ye cast colde water neare,
 Like humor feedes my secret sore,
 Not quencht, but fed by cold dispaire,
 The more I feele, that you disdaine,
 The faster doth my loue remaine.*

Canol cole
 found in ma-
 ny places of
 England.
Nymphaeus locus
Leonicus de Va-
rra Hifor. fol.
 28.

*In Greece they find a burning soile,
 That fumes in nature like the same,
 Colde water makes the hotter broyle,
 The greater frost, the greater flame,
 So frames it with my loue or lost,
 That fiercely fries amidst the frost.*

By the Ionian
 Sea there is a
 place that
 burns conti-
 nually, and
 the more wa-
 ter is cast into
 it, the more it
 flames.

*My hart inflam'd with quenchlesse heate,
 Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
 These hellish torments are the meate,
 That dayly feede this vaine desire:
 Thus shall I grone in gasty grieve,
 Till you by mercy send relief.*

You

Willowie

*You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,
Your faining favour witcht mine eye,
O lucklesse eye, that thus hast brought,
Thy masters hart to strey awrye.*

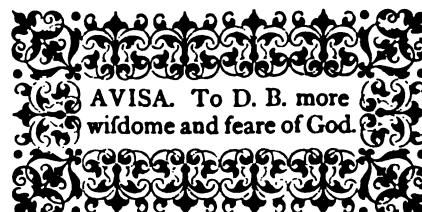
*Now blame your selfe, if I offend,
The hurt you made, you must amend.*

*With these my lines I send a Ring,
Leaſt you might thinke you were forgot,
The poſie meaneſ a pretie thing,
That bids you, Do but dally not,
Do ſo ſweete hart, and doe not ſlay,
For daungers grow from fond delay.*

*Fiue winters Froſts haue ſay'd to quell
These flaming fits of firme deſire,
Fiue Sommers funnes cannot expell
The cold diſpaire, that feeds the fire,
This time I hope, my truſth doth trie,
Now yeeld in time, or elſe I die.*

Dudum beatus,
D. B.

CANT. XXXII.



There

THe Indian men haue found a plant,
Whose vertue, mad conceits doth quell,
This roote (me thinks) you greatly want,
This raging madnes to repell.
If rebell fancie worke this spic,
Request of God a better sprite.

The roote Baras is good
to deliuer
them that are
possesed with
euill sprites.
Iosephus.

If you by folly did offend,
By giuing raines unto your lust,
Let wisdome now these fancies end,
Sith thus vntwin'd is all your trut,
If wit to will, will needs refigne,
Why should your fault be counted mine ?

Your Ring and letter that you sent,
I both returne from whence they came,
As one that knowes not what is ment,
To send or write to me the same,
You had your aunswere long before,
So that you need to send no more.

Your chosen posie seemes to show,
That all my deeds but dallings bee,
I never dallied that I know,
And that I thinke, you partly see,
I shewde you first my meaning plaine,
The same is yet, and shall remaine.

Some say that Tyme doth purge the blood,
And frantick humors brings to frame,
I maruaile time hath done no good,
Your long hid grieves and qualmes to tame ?
What secret hope doth yet remaine,
That makes these sutes reviue againe ?

Time pur-
geth chole-
ricke humors,
and the bloud.

But

Las Alas

15

idian men have found a plant,
whose virtue, mad concert: doth quell,
the spirit, you greatly want.
The madness is repell'd.
Tell, found virtue that spoke
of God a better sign.

1. *Die drei Schwestern*
2. *Die drei Schwestern*
3. *Die drei Schwestern*
4. *Die drei Schwestern*
5. *Die drei Schwestern*

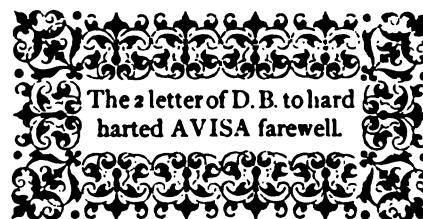
— 2 —

Willowbie

*But die you will, and that in hast,
Except you find some quicke relief,
I'le warrant you, your life at last,
While foolish loue is all your griefe.
As first I said, so say I still,
I cannot yeeld, nor euer will.*

Alwaies the same,
Avisa.

CANT. XXXIII.



*Difficile est
diligere, &
sapere. Vnde-
ius.*



*Find it true, that some haue said,
It's hard to loue, and to be wise,
For wit is oft by loue betray'd,
And brought asleepe, by fond deuise,
Sith faith no fauour can procure,
My patience must my paine indure.*

*Non si femini-
num crebo ca-
put igne resu-
das, Ingenii
mutes prima
metalla sui.*

*When womens wits haue drawne the plot,
And of their fancie laid the frame,
Then that they holde, where good or not,
No force can moue them from the same:
So you, because you first denide,
Do thinke it shame, from that to slide.*

As

*As faithfull friendship mou'd my tongue,
Your secret loue and fauour, craue ;
And as I neuer did you wrong,
This last request so let me haue ;
Let no man know what I did moue,
Let no man know, that I did loue.*

*That I will say, this is the worſt,
When this is ſaid, then all is paſt,
Thou proud *Auisa*, were the firſt,
Thou hard *Auisa*, art the laſt,
Though thou in ſorrow make me dwell
Yet loue will make me wiſh thee well.*

*Write not againe, except you write
This onely gentle word, I will,
This onely word will bring delite,
The reſt will breed but ſorrow ſtill,
God graunt you gaine that you deſire,
By keeping that, which I require.*

*Yet will I liſten now and then,
To ſee the end, my mind will craue,
Where you will yeeld to other men,
The thing that I could neuer haue.
But what to me ? where falſe or true,
Where liue or die, for aye Adue.*

Fortuna ferenda.

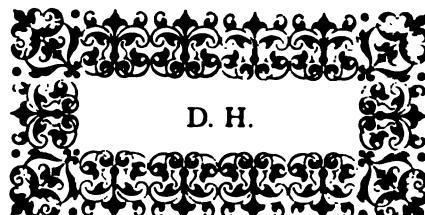
D. B.

I

I

DYDIMVS HARCO.
ANGLO-GER-
MANVS.

CANT. XXXIII.



D. H.

THaue to say, yet cannot speake,
The thing that I would gladly say,
My hart is strong, though tong be weake,
Yet will I speake it, as I may.
And if I speake not as I ought,
Blame but the error of my thought.

And if I thinke not as I should,
Blame loue that bad me so to thinke ;
And if I say not what I would,
Tis modest shaine, that makes me shrinke,
For sure their loue is very small,
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgiue my blush, if I doe blush,
You are the first I euer tride,
And last whose conscience I will crush,
If now at first I be denide,
I must be plaine, then giue me leaue,
I cannot flatter nor deceiue.

You

You know that Marchaunts ride for gaine,
As chiefe foundations of their state,
You see that we refuse no paine,
To rise betime, and trauell late,
But farre from home, this is the spite,
We want sometimes our chiefe delite.

I am no Saint, I must confess,
But naturde like to other men,
My meaning you may quickly guesse,
I loue a woman now and then,
And yet it is my common vse,
To take aduise, before I chuse.

I oft haue seene the Western part,
And therein many a pretie else,
But found not any in my hart,
I like so well, as of your selfe ;
And if you like no worse of mee,
We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.



W^Hen first you did request to talke
With me alone a little space,
When first I did consent to walke
With you alone within this place,
From this your sage, and sober cheare,
I thought some graue aduise to heare.

I 2

Some

Willowbie

Some say that womens faces faine
A modest shew, from wanton hart ;
But giue me leaue, I see it plainc,
That men can play a duble part,
I could not dreame, that I should find
In lustlesse shew, such lustfull mind.

You make as though you would not speake,
As vnacquainted yet with loue,
As though your mind you could not breake,
Nor how these secret matters moue,
You blush to speake, Alas the blush,
Yet this is all not worth a rush.

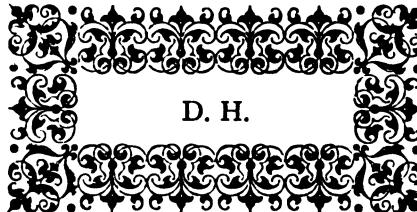
Such flie conceites are out of ioynt,
So soule within, so faire without,
Not worth in prooef a threden poynt :
But now to put you out of doubt,
Your thought is far deceiu'd of mee,
As you in time shall plainly see.

If you had knowne my former life,
With spotlesse fame that I haue held,
How first a maide, and then a wife,
These youthly futes I haue repeld,
You would (I hope) correct your rate,
That judge me thus a common mate.

Whome you haue seene, I doe not care,
Nor reck not what you did request,
I am content this flout to beare,
In that you say, you like me best,
And if you wish that you agree,
Correct your wrong conceite of mee.

The

CANT. XXXVI.



He lymed bird, by foulers traine,
Intrapt by view of pleasant baite,
Would faine vnewnd himselfe againe ;
But feeles too late the hid desaite :
So I haue found the clasping lyme,
That will sticke fast for longer time.

There is a floud, whose riuers runne,
Like streames of Milke, and seemes at first,
Extreamely colde, all heate to shunne,
But stay awhile, and quench your thirst,
Such vehement heate there will arise,
As greater heate none may deuise.

These strange effects I find inrold,
Within this place, since my retурne,
My first affections were but cold,
But now I feele them fiercely burne,
The more you make such strange retire,
The more you draw my new desire.

You thinke perchance I doe but iest,
Or I your secrets will bewray,
Or hauing got that I request,
With false *Aeneas* steale away,
If you suspect that I will range,
Let God forsfake me when I change.

In Italy
is a certaine
water that
falleth into
the Riuer A-
nion, of co-
lour white,
and at first
seemes to bee
wonderfull
colde, but be-
ing a while in
it, it heateth
the body
more ex-
treamely.
*Leonicus de va
ria Histor.*

I

Willarie

I will not bost me of my wealth,
You shall no Gold nor Iewels want,
You see I am in perfect health,
And if you list to giue your grant,
 A hundredth pounds shall be your hire,
 But onely doe that I require.

And here's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twentie Angels to be sold,
Besides the rest, this shall you win,
And other things not to be told,
 And I will come but now and then,
 To void suspect, none shall know when.

CANT. XX XVII.



Why then your cōscience doth declare
 A guilty mind that shunnes the light,
A spotlesse conscience need not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the sight,
 Your secret slides doe passe my skill,
 And plainly shewe your works are ill.

Your words commend the lawlesse rite,
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedom gaue,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely haue,
 Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
 To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

The

In Plato his
common
wealth all
women were
common, con-
trary to the
comande-
ment of God.
Exod. 20, 14.
Leuit. 18, 20.
29.

The Bee beares honie in her mouth,
Yet poysoned sting in hinder part,
The spring is sweete where pleasure growth,
The fall of lease brings storming smart,
Vaine pleasure seemes most sweete at first,
And yet their end is still accurst.

What boſome beares hote burning coles,
And yet consumes not with the ſame?
What ſeete tread fire with bared ſoles,
And are not fynged with the flame?
Then ſtay my friend, make no ſuſh haſt,
To buy *Repentaunce* at the laſt.

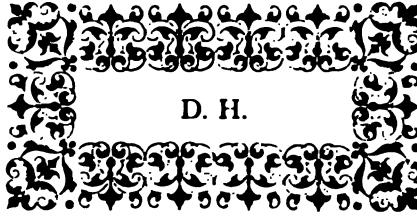
I am not of the Cyprian ſort,
Nor yet haue leaſnd the common vſe
Of Bable dames, in filthy ſport,
For gaine no commers to reſufe,
What ſtormes or troubles euer grow,
I liſt not ſeeke my liuing ſo.

Your gorgious giſts, your golden hookes,
Doe moue but fooles to looke aſide,
The wife will ſhunne ſuch craftie crookes,
That haue ſuch falſe reſemblance tride:
But men are fure, that they will liſt,
That are content to take a giſt.

tur auaræ. Imitantur hamos Dona. Femina profituit ſeſequit ſeſequit Munera donat. Femina ſe vendit quaꝝ data dona capit. Vulteius.

Nay

CANT. XXXVIII.



D. H.

NAy then farewell, if this be so,
If you be of the purer stampe,
Gainst wind and tide I can not roe,
I haue no oyle to feede that lampe,
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse, you know not what.

But rather take a farther day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath :
He may too rashly be denide,
Whose faithfull hart was neuer tride.

And though I be by Iury cast,
Yet let me liue a while in hope,
And though I be condemnde at last,
Yet let my fancie haue some scope,
And though the body flie away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.

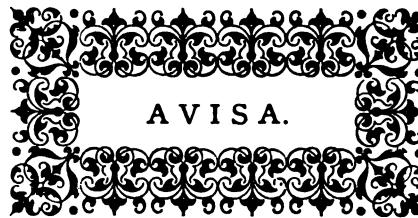
Will you receiue, if I doe send
A token of my secret loue ?
And stay vntill you see the end
Of these effects, that fancie moue ?
Grant this, and this shall salue my sore,
Although you neuer grant me more.

And

And thus at first let this suffise,
Inquire of me, and take the vewe
Of myne estate, with good aduise,
And I will do the like by you ;
And as you like, so frame your loue,
But passe no promise till you proue.

This haue I said to shew my bent,
But no way spoken to offend,
And though my loue can not relent,
Yet passed errors will I mend,
Keepe close the Tenor of our talke,
And say, we did for pleasure walke.

CANT. XXXIX.



Then iugling mates do most deceaue,
And most delude the dazeled sight,
When vp they turne their folded sleeue,
With bared armes to woorke their flight,
When sharpe-set Foxe begins to preach,
Let goslings keepe without his reach.

And will you haue me set a day,
To feede your hope with vaine delayes ?
Well, I will doo as you do say,
And posse you vp with fainting stayes,
That day shall breake my plighted faith,
That drawes my last and gasping breath.

K

If

Whetstone

If you will hope, then hope in this,
Lie never great that you require :
If this you hope, you shall not smile,
But shall obtaine your hopes desire,
If other hope you do retaine,
Your labors lost, your hope is vaine.

The child that playes with sharped tooles,
Doth hurt himselfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wrastle neere a dangerous pit :
Your loose desire doth hope for that,
Which I must needes deny you flat.

Send mee no tokens of your lust,
Such giftes I list not to receiue,
Such guiles shall neuer make me trust,
Such broad-layde baytes cannot deceiue,
For they to yeeld do then prepare,
That grant to take such proffred ware.

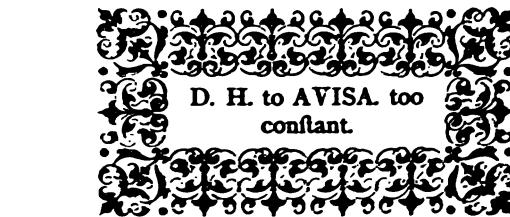
The woman
that receiueth
giftes of such
futors, selleth
her selfe & her
liberty.

If this be it you haue to say,
You know my mynd which cannot change,
I must be gon, I cannot stay,
No fond delight can make me range,
And for a farewell, this I sweare,
You get not that I hold so deare.

After

After long absence, D. H. happening to come
in on a tyme sodenly to her house, and finding her
all alone amongst her maides that were spinning, sayd
nothing, but going home wrate these verses following
which he called his Dum habui. and sent
them vnto her.

CANT. XL.



Hyl'ſt erſt I had my libertie,
To range the woodes where fancy liſt,
The cauſe of all my miserie,
By heedleſſe haſt my way I miſt,
Untill I found within a plaine,
A Chriſtall Well, where Nymphes remaine.

As weary of this wild-goose race,
That led aſkance, I know not where,
I chose at length a ſhadowe place.
To take the cold and pleasant ayre,
But from the brinke of that ſame well,
I ſaw my heauen, or elſe my hell.

I ſaw a byrde from ieyning greue.
That ſoaring came with comly grace.
The Lillie and Vermilion farre.
In mayden-like and louing face.
With ſeemeſſe armes in field ſet.
No clazies, but fayre: ſet.

Willowbie

*And in her hand she held a dart,
As being of Diana's trayne,
O that's the cause of all my smart,
And breeder of this endlesse paine,
The thing I sought not, there I find,
And lost the freedome of my mind.*

*While on her eies, my eies did hang,
From rolling eie there sprang a glance,
And therewith heard a sodayne clang,
That strake me in a deadly trance.
But wak't I sawe blind Cupids craft,
And in my hart the golden shaft.*

*I sewd for grace, but she deny'd.
Her haughty lookes she cast awry,
And when my folly she espy'd,
She laught to see my misery :
Away she soares, and from my sight,
She smiling takes her parting flight.*

*You are the byrde that bred the bane,
That swelleth thus in restlesse thought,
You are the snare that thus have tane,
And fences all to thraldome brought,
You are the Iaylor that do keepe
Your frend in bandes, and dungeon deepe*

*Renowned chaste Penelope,
With all her wordes could not redryue
Her futors, till she set a day,
In which she would them answere give,
When threedy spindle full was grow'n,
Then would she chuse one for her ow'n.*

They

*They dayly came to see the end,
And euery man doth hope to bee
The chosen man, to be her frend,
But womens wyles here men may see,
Her Spill was neuer fully spone,
For night vndid that day had done.*

*I hope the like you haue decreed,
That found you spinning but of late,
Would God your Spill were full of threed,
That might releue my wretched state,
I will forget the wronges are past,
So you will chuse me at the last.*

*Chuse one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares space,
How euer that your spindle fill,
With ioy posseſſe that emptie place,
And if you will, I do protest,
My loue shall far surmount the rest.*

*These lines that hope for better speed,
As louing spyes are sent to see,
Where you haue sponne vp all your threed,
And what good hap is left for mee:
Let there returne, yet make him glad,
Whome loues dispayre hath made so sad.*

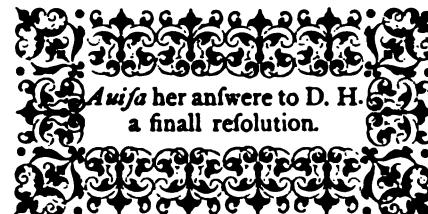
D. H.

K 3

CANT.

Willowbie

CANT. XLI.



I
*If I be of Diana's trayne,
As trewe it is I must confess,
I meruaile that you striue in vayne,
Where frutelesse hope yeelds no redresse:
For they must needes continue sad
That seeke for that, will not be had.*

*What seruile follie doth possesse
Your base conceite, that can abyde
Such piteous plaintes, and sutes addresse,
To them that do your sutes deryde?
For I can hardly thinke them wyse,
That try againe, repulſed thryſe.*

*No Hellens rape, nor Trojan warre,
My louing mate hath fors't away
No Iunoes wrath, to wander farre,
From louing bed can make him stray,
Nor stay at all in forraine land,
But here I haue him still at hand.*

My

*My sweet Vliffes neuer stayes
From his defyred home so long,
That I ſhould need ſuch rare delayes
To Shield me from intended wrong,
My chiefe delights are alwayes nye,
And in my bosome sweetely lye.*

*The Spindle that you ſee me driue,
Hath fyld the ſpill ſo often trend,
My hart is firſt, ſince I did giue
My wedlocke faith to choſen frend,
Then leaue to ſewe, ſince that you ſee
Your hap debarres your hope from mee.*

*I vſe not oft to make reply
To lines that yeelde ſuch wanton ſtore,
Let this ſuffice, that I deny,
And after this, looke for no more,
My choiſe is bound, by lawfull band,
My oath is paſt, and that ſhall ſtand.*

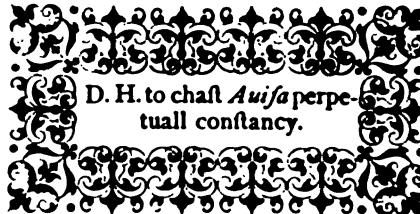
Alway the ſame

Auiſa

This

Willowbie.

CANT. XLII.



D. H. to chaste Auija perpetuall constancy.

This is inough: now I haue done
I thinke indeed you do not faine,
As others haue, that haue beene wonne
In shorter space, with lesser paine,
And sith you will not yeeld in deed
To these my wordes, yet take good heed.

My former loue was onely lust,
As you in deed did truly say,
And they, such loue that rashly trust,
Do plant the plot of swift decay:
But they whom Grace doth make so wise,
To high renowne, will surely ryse.

O violata, vale, vale o violata,
Placetas, Inviolata no-
cess nunc violata mihi,
Vulteius.
If you had had a waxye hart
That would haue melt at hot desyre,
Or chaffye thoughtes that could haue flart,
And yeeld to burne at every fyre,
What ere I did, or sayd before,
I should haue thought you but a whore.

Sic virgo dum
intacta manet,
tū chara suis,
sed cum ami-
sat polluto cor-
pore florem.
Nec pueris iu-
cunda manet,
nec chara pu-
ellis.
Catullus.
Though saylers loue the Common Port,
As safest harbour where to rest,
Yet wise men seeke the strongest fort,
And paper castells most detest:
Men cannot loue such as they know,
Will yeeld at ficht of every blow.

But

*But now my loue by vertue bound,
No stormie blastes can make it quaile,
Your constant mind a frend hath found
Whose honest loue shall neuer faile,
A faithfull frend in honest loue,
Whom lewd affections shall not moue.*

*If you this wanton fault forgiue,
No time in me shall euer find
Such lewd attemptes, while I do liue,
Now that I know your constant mynd,
My pen doth write, my hart hath swore
My tongue such speech shall vse no more.*

*A thousand tymes I loue you more,
Then if I had my purpose wonne,
Of common loue I make no store,
But leaue it there where I begunne,
What oddes there is, now you may proue,
Twixt wicked lust and honest loue.*

*Now grant I pray this last request,
That fraudleffe hart doth frendly send,
That if my fayth deserue it bes,
Accept me for your honest frend:
And if I seeke your spoile, or shame,
Then rase me out, and blot my name.*

*And if I shall this fauour find,
Then weare this ring, though you be loth,
As token of my simple mynd,
And perfect band of faithful oath:
The posye is, No frend, to faith
That will remaine, till both our death.*

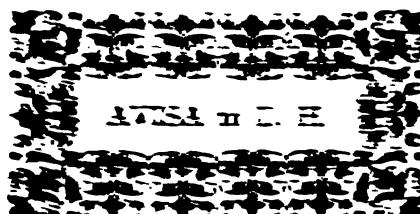
L

Eſſeſſe

Willobey

*I know not for a secret how
My friends and I became
In secret but least before
We saw my love in earnest how
We were but that I had
Forget our mutual friend.*

D. H.



Cast. XLIII.

*Y*ou know that I have late w^t rest
From which my mind had never known
It all is true that you protest
Then shall you find as you deserve
All hidden truth tyme will bearne
This is as much as I can saie.

*Always the same
Anja*

Cast. XLIV.

Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispanensis

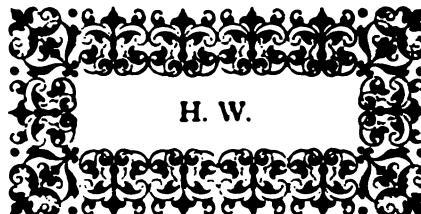
H. W. being sodenly affected with the contagion
of a fantallical fit, at the first sight of A. pyneth a
while in secret grieve, at length not able any longer to
indure the burning heate of so feruent a humour, be-
wrayeth the secrefy of his disease vnto his familiar
frend W. S. who not long before had tryed the cur-
tesy

tesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection ; yet finding his frend let blood in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in stede of stopping the issue, he inlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in tyme to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his frend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his frends folly, that had giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his part better then himselfe, & in vewing a far off the course of this louing Comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player. But at length this Comedy was like to haue growen to a Tragedy, by the weake & feeble estate that H. W. was brought vnto, by a desperate vewe of an impossibility of obtaining his purpose, til Time & Necessity, being his best Phisitions brought him a plaster, if not to heale, yet in part to ease his maladye. In all which discourse is liuely represented the vnrewly rage of vnbrydeled fancy, hauing the raines to roue at liberty, with the dyuers & fundry changes of affections & temptations, which Will, fet loose from Reason, can deuise. &c.

L 2

H. W.

Willowie



WHAT sodaine chance or change is this,
That doth bereau my quyet rest?
What surly cloud eclipsit my blisse,
What sprite doth rage within my brest?
Such fainty qualmes I neuer found,
Till first I saw this westerne ground.

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And strike the fences out of frame?
Though this be true, yet this is strange.
Sith I so lately hither came:
And yet in body cannot find
So great a change as in my mynd.

My lustlesse limmes do pyne away,
Because my hart is dead within,
All liuely heat I feele decay,
And deadly cold his roome doth win,
My humors all are out of frame,
I frize amid'st the burning flame.

I haue the feauer Ethiske right,
I burne within, consume without,
And hauing melted all my might,
Then followes death, without all doubt:
O fearesfull foole, that know my greefe,
Yet few and seeke for no releefe.

I know

I know the tyme, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did vew
That nouell shape, that frendly face,
That so doth make my hart to rew,
 O happy tyme if she inclyne,
 If not, O wourth theese lucklesse eyne.

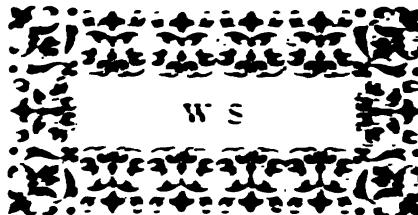
I loue the seat where she did sit,
I kisse the grasse, where she did tread,
Me thinkes I see that face as yet,
And eye, that all thesee turmoyles bred,
 I enuie that this seat, this ground,
 Such frendly grace and fauour found.

I dreamt of late, God grant that dreame
Protend my good, that she did meeete
Me in this greene by yonder streame,
And smyling did me frendly greete :
 Where wandring dreames be iust or
 I mind to try it ere it be long. (wrong,

But yonder comes my faythfull frend,
That like assualtes hath often tryde,
On his aduise I will depend,
Where I shall winne, or be denyde,
 And looke what counsell he shall giue,
 That will I do, where dye or liue.

CANT.

CANT. XLV.



V V Ell met, fren! Harry, what's the casse
You looke so pale with Lentid
Yer wanney face & sharpened ale (cheeks?
Shew plaine, your mind somethin' milikes,
If you will tell me what it is,
Ile helpe to mend what is amisse.

What is she, man, that works thy woe,
And thus thy tickling fancy moue?
Thy drousie eyes, & sighes do shue
This new disease proceedes of loue,
Tell what she is that witch't thee so,
I sweare it shall no farder go.

A heauy burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very iight, or rather none,
And boren well with little paine:
The smothered flame, too closely pent,
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So sorrowes shrynde in secret brest,
Attainte the hart with hotter rage,
Then grieses that are to frendes exprest,
Whose comfort may some part asswage:
If I a frend whose faith is tryde,
Let this request be not denyde.

Excessiue

Excessiue grieses good counsells want,
And cloud the fence from sharp conceits ;
No reason rules, where sorrowes plant,
And folly feedes, where fury fretes,
Tell what she is, and you shall see,
What hope and help shall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.

H. W.

Seest yonder howfe, where hanges the badge
Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
Victorius land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopelesse helpe doth ly :
And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my hart thus rage and swell.

CANT. XLVII.

VV say no more : I know thy griefe,
And face from whence these flames
It is not hard to fynd relief, (aryse,
If thou wilt follow good aduyse :
She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
I thinke in tyme she may be wonne.

At first

Willowbie

*Ars veterato-
ria.*

At first repulse you must not faint,
Nor flye the field though she deny
You twise or thrise, yet manly bent,
Againe, you must and still, reply :
When tyme permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

*Munera (cre-
de miki) pla-
cant homi-
nesq; Deusq;*

Apply her still with dyuers thinges
(For gifteis the wysest will deceaue)
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with
No tyme nor fit occasion leaue, (ringes,
Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,
These toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

Looke what she likes ; that you must loue,
And what she hates, you must detest,
Where good or bad, you must approue,
The wordes and workes that please her best :
If she be godly, you must sweare,
That to offend you stand in feare.

*Wicked wiles
to deceaue
witles wo-
men.*

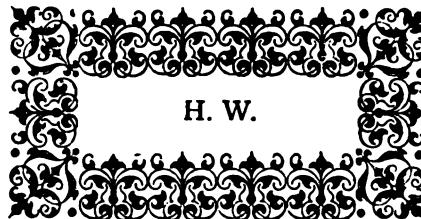
You must commend her louing face,
For women ioy in beauties praise,
You must admire her sober grace,
Her wisdome and her vertuous wayes,
Say, t'was her wit & modest shooe,
That made you like and loue her so.

You must be secret, constant, free,
Your silent sighes & trickling teares,
Let her in secret often see,
Then wring her hand, as one that feares
To speake, then wish she were your wife,
And last desire her sauе your life.

When

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,
 And watch occasions, tyme and place,
 When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
 Let sighes & fobbes request her grace :
 Sweare that your loue is trulyment,
 So she in tyme must needes relent.

CANT. XLVIII.



THe whole to sicke good counsel giue,
 Which they themselues cannot performe,
 Your wordes do promise sweete relief,
 To saue my ship from drowning storme :
 But hope is past, and health is spent,
 For why my mynd is *Mal-content*.

The flowring hearbes, the pleasant fpring,
 That deckes the fieldes with vernant hew,
 The harmelesse birdes, that sweetly sing,
 My hidden grieves, do still renew :
 The ioyes that others long to see,
 Is it that most tormenteth mee.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,
 Where I shall see that wished May,
 That can recure that balefull blast,
 Whose cold dispaire wrought my decay :
 My hopelesse cloudes, that neuer cleere,
 Prefage great forrowes very neere.

To dispaire
of good
successe in
the begin-
ning of a-
ny action,
is alwayes
a secret &
most cer-
taine fore-
warning of
ill successe,
that indeed
doth often
follow.

M

I

V Villokie

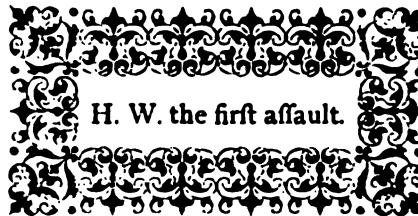
I mirth did once, and musicke loue,
Which both as now, I greatly hate :
What vncouth sprite my hart doth moue,
To loath the thing, I lou'd so late ?
 My greatest ease in deepest mone,
 Is when I walke my selfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares, like riuers flow,
Yet fancy lulles me in her lap,
And tells me, lyfe from death shall grow :
 Thus flattering hope makes me belieue ;
 My griefe in tyme shall feele relieue.

*Audaces for-
tuna ruanat,
timidusq; re-
pellit.*

Good fortune helps the ventering wight,
That hard attempts dare vndertake :
But they that shun the doubtfull fight,
As coward drudges, doth forfake :
 Come what there will, I meane to try,
 Wher winne, or lose, I can but dye.

CANT. XLIX.



PARDON (sweete wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to shew my smart,
Your face hath made such fierce assault,
And battred so my fencelesse hart :
 That of my soe, my lyfe to saue,
 For grace I am constraind to craue.

The

The raging Lyon neuer rendes
The yeelding pray, that prostrate lyes,
No valiant captayne euer bendes
His force against surrendering cryes :
Here I surrender roome and right,
And yeeld the fort at captaines sight.

You are the chieftaine, that haue layd
This heauie siege to strengthlesse fort,
And fancy, that my will betrayd,
Hath lent dispaire his strongest port :
Your glauncing eyes as Cannon shot,
Haue pearst my hart, and freedome got.

When first I saw that frendly face,
Though neuer seen before that day,
That wit, that talke, that sober grace,
In secret hart thus did I say :
God prosper this, for this is she,
That ioy or woe must bring to me.

A thousand fewtures I haue seene,
For Trauelers change, & choysle shall see
In Fraunce, in Flaunders, & in Spaine,
Yet none, or none could conquere mee :
Till now I saw this face of thyne,
That makes my wittes are none of myne.

I often said, yet there is one,
But where, or what I could not tell,
Whose sight my fence would ouer come,
I feard it still, I knew it well,
And now I know you are the She,
That was ordaind to vanquish me.

M 2

CANT.



What song is this that you do sing,
What tale is this that you do tell,
What newes is this that you do bring,
Or what you meane, I know not well ?
If you will speake, pray speake it playne,
Lest els perhaps you lose your payne.

My mynd surpris'd with houshold cares
Tendes not darke riddles to vntwyne.
My state surcharg'd with great affares,
To Idle talke can lend no tyme ;
For if your speeches tend to loue,
Your tonge in vaine such futes will moue.

In greenest grasse the winding snake,
With poysoned sting is soonest found,
A cowardes tongue makes greatest cracke,
The emptiest caske yeeldes greatest sound,
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The souler doth most sweetly sing.

If wandering rages haue possest
Your rousing mynd at randame bent ;
If idle qualmes from too much rest,
Fond fancyes to your lust haue sent :
Cut off the cause that breedes your smart,
Then will your sicknesse soone depart.

The

Idlenesse
the mother
of all foo-
lish wan-
nesse.
Dauid be-
ing idle fell
to strange
lust.
Quæritur
Egijus,
quare sit
factus A-
dulter.

The restles mynd that reasoun wantes,
Is like the ship that lackes a sterne,
The hart beset with follyes plantes,
At widdomes lore repynes to learne :
Some seeke and fynd what fancy list,
But after wish that they had mist.

Who loues to tread vnknowen pathes,
Doth often wander from his way,
Who longes to laue in brauest bathes,
Doth wash by night, and wast by day :
Take heed betyme, beware the prufe
Of wicked lust, if you be wyse.

*In promptu
causa est :
Defidiosus
era.*
Noblemen
gentlemen,
and Cap-
taynes by
idlenesse
fall to all
kynd of vi-
ces.

CANT. LI.



H. W.

W^Nwonted lyking breedes my loue,
And loue the welspring of my griefe,
This fancy fixt none can remoue,
None send redresse, none giue relief,
But onely you, whose onely sight
Hath forst me to this pyning plight.

Loue oft doth spring from due desart,
As louing cause of true effect,
But myne proceeds from wounded hart,
As scholler to a nouell feft :
I bare that lyking, few haue bore,
I loue, that neuer lou'd before.

M 3

I loue

Willowis

I loue, though doubtfull of successe,
As blindmen grope to try the way ;
Yet still I loue because I gesse,
You loue, for loue cannot denay,
Except you spring of sauadge kynd,
Whome no desartes, nor loue can bynd.

Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are cheefly best,
A constant loue doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner euer blest :
How blame you then the faithfull loue
That hath his praise from God aboue.

Can you withstand what fates ordayne ?
Can you repreoue dame Natures frame ?
Where natures ioyne, shall will disclaime ?
Acquite my loue, beare they the blame,
That snuffe at faith, & looke so coy,
And count true loue but for a toy.

If fortune say it shal be so,
Then though you fighte, yet shall you yeeld,
Say what you list, you cannot go
Vnconquerd thus from Cupids field,
That loue that none could ever haue,
I giue to you, and yours I craue.

CANT.

CANT. LII.



W^Ell, you are bent I see, to try
The vtmost list of follies race,
Your fancy hath no power to fly
The luring baite of flattering grace,
The fish that leapes & neuer lookes,
Fyndes death vnwares in secret hookes.

You say you loue, yet shew no cause,
Of this your loue, or rather lust,
Or whence this new affection groes
Which though vntryde, yet we must trust,
Dry reeds that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flamelesse cinders turne.

Such raging loue in rangling mates,
Is quickly found, and sooner lost ;
Such deepe deceate in all estates,
That spares no care, no payne nor cost :
VVith flattering tongues, & golden giftes,
To dryue poore women to their shiftes.

Examine well, & you shall see
Your truthelesse treason, tearmed loue,
VVhat caufe haue you to fancy mee,
That neuer yet had tyme to proue,
What I haue beene, nor what I am,
Where worthie loue, or rather shame ?

This

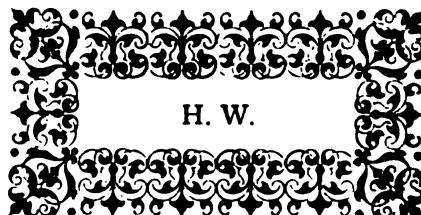
Willowbie

This loue that you to straungers bare,
Is like to headstrong horse and mule,
That ful-fed, nydes on euery mare,
Whose lust outleapes the lawfull rule,
For here is seene your constant loue,
VVhence strange aspects so quickly moue.

Besides you know I am a wife,
Not free, but bound by plighted oath,
Can loue remaine, where filthy life
Hath staind the soile, where vertue gro'th ?
Can loue indure, where faith is fled ?
Can Roses spring, whose roote is dead ?

True loue is constant in her choise,
But if I yeeld to chuse againe,
Then may you say with open voice,
This is her vse, this is her vaine,
She yeelds to all: how can you than
Loue her that yeeldes to euery man ?

CANT. LIII.



IF seare and sorrow sharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style, must finely fit,
To paint my griefe, and waile my case :
Sith my true loue is counted lust,
And hope is rackt in spitesfull dust.

The

The cause that made me loue so foone,
And feedes my mind with inward smart,
Springs not from Starres, nor yet the Moone,
But closly lies in secreit hart :

And if you aske, I cannot tell,
Nor why, nor how, this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could have wrought,
In lustlesse hart this loues effect,
Some fairer farre my loue have sought,
Whose louing lookes I did reiect.

If now I yeeld without assault,
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you haue swore,
You will be true. Yet what of this ?
Did neuer wife play false before,
Nor for her pleasure strike amis ?

Will you alone be constant still,
When none are chaste, nor euer will ?

A man or women first may chuse
The loue that they may after loth ;
W[ho] can denie but such may vse
A second choice, to pleasure both ?

No fault to change the old for new ;
So to the second they be trew.

Your husband is a worthlesse thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can that pleasure bring,
Your flowring yeares desire to find :

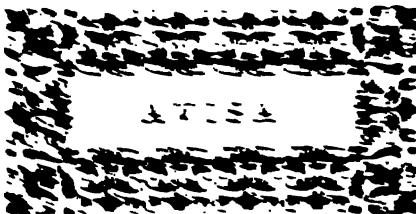
This I will count my chiefest blisse,
If I obtaine, that others misse.

N

Thers

Dear mother you are my
One you taught me what need
Now is your time of greatest joys
Dear mother the friend that loves you best
One I will make my sweet wife
I'll become that others wife

LAST LINE



I like others wife you would become
And wear at this rock meet you had
I know that you have lost your
To broke are that will not be had
You find soul the power and want
Within the pure love tree is plant

Thought have there be that have done ill
And in their house make their home
You are the choice that others will
That have of shame more than a dozen
A friends name is more to me
Their wealth their friends their life can be

Are all important all valuable
Will none performe their wifes now
You find you say that you have found
A that and comfum wife I know
And you find her when all is done
When all will pass and all be gone

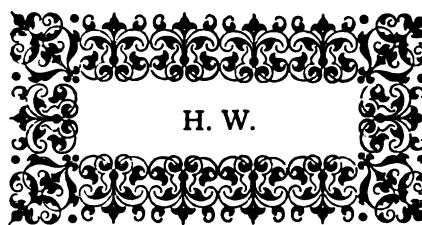
Thought

Though you haue bin at common schoole,
And enterd plaints in common place ;
Yet you wil proue yourselfe a foole,
To iudge all women void of grace :
I doubt not but you will be brought,
Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your second change let them alow,
That list mislike their primer choice,
I lou'd him first, I loue him now,
To whom I gauē my yeelding voice,
My faith and loue, I will not giue
To mortall man, while he doth liue.

What loue is this, that bids me hate,
The man whom nature bids me loue ?
What loue is this, that sets debate,
Twixt man and wife ? but here I proue :
Though sm[o]othed words seeme very kind,
Yet all proceed from deuilesh mind.

CANT. LV.



H. W.

From deuilesh mind ? well, wanton, well,
You thinke your strength is very sure,
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.

These glorious braggs shew but your pride :
For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

N 2

You

V' Villokie

Ther's nothing gotten to be coy,
The purer stampe you must detest,
Now is your time of greatest ioye,
Then loue the friend that loues you best,
This I will count my chiefeſt bliſſe
If I obtaine that others mifſe.

CANT. LIIII.



THat others mifſe, you would obtaine,
And want of this doth make you ſad,
I ſorrow that you take ſuch paine,
To ſeeke for that, will not be had,
Your filed ſkill the power doth want,
VVithin this plot ſuch trees to plant.

Though ſome there be, that haue done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith :
Yet do not thinke that others will,
That feare of shame more then of death :
A ſpotleſſe name is more to me,
Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all unconstant, all vnsound ?
VVill none performe their ſworen vow ?
Yet ſhall you ſay, that you haue found,
A chraft, and conſtant wife I trow :
And you ſhall fee, when all is doone,
VVhere all will yeeld, and all be woone.

Though

Though you haue bin at common schoole,
And enterd plaints in common place ;
Yet you wil proue yourselfe a foole,
To iudge all women void of grace :

I doubt not but you will be brought,
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What loue is this, that sets debate,
Twixt man and wife ? but here I proue :
Though fm[o]othed words seeme very kind,
Yet all proceed from deuiliſh mind.

CANT. LV.

H. W.

From deuiliſh mind ? well, wanton, well,
You thinke your strength is very ſure,
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.

These glorious braggs ſhew but your pride :
For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

N 2

You

Willowie

And if you find, you haue no gift,
To liue a chaste and matelesse life,
Yet feare to vse vnlawfull shifte,
But marry with some honest wife,
With whom you may contented liue,
And wandring mind from folly drieue.

*Fuggi quel piacer presente,
che ti da dolor futuro.*

Fly present pleasure that doth bring
Insuing sorrow, paine and grieve ;
Of death beware the poys'ned sting,
That hatcheth horror fance relieve,
Take this of me, and in the end
I shall be thought your chiefeſt frend.

CANT. LVII.

H. W.

IF then the welspring of my ioy,
A floud of woe, in fine become,
If loue engender loues annoy,
Then farewell life, my glasse is runne ;
If you thus constant ſtill remaine ;
Then muſt I die, or liue in paine.

Thrice happie they, whose ioyned harts,
Vnited wils haue linckt in one,
Whose eies diſcerne the due defarts,
The griping grieve, and grieuous grone,
That faith doth breed in fetled mind,
As fancies are by fates inclin'd

And

And ſhall I role the reſtleſſe ſtone ?
And muſt I proue the endleſſe paine ?
In cureleſſe care ſhall I alone,
Conſume with griefe, that yeelds me gaine ?
If ſo I curse theſe eies of mine,
That firſt beheld that face of thine.

Your will muſt with my woe diſpence,
Your face the founder of my ſmart,
That pleafant looke fram'd this offence,
Theſe thrilliſh gripes that gall my hart,
Sith you this wound, and hurt diſt giue,
You muſt conſent to yeeld relieuē.

How can I ceafe, while fancie guides
The reſtleſſe raines of my deſire ?
Can reaſon rule, where folly bides ?
Can wit inthralld to will retire ?
I little thought I ſhould haue miſt,
I neuer feard of, Had I wiſt.

Let old men pray, let fetled heads
Inthrall their neckes to wedlocke band,
Shrend golden gyues, who euer weds
With pleafant paine, ſhall take in hand :
But I will be your faithfull frenđ,
If health by hope you yeeld to ſend.

CANT.

Willowbie

CANT. LVIII.

A V I S A.

What filthy folly, raging lust,
What beastly blindnes fancy breeds ?
As though the Lord had not accurst,
With vengeance due, the sinfull deeds ?
Though vaine-led youth with pleasure swell,
Yet marke these words that I shall tell.

Gen. 38. 24.
Whore moun-
gers burnt.

Who so with filthy pleasure burns ;
His sinfull flesh with fierie flakes
Must be consum'd ; whose soule returnes
To endlesse paine in burning lakes.
You seeme by this, to wish me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Call you this (Loue) that bringeth sin,
And sowes the seeds of heauie cheere ?
If this be loue, I pray begin,
To hate the thing I loue so deere ;
I loue no loue of such a rate,
Nor fancie that, which God doth hate.

Prover. 5. 3.

But what saith he that long hath tryde
Of harlots all the wanton flights ;
Beware least that your hart be tyde,
To sond affects by wanton sights :
Their wandring eies, and wanton lookes,
Catch fooles as fish, with painted hookes.

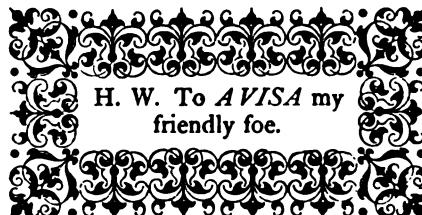
Their

Their lippes with oyle and honie flow,
Their tonges are fraught with flattering guile ;
Amidst these ioyes great sorrowes grow ;
For pleasures flourish but a while,
Their feete to death, their steps to hell,
Do swiftly slide, that thus do mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull loue,
This signe of Gods reuenging ire ;
Let loue of God such lust remoue,
And quench the flames of soule desire :
If you will count me for your frend,
You must both workes and words amend.

CANT. LIX.

With this bitter reply of *Avisa*, H.W. being somewhat daunted, yet not altogether whithout hope, went home to his house, and there secretly in a melancholike passion wrote these verses following.



THe busie Gnat about the candle, houering still doth flie, Sixaine,
The slimie Fish about the bayt, still wauering doth lie,
The fearefull Mouse about the trap doth often try his strength,
Vntill both Gnat, and Fish and Mouse, be taken at the length,
Euen so vnhappy I, do like my greatest baine,
Vnlesse you do, with speede, release my mortall paine.

O

The

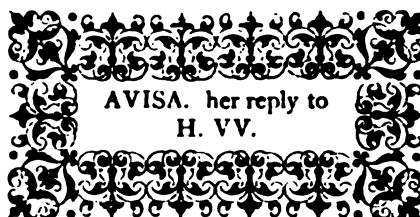
Willowis

Quatraine. *The light foote hart defires the waters brooke,
The dog most fiske the greene grasse doth craue,
The wounded wight for surgeoyn still doth looke,
Vntill both hart, and dogge, and wight their medicine haue:
But I with grieve th'unhappiest of them all,
Do still delight to be my enemies thrall.*

Douxaine. *Mine enemie I say, though yet my sweetest frend,
If of my sorrowes I may see some spedie holosome end.*

FINIS. Chi la dura, la Vince.

CANTO LX.



AVISA. her reply to
H. VV.

*T*He busie Gnat for want of wit,
Doth sindge his wings in burning flame,
The Fish with baite will headlong slit,
Till she be choked with the same;
So you with Gnat and Fish will play,
Till flame and foode worke your decay.

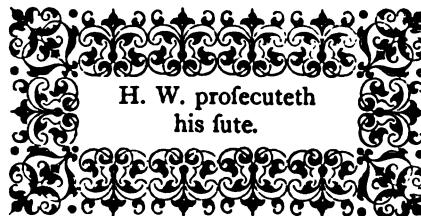
*The heedlesse Mouse, that tries the trap,
In haft to reach her harts desire,
Doth quickly find such quainte mishap,
That barres her strength from free retire,
So you will never ceasse to craue,
Till you haue lost that now you haue.*

The

*The hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, grasse, and Surgeon call,
Their grieves and cures, are all but light,
But your conceite surpaſt them all;
Except you change your wanton mind,
You ſhall no eafe, nor comfort find.*

Alway the ſame
Auifa.

CANT. LXI.



H. W. prosecuteth
his fute.

Will not your haughty stomacke ſtoupe?
Will not this ſelſe conceite come downe?
As haggard louing mirthleſſe coupe,
At frendry lure doth checke and frowne?
Blame not in this the Faulkners ſkill,
But blame the Hawkes vnbridled will.

Your ſharp replies, your frowning cheare,
To abſent lines, and preſent vew,
Doth aie redouble trembling feare,
And griping grieves do ſtill renew,
Your face to me my ſole reliefe,
My fight to you your onely grieve.

O 2

O

Willowie

O lucklesse wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my loue in such a soile ?
What surie makes me thus relie
On her that seekes my vtter spoile ?
O Gods of loue, what signe is this,
That in the first, I first should mis ?

And can you thus increase my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine ?
Canst kill the hart that loues thee so,
Canst quit my loue with soule disdaine ?
And if thou canst, woe worth the place,
Where first I saw that flattering face.

And shall my folly proue it trew,
That hastie pleasure doubleth paine,
Shall grieve rebound, where ioye[s] grew ?
Of faithfull hart is this the gaine ?
Me thinks for all your graue aduise,
(Forgiue my thought) you are not wise.

Would God I could restrain my loue,
Sith you to loue me cannot yeeld,
But I alas cannot remoue
My fancie, though I die in feeld :
My life doth on your loue depend,
My loue and life at once must end.

CANT. LXII.



What

WHAT witlesse errors do posseſſe
The wretched minds of louing fooles,
That breathleſſe runne to ſuch diſtrefſe,
That liuely heate fond forrowe cooles?
They reke not where they ſtand or fall,
Deny them loue, take life and all.

It feemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their foolish will,
Such od conceites they ſeeke to find,
As may their childiſh fancies fill,
It makes me ſmile thus, now and then,
To ſee the guife of foolish men.

I cannot ſtoupe to wandring lure ;
My mind is one, and ſtill the fame ;
While breath, while life, while daies indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my shame,
Then if you ſtrive and stirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruites of idle braine.

If I do ſometimes looke awrie,
As loth to ſee your blobered face,
And loth to heare a yong man crie,
Correct for shame this childiſh race,
And though you weepe and waile to mee,
Yet let not all theſe follies fee.

Good *Harry* leaue theſe raging toyes,
That thus from reſtleſſe fancie flow,
Vnfit for men, not meete for boyes,
And let's a while talke wifely now ;
If that you loue me as you ſay,
Then ceafe ſuch madnes to bewray.

But who's afraid of God?

The worldmen and the wayfaring
travelers make the world their
body house. They are not
They make it their home and their
Deny them, and you will be lost.

comes a flesh to them, and they
will understand
it of course, and they
say their will is done
In wisdom and in love
To destroy [—] —

comes flesh to them, and they
say their will is done
While flesh, when they
will understand
Then they will be lost
Because they will be lost

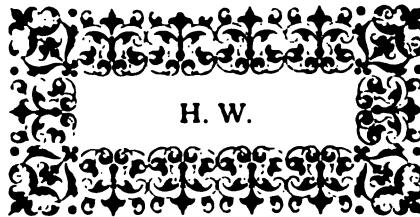
comes flesh to them, and they
will understand
Then they will be lost
Then they will be lost
Then they will be lost
Then they will be lost

comes flesh to them, and they
will understand
Then they will be lost
Then they will be lost

Willowbie

If honest loue could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not sticke to giue consent,
To like you so, and loue you still,
But while lust leades your loue awrie,
Assure your selfe, I will denie.

CANT. LXIII.



And is it lust that welds my loue ?
Or is it but your fond surmisse ?
Will you condemne, before you proue ?
How can I thinke you to be wise ?
O faithfull hart, yet thrice accurst,
That art misdeemd thus at the first.

If lust did rule my restlesse hart,
If onely lust did beare the sway,
I quickly could asswage my smart,
With choise, and change, for euery day,
You should not laugh to see me weape,
If lust were it that strake so deepe.

And yet at first, before I knew,
What vaine it was that bled so sore,
Wher lust or loue, to proue it trew,
I tooke a salue that still before
Was wont to helpe, I chose me one,
With whom I quencht my lust alone.

Yet

Yet this (sweete hart) could not suffice,
 Nor any way content my mind,
 I felt new qualmes, and new arise,
 And stronger still, and strong I find,
 By this, I thus doe plainly proue,
 It is not lust, but faithfull loue.

A bad argu-
 ment to proue
 good loue.

And yet to proue my loue more sure,
 And since you will not false your faith,
 This pining plight I will indure,
 Till death do stop your husbands breath ;
 To haue me then if you will say,
 I will not marrie, till that day.

If you will giue your full consent,
 When God shall take your husbands life,
 That then you will be well content,
 To be my spouse and louing wife,
 I will be ioyfull as before,
 And till that time, will craue no more.

CANT. LXIV.



NO more ; no more, too much of this,
 And is mine ynch become an ell ?
 If thus you writh my words amis,
 I must of force, bid you farewell,
 You shew in this your louing bent,
 To catch at that, I neuer ment.

I

Willowbie

I thought at first, (but this my thought
I must correct;) that simple loue,
In guilles hart these fits had wrought.
But I; too simple I, now proue,
That vnder shew of great good will,
My harts delight you seeke to spill.

He loues me well, that tils a trap,
Of deepe deceite, and deadly baine,
In dreadfull daungers thus to wrap
His friend by baites of flering traine:
Though flattering tongues can paint it braue
Your words do shew, what loue you haue.

I must consent, and you will stay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not say you Nay:
Nor of your other purpose mis,
You are deceiu'd, and you shall trie,
That I such faith, and friends defie.

Such fained, formal, faithleſſe plot
I most detest, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to cast my lot,
With free consent to chuse againe,
Of all the men I euer knew,
I would not make my choice of you.

Let this suffice, and do not stay
On hope of that which will not be,
Then cease your sute, go where you may,
Vaine is your trust, to hope on me.
My choice is past, my hart is bent,
While that remaines, to be content.

Now

Now hauing tract the winding trace,
Of false resemblance, giue me leauue,
From this to shew a stranger grace,
Then heretofore, you did perceauue,
Gainst frendlesse loue if I repyne,
The fault is yours, & none of myne.

CANT. LXV.



I Will not wish, I cannot vow,
Thy hurt, thy grieve, though thou disdaine,
Though thou refuse, I know not how,
To quite my loue with loue againe :
Since I haue swore to be thy frend,
As I began, so will I end.

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,
Conspire with greefe to stop my breath,
Yet still thy frend, & not thy foe
I will remayne vntill my death :
Choose whome thou wilt, I will resigne,
If loue, or faith, be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long have lent
My wandering eyes to gaze on thee.
I haue both tyme, & trauell spent
In vaine, in vaine : and now I see,
They do but frutelesse paine procure,
To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

P

VVhen

Willowtree

When I am dead, yet thou mayst boast,
Thou hadst a frend, a faithfull frend,
That liuing liu'd to loue thee most,
And lou'd thee still vnto his end :
Though thou vnworthy, with disdaine
Did'st force him liue and dye in paine.

Now may I sing, now sigh, and say,
Farewell my lyfe, farewell my ioy,
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day,
Loue, too much loue breedes mine annoy :
What can I wish, what should I craue,
Sith that is gon, that I should haue.

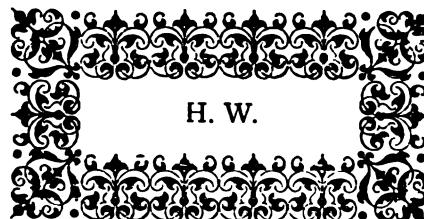
Though hope be turned to dispaire,
Yet giue my tongue leaue to lament,
Beleeue me now, my hart doth sweare,
My lucklesse loue was truly ment :
Thou art too proud, I say no more,
Too stout, and wo is me therefore

Felice chi pno.

CANT. LXVI.

Auifa hauing heard this patheticall fancy of H. W. and seeing the teares trill downe his cheeke, as halse angry to see such passionate follie, in a man that should haue gouernment, with a frowning countenance turned from him, without farder answere, making silence her best reply, and following the counsell of the wise, not to answere a foole in his folly lest he grow too foolish, returnd quite from him, and left him alone. But the departing home, and not being able by reason to rule the raginge fume of this phantasticall fury, cast himselfe vpon his bed

bed, & refusing both foode & comfort for many daies together, fell at length into such extremity of passionate affections, that as many as saw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wittes, yet, after a long space absence, hauing procured some respite from his forowes, he takes his pen & wrate, as followeth.



*L Yke wounded Deare, whose ſeder fydes are bath'd in blood,
From deadly wound, by fatall hand & forked shaft :
So bleedes my pearced hart, for fo you thinke it good,
With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft :
You ſtill did loth my lyfe, my death ſhall be your gaine,
To dye to do you good, I ſhall not thinke it paine.*

*My person could not please, my talke was out of frame,
Though hart and eye could neuer brooke my loathed fight,
Yet loue doth make me ſay, to keepe you out of blame,
The fault was only mine, and that you did but right,
When I am gon, I hope my ghost ſhall ſhew you plaine,
That I did truly loue, and that I did not faine.*

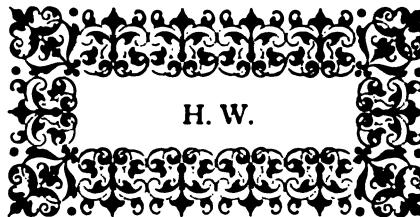
*Now muſt I fynd the way to waile while lyfe doth laſt,
Yet hope I ſoone to ſee, the end of dolefull dayes ;
When floudes of flowing feares, and creeping cares are paſt,
Then muſt I leaue to ſing, and write theſe pleasant layes :
For now I loth the foode, and bloud that lendes me breath,
I count all pleasures paine that keepe me from my death.*

Willowie

*To darke and heavy shades, I now will take my flight,
Where nether tongue nor eye shall tell or see my fall,
That thore I may dischel these dregges of thy dispight,
And purge the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gall:
In secret silence so, Perforce shall be my song,
Till truth make you confesse that you have done me wrong.*
Gia speme spenta.
H. W.

*Auifa refusing both to come or send him any aun-
swere, after a long & melancholike deliberation, he
wrate againe so as followeth.*

CANT. LXVII.



*T*hough you refuse to come or send,
Yet this I send, though I do stay,
Vnto these lynes some credit lend,
And marke it well what they shall say,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They do bnt shew their maisters fall.

*Though you disdaine to shew remorce,
You were the first and onely wight,
Whose fawning features did inforce
My will to runne beyond my might:
In femall face such force we see,
To captiue them, that erst were free.*

Your

*Your onely word was then a law
Vnto my mynd, if I did finne,
Forgiue this finne, but then I saw
My bane or blisse did first beginne,
See what my fancy could haue donne,
Your loue at first, if I had wonne.*

*All fortune flat I had defyde,
To choice and change defiance sent,
No frowning fates could have denyde,
My loues purfule, & willing bent,
This was my mynd, if I had found
Your loue as myne, but halfe so found.*

*Then had I bad the hellish rout,
To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,
And cursed haggs that are so stout,
I boldly would haue bid auaunt,
Let earth and ayre haue fround their fill,
So I had wrought my wifhed will.*

*No raging storme, nor whirling blast,
My settled heart could haue annoyd,
No sky with thundering cloudes o'recast
Had hurt, if you I had enioyd,
Now hope is past, loe you may see,
How every toy tormenteth me.*

Chi circa troua.
CANT.

V Villobie

CANT. LXVIII.

H. W.



*Ith oken planckes to plane the waues,
What Neptunes rage could I haue fear'd
To quell the gulfe that rudely raues,
What perill could haue once appear'd?
But now that I am left alone;
Bare thoughts enforce my hart to grone.*

*With thee to passe the chamfered groundes,
What force or feare could me restraine?
With thee to chase the Scillan houndes,
Me thinkes it were a pleasant paine,
This was my thought, this is my lone,
Which none but death, can yet remoue.*

*It then behoues my fainting sprite.
To lofty skyes returne againe,
Sith only death bringes me delite,
Which louing liue in curselesse paine,
VVhat hap to strangers is assind,
If knowne frendes doo such fauour find.*

*How often haue my frendly mates
My louing errours laught to scorne,
How oft for thee found I debates
VVhich now I wish had beene forborne:
But this & more would I haue donne,
If I thy fauour could haue wonne.*

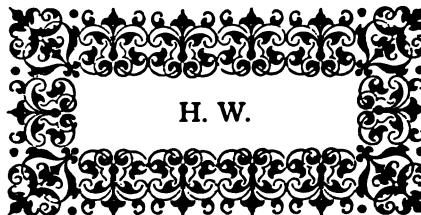
I saw

*I saw your gardens passing fyne,
VVith pleasant flowers lately dect,
With Couflops and with Eglington,
When wofull Woodbyne lyes reiect :
Yet these in weedes and briars meet,
Although they seeme to smell so sweet.*

*The dainty Daysy brauely springes,
And cheefest honour seemes to get,
I enuy not such frendly thinges,
But bleffe the hand that these haue set :
Yet let the Hysope haue his place,
That doth deserue a speciall grace.*

Viui, Chi vince.

CANT. LXIX.



H. W.

Bvt now farewell, your selfe shall see,
An odd exchange of frends in tyme,
you may perhappes then wish for mee,
And waile too late this cruell cryme :
Yea wish your selfe perhaps beshrewd,
That you to me such rigor shrewd.

*I cannot force you for to like,
Where cruell fancy doth rebell,
I must some other fortune seeke,
But where or how I can not tell :
And yet I doubt where you shall find
In all your life so sure a frend.*

P 4

Of

Willowbie

*Of pleasant dayes the date is donne,
My carcase pyneth in conceat,
The lyne of lyfe his race hath runne,
Expecting sound of deathes retreat:*

*Yet would I liue to loue thee still,
And do thee good against thy will.*

*How can I loue, how can I liue,
Whil'st that my hart hath lost his hope,
Dispaire abandons sweet reliefe,
My loue, and life haue lost their scope:*

*Yet would I liue thy feature to behold,
Yet would I loue, if I might be so bold.*

*My griefe is greene, and never springes,
My sorrowe full of deadly sap,
Sweet death remoue these bitter thinges,
Giue end to hard and cruell hap:*

*Yet would I liue, if I might see,
My life, or limmes might pleasure thee.*

*Farewell that sweet and pleasant walke,
The witnesse of my faith and wo,
That oft hath heard our frenldy talke,
And giu'n me leaue my griefe to shew,
O pleasant path, where I could see
No crosse at all but onely shee.*

Il fine, fa il tutto.

These veries
exceed mea-
sure, to shew
that his affec-
tions keepe no
compasse, and
his exceeding
loue.

CANT. LXX.



Ike silly Bat, that loues the darke,
And seldom brookes the wished light,
Obscurely so I seeke the marke,
That aye doth vanish from my sight.
Yet shall she say, I died her frend,
Though by disdaine she sought mine end.

Faine would I cease, and hold my tong,
But loue and sorrow set me on,
Needes must I plaine of spiteful wrong,
Sith hope and health will both be gon,
When branch from inward rind is fled,
The barke doth wisch the body dead.

If euer man were borne to woe,
I am the man, you know it well,
My chiefest friend, my greatest foe,
And heauen become my heauie hell,
This do I feele, this do I find:
But who can loose, that God will bind?

For since the day, the dismall day
I first beheld that smiling face,
My fancie made her choice straightway,
And bad all other loues givne place,
Yea, since I saw thy louely sight,
I frize and frie, twixt ioye and spight.

Q

Where

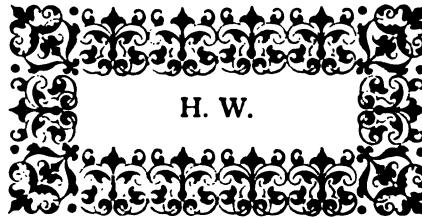
Willowbie

Where fond suspect doth keepe the gate,
There trust is chased from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where fayshod will admit no more ;
Then naked faith and loue must yeeld,
For lacke offence, and flie the field.

Then easier were it for to chuse,
To crale against the craggie hill,
Then futes, then fighs, then words to use,
To change a foward womans will,
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toye, where fancies raigne.

Ama, Chi ti ama.

CANT. LXXI.



MY tongue, my hand, my ready hart,
That speake, that felt, that freely thought,
My loue, my limbes, my inward smart,
Haue all performed what they ought,
These all do loue you yet, and shall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

Shall I repent, I euer saw
That face, that so can frowne on mee ?
How can I wish, when fancies draw
Mine eies to wish, and looke for thee ?
Then though you do denie my right,
Yet bar me not from wished fight.

And

*And yet I craue, I know not what,
Perchance my presence breeds your paine,
And if I were perswaded that,
I would in absence still remaine,
 You shall not feele the smalleſt grieſe,
 Although it were to ſaue my life.*

*Ah woe is me, the caſe ſo ſtands,
That ſencaleſſe papers plead my wo,
They cannot weepe, nor wring their hands,
But ſay perhaps, that I did ſo,
 And though theſe lines for mercie craue,
 Who can on papers pittie haue?*

*O that my grieſes, my ſighes, my teares,
Might plainly muſter in your view,
Then paine, not pen, then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings trew,
 This wiſhing ſhewes a wofull want,
 Of that which you by right ſhould grant.*

*Now fare thou well, whose wel-fare brings
Such lothſome feare, and ill to me.
Yet heere thy friend this farewell ſingſ,
Though heauie word a farewell be.
 Againſt all hope, if I hope ſtill,
 Blame but abundance of good will.*

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopem me copia fecit.
H. W.

Q 2

CANT.

Willowbie

CANT. LXXII.



N Our long Epistle I haue read,
Great store of words, and little wit,
(For want of wit, these fancies bred)
To aunswere all I thinke not fit,
But in a word, you shall perceave,
How kindly I will take my leue.

When you shall see sweete Lillies grow,
And flourish in the frozen yse,
When ebbing tides shall leue to flow,
And mountaines to the skies shall ryse,
When roring Seas do cease to rane,
Then you shall gaine the thing you craue.

When Fish as haggard Hawkes shall flie,
When Seas shall flame, and Sunne shall freeze,
When mortall men shall never die,
And earth shall yeeld, nor herbe nor trees,
Then shall your words my mind remoue,
And I accept your proffered loue.

When Thames shall leue his channell drie,
When Sheepe shall feede amidj̄ the Sca.
When stones aloft, as Birds shall flie,
And night be changed into Day,
Then shall you see that I will yeeld,
And to your force resigne the feeld.

Till

*Till all these things doe come to passe,
Assure your selfe, you know my mind,
My heart is now, as first it was,
It came not of dame Chryfiedes kind,
Then leaue to hope, learne to refraine,
Your mind from that, you seeke in vaine.*

*I wish you well, and well to fare,
And there with all a godly mind,
Deuoid of lust, and foolish care,
This if you seeke, this shall you find.
But I must say, as erft before,
Then cease to waile, and write no more.*

Alway the same
Auifa

H. W. Was now againe striken so dead, that hee
hath not yet any farder assaied, nor I thinke euer will,
and where he be aliue or dead I know not, and therfore
I leaue him.

Willowie

The Authors conclusion.

SO thus she stands vnconquered yet,
As Lambe amidst the Lions pause,
Whom gifts, nor wils, nor force of wit,
Could vanquish once with all their shewes,
To speake the truth, and say no more,
I neuer knew her like before.

Then blame me not if I protest,
My fillie Muse shall still commend
This constant A. aboue the rest,
While others learne their life to mend ;
My tongue on high and high shall raise,
And alway sing her worthie praise.

While hand can write, while wit deuise,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue shall be had in prise
Among the best and honest sort,
And they that wil mislike of this,
I shall suspect, they strike amis.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of such as hold a constant mind,
Eternall be the lasting shame
Of such as wawe with euery wind :
Though some there be that will repine ;
Yet some will praise this wish of mine.

But here I cease for feare of blame
Although there be a great deal more,
That might be spoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in secret store,
If this be lik't, then can I say
Ye may see more another day.

Agitante calescimus illo

Farewell.

FINIS.

The resolution of a chaste and a
constant wife, that minds to continue
faithful unto her husband. To the
time of Fortune.

Though winged Birds, do often durst the base,
And bring base, do thence themselves well base,
Ye fancies in this living ingens base,
That wicket base, in time became well base.

Where never nature frames a fuisse cushion,
Where prime fames, their hidden base have lewd,
To thyne in base, the wifes that are twise,
The where you hit, you shall revalc again.

From fancies base, I fained tell in the
Long time I did my income for to lese
Till at the length my wadding lewd my wive
Knowing that none their fancies can forgo.

For while I in it in prime of yonge yonge
Falding that here in the base of fance wold
Fally for weare a wile of wylle wile
In it mising my name and image wold.

There were the fance yerk with the fancing yonge
There were the wold in yonge wold wold
There were the gyll yerk with the yonge yonge
To fance my wold in the i wold wold wold.

There were the wold for wold for wold
To fance the wile ther wold for wold
Wold for the wold a wold in wold wold wold
For the wold al in wold the wold wold wold.

Willowie

No fancie could then force me to replie,
Nor moue my mind such doubtfull deeds to trie :
For well I knew, although I knew not all,
Such trickle trades procure a fuddaine fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flie at will,
Thus did I scape the foulers painted skill,
Thus did I saue my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I liue a long and happie time.

Cupid that great, and mightie kings could moue,
Could neuer frame, my heart to like of loue,
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart,
Were still too blunt, to pearce my steelie hart.

Till at the length, as nature had assind,
Vnto the earth, I bent a willing mind :
He was the first, to whom I gaue my hand,
With free consent, to liue in holy band.

Eua that gaue her faithfull promise so,
With Adam to liue in wealth and in wo,
Of faithfull hart, could neuer haue more store,
Then I haue felt, thrice three yeares space & more.

When I had gieu'n my hart and free consent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No Seas of grieve, ne cares that I could find,
Could so preuaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,
Did he exalt, or did he cast him downe,
My faithfull hart did euer make me sing,
Welcome to me, what euer fortune bring.

Now when I thought, all dangers had bene past
Of lawlesse futes, and futors at the last,
The trade, the time, the place wherein I liue,
Vnto this Lampe, new oyle doe dayly giue.

But

But like of this all you that loue to range,
My fixed hart likes not the skittish change,
Now haue I made the choice that shall remaine,
Vengeance befall, when I doe change againe.

Now haue I found a friend of high desart,
I haue his loue, and he hath stolne my hart,
Now fortune packe, with all thy pelting store,
This is my choice, I like to chuse no more

Cease then your futes, yee lustie gallants all,
Thinke not I stoupe at euery Faulkners call,
Trusse vp your lures, your luring is in vaine,
Chosen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needlesse fained talkes,
Seeke other mates, that loue fuch rouing walkes,
None shall euer vaunt, that they haue my consent,
Then let me rest, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
I recken more my credit and my health,
Though I be weake, my power very scant,
God so prouides that I shal neuer want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he absent long,
Abfent or present, this still shall be my song,
Fortune my friend, A friend to me hath lent,
This is my choise, and there with am content.

Range they that list, and change who euer will,
One hath mine oth, and his I will be still,
Now let vs fall, or let vs rise on hie,
Still will I sing, now well content am I.

R

The

Willowie

The praise of a contented mind.

The God that framde the fixed pole, and Lamps of gleaming light,
The azure skies, and twinkling Starres, to yeeld this pleafant sight,
In wiſdom pight this pereleſſe plot, a rare ſurpaſſing frame,
And ſo with braue and ſweete delights, haue fraught and dect the ſame,
That every creature keepes his courſe, his compaſſe and his place,
And with delightfull ioye outrunnes, his pointed time and race,
In one conſent they friendly loyne, from which they cannot fall,
As if the Lord had firſt ordainde, one ſoule to guide them all,
In every part there doth remaine, ſuch loue and free conſent,
That every frame doth kiffe his lot, and cries I am content,
The Articke pole that neuer moues, by which the ſhipmen ſaile,
Craves not to change his frizen Axe, nor from his place to ſteale,
The fixed Starres, that ſilome range, delight their circles fo,
That from their choiſe by wanton change, they neuer yeeld to go,
The Sunne and Moone that neuer hide, their braue reſplendent raiſes,
Did neuer wiſh in wauering will, to change their wonted waies.
The roaring Sea, with ebbs and tides, that leapes againſt the land,
Is yet content for all his rage, to ſtay within his band.
The floating Fish, the ſinging Bird, all beaſts with one conſent,
To liue according to their kind, do ſhew them ſelues content.
So that by practiſe and by proofe, this ſentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like, a ſweete contented mind.
The beaſts, the Birds, and ayrie powers, do keepe their compaſſe well,
And onely man aboue the reſt, doth loue for to rebeſſ.
This onely man, the Lord aboue, with reaſon did induē
Yet onely man, vngratefull man, doth ſhew himſelfe vntrue.
No ſooner was braue Adam made, but Sathan wrought his thrall,
For no content, aspiring pride, procurde his ſuddaine fall.
The princely Primeroſe of the Eaſt, proud Eua gaue conſent,
To change her bliſſe to bale, for that, her mind was not content.
Thus may the darkeſt eie perceiue, how follie ſtrikes vs blind,
Thus may we ſee the often change, of manys vncouſtant mind,
The Moone, the Sea, by naſures courſe, do not ſo often change.
As do the wits and wanton wiſs, of ſuch as loue to range.
The rangling rage that held from home Vliffes all too long,
Made chaſt Penelope complaine of him that did her wrong.
The lothſome daies, and lingering nights, her time in ſpinning ſpent :
She would not yeeld to change her choice, because ſhe was content.
Such calme content doth plainly ſhew, that loue did much abound,
Where free conſent breeds not content, ſuch faith is ſeldome found.
For careleſſe Cryſted that had gin, her hand, her faith and hart,
To Troilus her truſtie friend, yet falſely did depart :
And giglot like from Troye towne, to Greciana campe would goe,

To

To Diomed, whom in the end, she found a faithleff foe,
For hauing shiu'd the gentle slip, his loue was turnd to hate.
And she a leaper did lament, but then it was too late.
Now foolish fancie was the caufe, this Cryfed did lament,
For when she had a faithfull friend, she could not be content.
Ten thousand fell at Troyes siege, whose blood had not bene spent,
If fickle headded Hellen could, at firſt haue bene content.
You cannot in the Serpents head, ſuch deadly poyson find,
As is the fained'loue that liues, with discontented mind.
Of all the wiſdome of the wife, that I could euer tell,
This wiſdome beares the chiefest ſway, to ſtay when we be well,
As sweetest Musicke rudely iarres, except there be conſent:
So hottest loue doth quickly coole, except it be content.
Of all the braue reſounding words, which God to man hath lent,
This ſoundeth sweetest in mine eare, to ſay. *I am content.*

Euer or Neuer.

F I N I S.



L O N D O N
Imprinted by John Windet, dwelling
at Paules wharfe at the ſigne of the croſe
Keyes and are there to be folde.

1594.

APPENDIX.

A.

*From 1596 edition of 'Avisa' as reprinted in
1635 edition (pp. 123-131).*

THE A P O L O G I E, shewing the true meaning of WILLOBIE his AVISA.

 O a new Edition give me leave to adde a new Instruction, for such as I understand, have made of the other, a false and captious confirmation. If *Sagittarius* come a *Septr.* as some will have it, and that as the Table iudgeth of meates, so will men iudge of natures and intents; I warnele that some mea is greatly affecting the name of wisedome here by rash iudgement, the badge of folly sheweth themselves to much triffe and without say. But I fee that as it happeneth in the differencement of the body, so it often falleth in the disorders of the minde: for the body being opprest with the vaine-ness saunce of these preudome innes, the iuste of iudgement which is the table is corrupted: and meates, whiche of their owne nature are wholesome and ~~freke~~ ffreke unto the mouth. *It refuted*

1651

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both bitter, vnsauorie, and vnwholesome: So the heart being possessed with a veine of vanitie, or a spirit of preiudicte opinion, directeth iudgement by the line of fancie, not of reason: and the bitternessse of his owne infected folly, marres the sweete taste of other mens simple and honest meaning. Therefore because some haue applyed this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to speake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, haue sprouted forth from the roote of one fond and misconstrued conceite. The growing of such grafts, I hoped that I had sufficiently preuented in the Preface first printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all rash Readers, when they see a booke, they turne either to the middest, or the latter end or at all aduentures reading that which at first opening they happen on: if that presently doe not fit their fancie, they will sodainly pronounce a definitiue sentence of condemnation, both against the matter and the maker: as if by the inspiration of some Pythian Oracle, they were presently brought in possession of the whole fence, meaning and intent of the Author, hauing reade neither the preface, nor perchance six lines of the whole booke.

But most I maruaile that one P. C. (who see-meth to bee a Scholler) hath beene carried away with this streme of misconceiued folly: For I dare pawn my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or priuie to any one sentence or word in that booke. This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for

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for thirtie and fve yeeres since, (as it will be proved) and lay in waft papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his deuising; and so might haue continued still (as his *Susanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good end, to which it was directed) published it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I must satisfie for it, in defending innocents from slanderous tongues. This plaine Morall deuice was plotted only for the repression and opening of *Vice*; and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as hee himselfe saith.

*My sleepy Muse that wakes but now,
To vertues prayse hath past her vow.*

Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and Chastitie *Species*, if hee should haue described it, either in *Genere* or *Specie*, as some haue done, he might haue beeene as obscure as some others haue beeene. Hee fained therefore an *Individuum*, as it were a particular of this speciall, the more familiarly to expresse it, as it were in common talke, as if one did answere another, to delight the reader the more, with variety of folly quenched presently, with the like varietie of Vertue. To this fained *Individuum*, he gaue this fained name *Anisa*. Which poeticall fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to despise that which he cannot mend. The Author was vnknownne, not because hee could not; but because hee would not know him: his true name being open in euery Page. He saith: the Author hath registered the mea-

K nest

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ceite tels mee that in the person of this woman all the mortall vertues, with one voyce are heard pleading, and discoursing at large against vice, in a liuely action: In whose words, (if they bee considered from the beginning to the end) we may see, how the spirit of God striueth against the Spirit of Sathan, by reasons, by Scriptures, and by propane Histories, to lay open the greatnesse, the foulenesse, the danger, and deceit of this deadly sin, that rageth so hotly, in the vnmortified members of mortall men.

On the other side me thinks I see how the Deuill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conquest tries all wayes and assayes all meanes to effect his desire. But his labor is imagined heere to be lost, and that there is some modesty, wisedome, honestie and feare of God remaining yet in some women, sufficient at all times to ouercome him. Therfore whosoeuer accounteth this Poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throat of all seminine faith, and robbeth all chaste Ladies of their chiefe honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that sweete bitter sinne of Leacherie, thinke their secret practises of bauderie, to be too plainly described, and therefore labour to haue it registered for a meere toy. I will not, as a Physition assay with *Helleborus*, to purge their heads of those humors, least perhaps they bee of the men of *Abydus*, who (as *Aristotle* reporteth) being mad, tooke such delight in their madnesse that they were angry with them, that brought them to their wits.

Some

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Some others there be, who when they haue read this booke, haue blushed to themfelues, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had vſed in the like attempts. In which is to be noted, the force of a guilty conscience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. These fancies (forsooth) haue framed names to letters, of their owne deuices; and they haue imagined places of their owne placing, so fitly for euerie description, that they will needs inforce the Author to speake of them, whom he neuer knew; to ayme at their fancies, whose faces he neuer saw; and to Cypher their names, whose natures to him were ignorant and strange.

Lastly; concerning the fained name of AVISA I haue shewed the Authors deuice, and his reason for the fiction, in the first Preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatsoeuer.

But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse, force me to think that which I am vnwilling to say. That this name insinuateth, that there was neuer such a woman seene, as heere is described. For the word A'VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke manner) of the priuatue particle A, which signifieth *Non*: and of the participle *Visus*, *Visa*, *Vifum*, which signifieth, Seene: So that *A'visa* should signifie (by this) as much as *Non visa*, that is: Such a woman as was neuer seene. Which if it bee true, then *Anisa* is yet vnborne, that must reioyce in this prayse. The Author in this booke comparreth this vertue of Chastity unto a Bird, as is seene in

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his introduction, saying: *Of Vertues Bird*, my muse must sing.

For as the Birde by his wings mounteth in the aire vpwards to heauen: So Chastitie, where euer it is, makes the minde to mount from the base and filthy society of earthly conceits, and fits it to flie vp to God, in heauenly meditations; whereas lust and wicked pleasures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleshly concupisence (as *Prometheus* was tyed to the hill *Caucasus*) which will not suffer the thoughts to ascend by any meanes. The same Hieroglyphicall allusion they meant, that pictured S. *John* with a Birde sitting by him, to signifie, that of all the four Euangelistes, hee in his Gospell flew highest, and spake most of the Dietie of Christ. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Avis*, and the Author (perchance) alluding vnto that, did the rather call his victorious mounting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Avisa*, as alluding to his owne allusion. If any man therefore by this, should take occasion to surmisse, that the Author meant to note any woman, whose name sounds something like that name, it is too childish and too absurd, and not beseeming any deepe iudgement, considering there are many things, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much, I dare precisely avouch, that the Author intended in this discourse, neither the description or prayse of any particular woman; nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall vnder a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women should

The Apologie.

should doe, and say in such lewde temptations. And also, vnder fained letters, generally expresseth, what course most of these lawlesse futors take, in pursuite of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offred manifest iniurie to some, what euer they bee, whom his priuate fancie hath secretly framed in conceit.

This is the least that I could say, and the last that euer I wil say touching this matter in defence of my friend. If any notwithstanding will continue the errore of their vnsatisfied minds they must for euer rest in the rightlesse erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heauen to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farwel. Oxford this 30.

of June. 1596.

* * *

Thine to vse,

Hadrian Dorrell

K 4

The

1. *When there is a King among
Lions, then the Lions are
not afraid to look him in the eye
When there is a King among Lions,
then the Lions do not fear him.*

2. *When there is a King among
Lions, then the Lions are
not afraid to look him in the eye
When there is a King among Lions,
then the Lions do not fear him.*

3. *When there is a King among
Lions, then the Lions are
not afraid to look him in the eye
When there is a King among Lions,
then the Lions do not fear him.*

4. *When there is a King among
Lions, then the Lions are
not afraid to look him in the eye
When there is a King among Lions,
then the Lions do not fear him.*

卷之三

The Victory of

Then came the pale *Athenian Muse*,
Whose learned wisdome past them all,
She with *Diana* did refuse
The *Grecians* prayse : though *Juno* call,
Chaste *Wis* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld :
Nor yet to strangers leaue the field :

Contention

*A noble man
of Greece,
not farre
from He-
licon.*

Whil'st *Eris* flasht these fretting flames,
A Noble prince in *Rosie* borne,
Rogero hight, to *Angry* dames,
His flying steed, and pace did turne,
Which done they all did straight agree,
That this *Rogero*, Judge should be.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'st,
From iealous *Juno*'s enuious eyes,
Long smothered hate flames forth at last,
In furious smoakes of angry cries :
As though she had the Garland wan,
With scoffing termes, she thus began.

*the Oration
of Juno a-
gainst English
Chastity vn-
der the name,
of Auija.*

" Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, cease *Romans* prayse,
" Shut vp with shame, your famous dames ;
" Sith we our selues *Base Britans* rayse
" To ouer-Top their chiefeſt fames :
" With *Noble* faith what madnesſe dare.
" Such *Nouell* gueſtes and faith compare ?

" *Penelope* must now contend
" For chaste renoune : whose constant heart,
" Both Greeks and Latines all commend,
" With poore *Auija* new vpstart ;
" I ſcorne to ſpeake much in this caſe,
" Her prayſes *Riuall* is ſo base.

Pe-

English Chastity.

Penelope sprang from Noble house, " "
By Noble match, twice Noble made ; " "
Auifa, both by Syre and spouse, " "
Was linckt to men of meanest trade : " "
 What furie forc't *Diana*'s wit, " "
 To match these two so farre vnfit ? " "

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres " "
Twice fifty flatly did denie : " "
Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares, " "
Could new *Auifa* so reply ? " "
 And she that is so stout and strong, " "
 Could she haue staid but halfe so long ? " "

Fie, leaue for shame, thus to commend, " "
So base a *Britaine*, shall I speake ? " "
I think these Muses did intend, " "
To blow a glasse that should not breake : " "
 Here *Venus* smilde, and *Juno* staid, " "
 Judge now (quoth she) for I haue said. " "

When *Pallas* heard this ruffing rage, " "
These toying iestes, this false surmife : " "
Shee pawf'd which way she might asswage, " "
The flame that thus began to rise ; " "
 With setled grace and modest eye, " "
 Thus did shee frame her milde reply. " "

The reply of
Pallas a-
gainst *Juno*
in defence
of *Auifa*.

Thou princely *Judge* here maist thou see, " "
What force in *Error* doth remaine, " "
In envious Pride what fruites there be, " "
To writhe the paths, that lie so plaine : " "
 A double darknes drownes the mind, " "
 Whom selfe will make so wilfull blind, " "

Can

The Victory of

"Can *Britaine* breed no *Phœnix* bird,
"No constant feme in English field?
"To *Greece* to *Rome*, is there no third,
"Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld?
 " If this affirme you will not dare,
 " Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

"Let choyce respect of *Persons* slide,
"Let *Faith* and *Faith* a while contend,
"Vrge not the *Names* till cause be tride,
"Tis onely *Faith*, that we commend,
 " We striue not for *Auifa*'s fame,
 " We recke not of *Auifa*'s name.

"To proue him vaine, that vainely striues,
"That Chastity is no where found,
"In English earth, in British wiues,
"That all are fickle, all vnsound,
 " We framde a wench, we fain'd a name,
 " That should confound them all with shame.

"To this at first you did consent,
"And lent with ioy a helping hand,
"You both at first were well content,
"This fained frame should firmly stand,
 " We to *Diana* gaue the maide,
 " That she might no way be betraid.

"The mounting *Phœnix*, chaste desire,
"This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice*,
"This Not-seene *Nymph*, this heatlesse fire,
"This Chaste-found *Bird*, of noble price,
 " Was nam'de *Auifa* by decree,
 " That *Name* and *nature* might agree.

Willowy def-
cribed no
particular
woman, but
only Chasti-
ty and faith
her selfe vnder
the name of
Auifa.

Chastity is
named *A-
uifa quasi
in Vi/a,
ab Aue...
ti volanti.*

If

English Chasfity.

| | | |
|---|------|--|
| If this <i>Auifa</i> represent, | " | |
| <i>Chasf Vertue</i> in a fained <i>name</i> , | " | |
| If <i>Chasfity</i> it selfe be ment, | " | |
| To be extold with lasting fame : | " | |
| Her Greekish gemme can <i>Iuno</i> dare, | " | |
| With this <i>Auifa</i> to compare ? | " | |
| Let wise <i>Vlyffes</i> constant mate, | " | |
| Vaunt noble birth her richest boast, | " | |
| Yet will her challenge come too late, | " | |
| When <i>Pride and wealth</i> haue done their most, | " | Chasfity is the gift of God. |
| For this <i>Auifa</i> from aboue | " | |
| Came downe, whose <i>Syre</i> , is mighty <i>Ioue</i> . | " | |
| How can you terme her then <i>Obscure</i> , | " | |
| That shines so bright in euery eye ? | " | |
| How is she base that can endure, | " | |
| So long, so much, and mounts so hie ? | " | |
| If she you meane, haue no such power, | " | |
| Tis your <i>Auifa</i> , none of our. | " | |
| This not seene bird, though rarely found | " | True Chasfity is soone and oftener found in the poorest then in the richest. |
| In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes, | " | |
| Though shee loue most the countrie ground, | " | |
| And shunnes the great and wealthy townes ; | " | |
| Yet if you know a bird so base, | " | |
| In this <i>Deuice</i> she hath no place. | " | |
| Was Greekish dame twice ten yeares chasf, | " | Chasfity daily assaul- ted a thou- sand wayes yet it still getteth the victorie. |
| Did shee twice fiftie flat deny ? | " | |
| <i>Auifa</i> hath <i>Ten Thousand</i> past, | " | |
| To thousands daily doth reply, | " | |
| If your <i>Auifa</i> haue a blot | " | |
| Your owne it is, we know her not. | " | |
| | Some | |

The Victory of

" Some greatly doubt your *Grecian dame*
" Where all be true that Poets faine :
" But *Chastity* who can for shame,
" Denie she bath, and will remaine.
 " Though women daily doe relent,
 " Yet this *Auifa* cannot faint.

The effects
of true Cha-
stite.

" She quels by *Reason* filthy *lust*,
" Shee chokes by *Wisdom* leude Desires,
" Shee shunnes the baite that Fondlings trust,
" From Sathan's sleights she quite retires ;
 " Then let *Auifa's* prayse bee spread,
 " When rich and poore, when all are dead.

" Let idle, vaine, and *Fleuent Riggis*,
" Be *Canton'de* with eternall shame,
" Let blowing buddes of blessed twigges,
" Let *Chaste-Auifa* liue with fame :
 " This said, *Sweet Pallas* takes her rest,
 " Judge *Prince* (quoth she) what you thinke best.

The sen-
tence of Ro-
gero against
Iuno.

But wise *Rogero* pawsing staid,
Whose silence seem'd to shew some doubt,
Yet this at last he grauely said :
Ye *Nymphes* that are so faire, so stout,
 Sith I your Judge to Judge must be,
 Accept in worth, this short decree.

" The question is, where *Grecian Ghost*,
" Can staine the stemme of *Troyan rase* :
" Where *Ithac Nymphes* may onely boast,
" And *Brittish Faith* account as base,
 " Where old *Penelops* doubtfull fame,
 " Selfe *Chastity* may put to shame ?

I

English Chastity.

I count *Vlyffes* happy *Then*, " "
I deeme our selues as happy *Now* ; " "
His wife denide all other men, " "
I know them yet that will not bow ; " "
For Chastity I durst compare, " "
With Greece, with Rome, with who that dare." "

Our English earth such *Angels* breeds, " England for
As can disdaine all *Forraine* prayfe, " Chastitie
For *Learning*, *Wit*, for *sober Deeds*, " may yet
All *Europe Dames* may learne their wayes : " compare
Sith I of both may take my choyce, " with any
Our *Not-seene Bird* shall haue my voyce. " country in
the world.

Sweete Chastity shall haue my hand, " "
In England found, though rarely seene, " "
Rare Chastitie, To this I stand, " "
Is still as firme, as erft hath beene : " "
While this *Auifa* is the shee, " "
This *Chaste deare* shall Victor be. " "
Conclusion.

The *Rose* appeares in *Venus* face,
Vermillion dies pale *Iuno*'s cheeke,
They both doe blush at this disgrace,
But *Iuno* chiefe, something mislikes,
As though she felt some inward touch,
That for her *Greeke* had spoke so much.

FINIS.

Thomas Willoby Frater
Henrici Willoby nu-
per defuncti.

Penelopes Complaint:
Or,
A Mirrour for wanton
Minions.

Taken out of Homers Odissea,
and written in English
Verse,
By Peter Colse.

Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.



LONDON

¶ Printed by *H. Jackson* dwelling in
Fleetstreet, and are to be sold at his
shop vnder Temple-barre
gate. 1596.



To the vertuous and chaste Ladie,
the Ladie Edith, wife of the right worship-
full Sir Rafe Horsey knight, increase of all
honourable vertues.



Eruing (vertuous Ladie) a Greeke Author, entituled Odyssea (written by Homer prince of Greeke poete) noting therein, the chaste life of the Ladie Penelope (in the twentie yeers absence of hir louing lord Vlysses) I counterfeited a discourse, in English verses, terming it her Complaint: which treatise, comming to the view, of certaine of my special friends, I was by them oftentimes encited to publish it. At length weyng with my selfe, the shipwracke that noble vertue chasitie is subiect unto: and seeing an unknowne Author, hath of late published a pamphlet called Auisa (ouerslipping so many praiseworthy matrons) hath registered the meaneſt: I haue presumed under your Ladiships patronage to commit this my Penelopes complaint (though unperfectedly portraied) to the preſſe: not doubting but the Etimologie of ſo rare a ſubiect, engraved with the Phyiognomie of your excellent chasitie: ſo worthie a concluſion cannot but be a ſufficient argument both to abolish Venus Idolaters, & also to counteruail the cheekeſ of Artizans ill willers, which carpe at al, but correct nothing at al: measuring other mens labours, by their owne idle humors. Thus offering unto your Ladiship the firſtlingſ of my ſcholers crop, for a ſatisfaction of my presumption, and hoping you wil pardon my boldnes, and accept of this my proffered ſeruice, I commit you to the grace and tuition of the Almighty.

Your Ladiships to commaund

PETER COLSE

A 2

*In commendation of the right Worshipfull sir
Rafe Horsay knight.*

S Weete Muse strike vp thy siluer string,
I In shrill confort thy shakebut straine,
R Reflecting peales let *Cosmas* ring,
R Resound *Apollos* piercing vaine :
A Arise and rowse thy selfe with spedde
V Vse no delay but do the deede.

F Feare not, for *Momus* nor his mates
E Encounter dare with rare renowne,
H Honour with Armes defends the states,
O Of those whom due desert doth crowne :
R Recount at large what trump of fame,
S Sounds in the praise of *Horsay* name.

E Engrande in golden letters write,
Y Your censure sage with due aduice :
K Knowne trueth ne snaky enuies spite,
N Nor wrath can touch in any wise,
I Into thy Poem though there prie,
G Grofe *Zoilus* with squinted eie.

H Harsh and too rude I must confessie
T The Poem is to moue delight :
Yet force of duety would no lesse,
But it present in open sight :
For what my wit cannot discharge,
My will surely supplies at large.

His valour daunts the valiant heart,
His wisedome worthy worship winnes,
His perfect zeale by due defart
To highest point of honour climes :
His hand the sword most iustly guides,
And therewith causes due decides.

His wit doth Orphanes wrong redresse,
His hand relieves the needy heart,
His word the widowes wo doth ease,
He double doth reward defart :
He naught attempts in any case
Whereby he may incurre disgrace.

His chiefest care his countries loue,
His chiefest loue his countries care,
Whose care considered, well doth prose
His loue, the countrey cannot spare :
Whom countriemen do so adore,
That worship neuer man had more.

To Prince be true lieutenant is,
To common weale a faithfull knight,
Her Grace his seruice cannot misse,
Nor common weale so worthy a wight.
Whom *loue* to Prince and subiects ioy,
Preferue and keepe from all annoy.

Finis. P. C.

3

*An Encomion upon the right worshipful sir Rafe
Horsay knight, and the Lady Edith
in Saphic verse.*

I F merites may true honour attaine vnto,
Or fame aduance worthy renommed of spring,
Let Muses found forth triple tuned harpe strings,
vnto their honour.

Whose louely bloud with fauourable aspect
Nurture and good fortune enhanceth highly
Vnto bright heauens generoufly springing,
theirs be the glory.

From farre apart those louely doves did ascend,
Th' one fro th' east with Phoebus arose for our good,
Th' other of west where Coronaeus hardy
camped in old time.

Gentle their gentilitie knightly adorned,
Worthy their worshipps stately well adopted,
Humble their humanilitie highly graced
with louely nature.

Whose diuine deedes and tried hearts true meaning
Duely commented manifest sequences,
Happy doublefesse, worthy no doubt the titles
of their alliance.

Whose honours vnburied I will entombe,
For everlasting ages to looke vpon,
Cleare of obscurenesse, free of enuies outrage
will I defend them.

Happy my Muses, but vnhappy master,
That can aduance encomions renowned
Of others, obscurely lying in hopes graue
buried himselfe.

Yet dying, and dead wil I sing due trophes,
Then triumphs shall stately records eternize,
My Muse shall ever erect monuments to their praise
unto the worldes end.

FINIS. P. C.

*In commendation of the vertuous, prudent, and chaste
virgin, misfirs Grace Horsey, daughter to the
right worshipfull, sir Raph Horsey
knight, and the Ladie
Edith.*

G Lorious Nymph, *Dianes* darling deere,
R Rose-garland dressē of damaske red and
white,
A Adorne thou *Vestas* shrine, her poesies weare,
C Conserude with sweete of honors high delight.
E Enter the Lyons caue, he is thy friend,
Though Dragon swell, saint *George* shal thee
defend.
H Hunt as *Diana* did, with *Daphne* slie,
O Outrunne *Apollo*, trust not to his rage,
R Repose no trust in *Cupids* deitie,
S Say *Frustra* to his force, make him thy page.
E Enchase thou vertue with pearls of grace,
Y Yongsters may wonder at the enterlacie.

What faire? wife? rich? with grace combind?
A ioy to al that such a grace behold:
So rare a sympathie is hard to find,
A gift with fame worthie to be emold.
Beautie and chastitie two deadly foes,
Liue reconciled in her louely browes.

Faire: looke on her there dwelleth beauties
grace:
Wife: her wit the wifest doth abash:
Sweete: where is sweete but in her sweetest face:
Rich: to her store al treasure is but trash.
A Grace she is with such rare graces dight,
Tongue, pen, nor art her grace can shew aright.
Finis. P. C.

Candido Lectori hexasticon.

7

*En tibi Penelope prudens, & dia puerorum,
cuius tot vates nomen ubique canunt.
Si cupis illius niv eos cognoscere mores,
hunc parvum placido perlege fronte librum.*

*Nam de Penelope que doctus dixit Homerus:
hic plano & pleno carmine (Lector) habes.
Ioannes Mayo.*

Amico suo charissimo P. C. S. D.

*Quid querit titulos, quid doles iactat Avisā.
Anne ea Penelope est aquiparanda tua?
Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis: Avisā
obscura, obscurō fæmina nata loco.*

*Penelope satrapæ est coniux illustris: Avisā
coniux cauponis, filia pandochei.
Penelope casta est cum sponsus abessit: Avisā
casta suo sposo nocte digne domi.*

*Penelope annos bis denos manifit: Avisa
tot (vix credo) dies intermerata forit.
Penelope procos centum neglexit: Avisa
Vix septem pretium sustinuitque pacem,
Penelope nescit, pensum conficit: Avisa*

*laffans nungquam pendula tida manus.
Penelope Graiji, Latijo celebratur: Avisa
vnuus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.
Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur: Avisa
nullo Penelope est equivalenda modo.*

To the Reader.

III. Auing taken vpon me (Gentlemen) to pipe with *Hiparchion*, though my musicke be not melodious inough to content the proud *Theffalians*, yet I doubt not but poore shepheards will stirre their stumps after my minstrelsie. If the stranes be too harsh, to delight your stately eares (pardon me and accept my mind, and not my musicke) I stretch my strings as I can, desiring rather to teach the simple their vniiforme cinque pace, then effect Courtiers in their lofty galliards, which alter euery day with new deuises. The cause I haue contriued so pithie a matter in so plaine a stile, and short verse, is: for that a vaine-glorious *Avisa* (seeking by flaunder of her superiors, to eternize her folly) is in the like verse, (by an vnknownen Authour) described: I follow (I say) the same stile, & verse, as neither misliking the methode, nor the matter, had it beene applyed to some worthier subiect. Thus hoping you wil courteously accept my *Penelopes Complaint*, I wil shortly make you amends with her Will, and Testament, in Pentameters, wherein I wil stretch my wits to Ela, to shew my duetie, and satisfie your desires: and so farewell.

Peter Colfe.

Penelopes Complaint.



Penelope complaineth of Vlysses departure.

VOU Nymphs that *Alcidalions* brookes,
And *Paphos* sportes are disposseft :
Which want the Sun of louely lookes,
And are displac'd of *Cupids* crest :
If you haue tried, loues sweete aspect,
And do lament, your ioyes defect :

Surcease, your cases to complaine,
Your losses leauē so much to mone,
Alas my loues long-lacking paine,
Is more then yours, tenne to one :
But if you needes will puling sit,
A pew-mate for you am I fit.

Let foolish *Phillis* ceafe to faint,
And for *Demophoon* leauē to mourne :
Let *Dido* finis her complaint,
And faithleſſe falſe *Aeneas* scorne :
For careleſſe wights why do you care,
And caufeleſſe eke to wofull are ?

Leauē off (I fay) thoſe caufeleſſe cares,
Help me bewaile my wretched woe :
What neede you ſhed thoſe ruthleſſe teares ?
Your paſſions but of pleaſure grow :
Oh help me feely ſoule, relate
My toilesome lamentable ſtate.

My loue (alas) and I loue ſicke,
Ten thouſand leagues to warres is gone,
And me hath left here widdow-like,
In ſhivering bed to lie alone :
Oh now, vnto my paine I proue,
A dirrie lothſome thing is loue.

Alacke, how am I galld with grief
Sith that no where I can behold,
Thoſe louely lookes that of relief,
The locks and keyes and al do hold :
Whose ſmilng cheekeſ and merrie cheere,
To pleaſure ſweete, the Porters were.

She sheweth how Vlyſſes fained himſelfe mad at his departure, and how he was bewraied by Palemedes.

VLYſſES, my *Vlyſſes* deare,
Alacke, alacke, and wel away,
My bedfellow, my friend and pheere,
Vlyſſes mine is wend away
To ſiege of *Troy*, with heauie cheare,
Againſt his wil, I dare to ſweare.

Halfe frantick he (vnwilling wretch)
And mad almoſt, himſelfe did faine,
He warily his wit did ſtretch,

New nuptiall ſport ſo vext his braine.
Loue tickled ſo his louely breft,
That he (poore ſoule) could take no reſt.

But oft would ſtare as one amazde,
Or as the foule amids the fire :
Yea, grimly oft on me he gazde,
His fleſh ſo funde with loues deſire :
Alacke how oft did he complaine,
Loues parting was a pinching paine !

Penelopes Complaint.

Woe worth the wretch, that did bewray,
My good *Vlyffes* warie wit :
Foule fare *Palamedes* I say,
That so his poysoned venome spit.
But my *Vlyffes* wil ere long,
Reuenge the villaines spightful wrong.

Meane while (alas) poore worthles wight,
I want my hearts most chieffest treasure :
I leade my life in fancies spight,

And tarry euer Fortunes leasure.
I harping sit on Hopes sweete string,
Till Time *Vlyffes* home doth bring.

Adue my ioy, adue my blisse,
My comfort, and my deare delight,
By day I shal his presence misse :
Much more, his absence in the night.
Of ioy, of blisse, and sweete delight,
One man at once, depriude me quight.

She discommendeth her married estate, and sheweth the toile she indures.

AH, what a doting foole was I ?
To marry such a manly mate,
Well taught (alas) now do I trie,
Too mery was my maiden-state,
And Angel-like my virgins life,
But hellish-like to be a wife.

With mangled mind, loues worthles ware,
(Poore wretch) I haue too deereley bought :
Like feely bird, I saw the snare,
Yet foolishly my woe I wrought :
Woe to my selfe t'was my desire.
To *Innes* hefts thus to aspire.

But sith I would the wanton play,
And enter into wedded state,
I wish (but all too late) I say,
That I had chose some meacocke mate,
As could haue kept but dogges from dore,
And not a knight that Armes had bore.

Well thought I thinke, as now I find,
That long *Vlyffes* could not stay
In *Venus* court, his martiall mind
And courage stowt, would it gaineſay :
Had I at first had this forecast,
I neede not thus repent at last.

Had nature me deformed fac'de,
Or had I not *Vlyffes* seene,
Or had he neuer me embrac'de,
Or in his bed had I not beene :
Then maiden-like had bin my care,
Not widowlike, thus neede I fare.

With distaffe thus I neede not drudge,
Nor yet with wheele haue worne my hand :
Nor want of sleepe neede I thus grudge,
Nor tired thus a-twisting stand,
Nor yet haue busied thus my braine,
From hasty futors to refraine.

13

She accuseth Hellen of light consent.

OH for those routs of roisters ranke,
Which do my filly soule assault,
And for this toile I wel may thanke,
Dame *Hellen* and her foolish fault :
Her light consent makes al men say,
The Grecian dames can not say nay.

Had *Hellen* felt my loues long lacke,
So many wearie winters woe,
Or funnie summers lustful wracke,

As I poore wretched woman do :
Then had there beene some reason why,
Her louing pheere she should defie.

Or she such troopes of wooers had,
Or halfe the courting I endure,
Of fauie futors staring mad,
Her honours breach for to procure :
Some would haue thought, loue had her won,
Not lust, to go with *Priams* sonne.

Penelopes Complaint.

To one mans fute she did consent,
And scarce entreated did she yeeld,
Vnafkd almost, to bed she went,
Without repulfe, she fled the field.
O vile, vncstant, fickle dame,
Vnworthie worthie womens name.

How wil Sir *Paris* vaunt at *Troy*?
Of his successe, how wil he boast?
(Wel let him heed amidst his ioy,

Left *Menelaus* marre his roast)
Both *Troy*, and *Greece* may wel repent,
Thy peremptorie light consent.

Fie, what were al your frumps forgot?
Where were your chaste and chary lookes?
Were you so farre with fansie shot,
To trust to beauties hidden hookeyes?
Where were your sharpe conceited shiffts,
Your wittie, subtle, shrewish drifts?

15

She controlleth Hellen for her ill example.

How darfst thou looke the *Greekes* in face,
When they at *Troy* shal with thee meeete?
Alas, with what disguised grace,
Wilt thou thy wedded husband greeete?
Alacke, it would have burst my heart,
If I had played such a part.

Fie, Hellen fie : thou womans foe,
Foule fare thy frensie foolish fal.
Thy wantonnes hath wrought our woe,
Oh, this thy fault hath shamde vs al.
Thy follie doth vs crucifie :
This soule defame can neuer die.

A thoufand prettie damsels peart,
Haue cause to curse this fact of thine :
A thoufand thousand in their heart,
Wil wish that *Hellen* had not beene :
Thy giggih tricke, thy queanish trade,
A thoufand Bridewel birds hath made.

Thy soule example works such force,
The brauſt thereby to lust are bent :
The rich as bad as poore, or worse
To brothell houſes do frequent.
False play (say they) is no offence,
For *Hellen* exerciside it once.

This made faire *Ioane of Naples* queene,
So wantonly to tread awry,
And *Meſſaline* for to be feene,
Those tricks in common stewes to trie.
This damned deed that thou haſt done,
May infants curse that are vnborene.

Thy toy is growne to ſuch a trade,
That few or none wil wiue and wed,
So common now the vfe is made,
That luſt, not loue, brings brides to bed.
For few wil houſhold charge endure :
That Palliardice do put in vre.

Against Paris and his trecherie.

Alacke how could Sir *Paris* flie,
His countrey and his owne true loue?
What heart had he, how durſt he trie,
From native foile thus to remoue?
What had his loue *Oenone* done?
That he ſo retchles from her runne.

What furie forc'd his franticke head?
To *Troy* had *Hellen* beautie rung?
What, was he ſure at first to ſpeede?

That thither in ſuch haſte he flung?
Was he ſo refolute and rafh,
No princely port could him abafh?

17

What (Deuile) ſet his ſhips on ſaile,
And hither ſent the leachers band?
Could he vnto no harbour haile,
But thus at *Lacedemon* land?
Was there no place for to arriue?
Must needs the wind him hither druiue?

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Penelopes Complaint.

I would his mother had not knowne,
His father *Priam*, or that she,
So soule a firebrand had not borne,
As he to *Troy* is like to be :
Would she had dreamed of his death,
Or wisely she had stopt his breath.

I would that he had not beene borne,
Or seas had funke him down to hel.
Would tempests had his tackling torne,
Or he on craggie rocks had fell :
Would sea haggis had transformed his hue
Ere euer *Hellen* did him vew.

I would (I wish with al my heart)
That *Leacher* he my ghest had beene,
I would haue better plaid my part,
Then did the brainesick doting queene :
Had he but fought *Vlyffes* place,
These fingers should haue flead his face.

Then should sir *Paris* soone haue felt,
The furie of my chaste defires,
Vlyffes feene how I had delt,
The dole that lawles loue requires.
My good *Vlyffes* had beene sure,
How faithful alwaies I endure.

My heart had not thus sacrificide,
Nor yet such woful incense sent :
Sorrow had me not thus surprizide,
Then had I liu'd at hearts content :
In corners darke I neede not creepe,
Lie downe to waile, and rise to weep.

The world had not felt my outcries,
The aire my fighes, the earth my teares,
My prayers had not pearst the skies,
Nor troubled so celestial eares :
But fighes and prayers are in vaine,
My Lord fith they bring not againe.

Antinous interrupting her fighing, offereth his suit.

Fie Ladie fie : why sigh you so ?
Be of good cheare, what need you fray ?
Those heart-blood suckers wrecke your woe,
Those far fetcht fighes loues want bewray :
Heigh ho againe : alas for woe,
To whom shall this sweete meffage go.

Exirpe the monster out of mind,
Those passions al tread vnder foote,
Sith that *Vlyffes* proues vnkind,

19

From of your heart the traitor roote :
Who would take care for such a knight,
That leaues his loue in field to fight ?

Let not loues want disturbe your head,
For by the Stygian lake I fware :
I am a Lord, I will thee wed,
My faith and troth shal soone appeare :
Else wil I ref your secret friend,
Those loue-sickle motions to amend.

Her answere to her wooers.

MY Lord : for me take you no care :
My loues losse I my selfe will mourne :
I wonder you so witleffe are,
To trie by force, the streame to tourne :
What though my loue doth time prolong,
With shame shal I requite the wrong ?

Shame followes sinne, as beames the sunne,
Amisse wil out though clofely done :
Folly diffame can neuer shunne,

Reproach breaks out vnthought vpon,
My countenance would me bewray,
If I amisse should do or say.

Shall I my soules shipwrecke procure ?
Shal hateful slander spot my name ?
Shall faire speech me to lust allure ?
With pleasure shal I purchase shame ?
Ile rather pine in my complaint,
Then shame shal crowne me *Cupid's* saint.

Penelopes Complaint.

I can but thanks afford for loue,
Your good-will for to gratifie :
Your practise meane I not to proue,
Your secret friendship I defie :
Sith (Lordings) you haue misst your ayme,
Leue off in time, those toyes reclaime.

For why ? it neuer shal be said,
Penelope did tread awry :
Nor truely told, she false hath playde,

Or spotted her pure chaftie.
My lords, I loath your wanton lure,
Your faith shal not my fall procure.

Therefore my Lords and louers al,
Let me this at your hands obtaine :
(For feare of that which may befall)
That you my houfe a while refraine :
Vntil my towe be at an end,
Then I with speede wil for you send.

21

She complaineth of her wooers misrule, and feareth to write to Vlysses, for putting him in a ielouſie.

WHat shall I say ? what shall I doo ?
How diuerfly am I perplext ?
With luftie gallants that mee woo ?
How am I silly woman vext ?
What shall I to those roisters say,
That shameles tempt me night and day ?

From *Samos*, futors to me post,
And *Zacinth* cutters do me court :
Besides those of our *Ithac* coast,
Lads of *Dulichium* do resort.
What shall I do ? what shal I say ?
Those stately gamfers brooke no nay.

My good *Vlyffes* goods they waste,
And me poore wretch, do they torment :
Lord-like forsooth is their repast,
When he poore man is wel content,
At siege of *Troy*, with souldiers fare,
Vnwitty of my wofull care.

If I should to *Vlyffes* write,
And shew him of their careles coyle,
How earnestly they me incite,
My conftant faith, and troth to foyle :
I might breed Bees nests in his braine,
And put him in a ielous vaine.

For he is wife, he wil suspect,
My lightnesse breeds their fond desire,
Some cause hele thinke, doth adde effect,
No smoake appeares without some fire :
So seldome is there frouent loue,
But where some kindnes doth it moue.

Then may he preftly for spight
Acquaint him with some forrein fro :
My flut (faith he) I wil requite,
Sith she at home doth ferue me fo,
Since fo vnrule she doth range,
Brow-antlers with her Ile exchange.

She wisheth Vlyffes to beware of the cruel Troians.

NO, no, my gem and sweetest ioy,
Thou shalt not neede for me to care,
Thou busines hast enough at *Troy*,
Looke wifely to thy owne welfare,
For *Troy* yeeldes many a dogged lad,
Which makes me fighing fit thus fad.

Ah how doth feare affright my heart ?
I dreade and yet I neede not doubt,
Though froward fortune doth him thwart,

He's warie, valiant, yea and stout,
And beares the minde he will not stoupe
For proudest he in *Troian* troupe.

23

Yet (Heart a gold) restraine thy heat,
Be not too forward on thy foes,
Ah (trueloue) let me thee intreate,
Be not the first at bloudie blowes :
Though of thy selfe no care thou make :
Yet (sweete) of me, some pittie take.

Penelopes Complaint.

Beware of hugy *Hectors* hand,
To swifty *Dolon* take good heede :
What needst thou fight, which maist command,
Thy shouldiers for to do the deede ?
Let them God *Mars* his mercie trie,
Stand backe and come not thou too nie.

Give *Menelaus* leane to fight,
The cause is his, he had the wrong,
And *Agamemnon* worthie knight,

The quarrel doth to them belong :
Let fiery *Ajax* fight his fill,
But (if thou loue me) stand thou still.

Ah let thy comfort *Diomedes*
And stout *Achilles*, battel wage :
Let hardy *Hercules* at neede,
His swelling furie there affrage :
From battel (sweete) do thou desist,
Loue thou, and let them fight that list.

Her supplication to the Gods.

Thou *Ioue*, Lord of *Olympus* hie,
If thou wilt heare poore widows griefe,
Looke down with thy transplendent eie,
And yeeld vs wretches due reliefe.
Our loves, our lives, and destinie,
Do on thy Princely powre relie.

And thou *Apollo*, which in fight,
With Thunderclaps, didst *Cyclops* quell :
In *Greekes* iust quarrel shew thy might,

Raze and confound thofe *Troians* fell :
Which wrong us with their villanie,
And triumph in their tyranny.

And *Juno* : we do thee implore,
To tender our vnworthy wrong :
To vs, our wedded mates restore,
For we (alas) haue lackt them long :
With speede let them retурne againe,
Lest we our bridall beds do staine.

Shee accuseth Menelaus of folly, for making warres for Hellen.

WAs not Prince *Menelaus* mad,
For strumpet thus to leuie armes ?
This makes the wanton woman glad,
Yea : shee will laugh at thofe alarms :
For war's a play-game, they suppose,
That neuer tasted bloudie blowes.

Who would in warres his person trust,
Whiche safe in peace at pleafure swimmes ?
For paltrie giglet so vniuft,
What Prince would hazard life and lims ?
At push of pike, assoone doth light,
A wound on Prince, as worthles wight.

What if the *Greeians* haue the foile ?
(As warres euent vncertaine is)
How wil she glorie at thy spoile ?
Thy bane wil be to her a blisse :
Then shal we widdowes wearie worne,
Arefh begin to waile and mourne.

Put case the *Troians* haue the worst,
(As we al wish for *Hellen*s sake)
The silly people then accurst,
With outcries wil the aire shake :
Then shal they wretches dearely buy,
Their prinkox *Paris* trecherie.

What ghastly groanes, wil dead men gie ?
How wil the maimed howling lie ?
How wil the aged fathers grieue ?
How wil the silly infants crie ?
And widdowes (in worst case of al)
How wil they for their husbands call ?

From fire and fword shal few be free,
With famine some shal hunger starue :
The virgins they deflowr'd shalbe,
(The Lord vs from such state preferue)
It grieues my heart to shew the paine,
They for a strumpet shall sustaine.

Penelopes Complaint.

She sheweth Vlyffes worthines.

Vlyffes deare, the Gods thee shield,
And send thee home wel to retourne,
For loue to thee they all may yeeld,
Thy like in loue was never borne :
So angel-like did shine thy face,
It was a blisse thee to embrace.

Alacke he was the worthiest
The gentlest, and the meekest of mind :
The truest and the faithfulest,

That of a thousand I could finde :
The wisest and the wariest
And one I lou'd and liked best.

27

Ah, good Vlyffes was my trust,
With him contented still I stood,
He hath my loue in clay and dust :
Ile die for him to do him good.
To him I gaue my heart and hand :
Therefore both vow and gift shal stand.

She bewailes the want of Vlyffes in the night.

A Lacke how loathsome is my bed ?
How sore for sleepe my eielids chim ?
What phantasies posseſſe my head ?
How palfy-ficke is every lim ?
Such shiuering ague-fits me shake,
As make my very heart to quake.

Such vgly shapes doth *Morpheus* shew,
Such hips and hawes, and sudden care,
Doth of thofe vaine illusions grow,

Which dreaming represented are :
Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I start,
Such terror doth torment my heart.

I want (poore wretch) in darkeſome night,
The comfort of my dearest friend :
My sorrowes leach, my hearts delight,
Whose verie sight my grieve would end :
Whom if I mought but once embrace,
I sure should be in happie case.

Shee sheweth her defect of beautie.

Alas how tawnie am I turnd ?
How am I wretch, transformd in hue ?
How am I scorched, and sunburnd ?
A gaſtly creature for to vew :
A mirror I, for beautie was,
But now a monſter, for disgrace.

My skinne that cleare as christal was,
My cheekeſ that crimson filke did staine,
My eies like bright transplendant glaſſe,

My browes, fraught with each prettie vaine :
My skinne, my cheeks, my eies and browes,
Are like to foot, in smoaky house.

Ah when to *Troy* my true loue wend,
He left me ſhining maiden like,
But when that he doth backward bend,
He ſure ſhal find me beldam-like :
But *Ioue* I thanke thy glorious grace,
For this my wrinkling ſorrowed face.

*Penelope warneth her maides to beware
of hot affection.*

A H damſels deare, which ſee the care,
Of miſtres yours *Penelope* :
And ſee how ſowly I do fare

Be ruld, and take this reede of me :
Hast not too ſoone for wedded charge,
Lef that you wiſh you liu'd at large.

Penelopes Complaint.

Of hot affection eke take heede,
For often I haue heard it told,
That hasty liking hath slow spedde,
And loue soone hot, is quickly cold :
And those that woo, ere wife they are,
Are won some time, ere they be ware.

The virgins state, I must confessie,
Is too too tedious for to beare :
But widdowes state exceeds excelle,
So fickle and so fraught with feare :
Wherefore see that you maides remaine,
Of euils take the least of twaine.

For if you (wantons) wedded were,
(As yet you farre vnworthie are,)
To one that with my wedded pheere,

29 Might euerie way for worth compare :
What pleasure of him can you take,
If he your companie forfiske.

Put case that you (my prettie ones)
Should match with such a brainfiske boy :
As would not sticke to baste your bones,
What then ? where were your bridall ioy ?
Then might you wish, but all in vaine,
That you vnwedded were againe.

Then if you wed a worthie knight,
Then of his death you still wil doubt :
And if you haue a wretched wight,
Then wil you wish, his braines were out :
But either ill for to preuent,
I wish you vnto none consent.

The speech of her wooers.

A H Princely nymph *Penelope*,
A goddesse, were thou not to[0] coy,
Pallas may not compare with thee,
Nor *Venus* with her blinded boy.
Mycene could not thy craft fulfill,
Nor had *Alemeda* halfe thy skill.

Say (sweete *Icarus* daughter deare)
Do thou no longer vs delay,
Whom wilt thou take to wedded Pheere,

That al the rest may post away.
Either say yea, or else denie :
Thou must take one, or al defie.

No worthles wight shal with thee wed,
Though thou the worst amongst vs chuse,
Feare not : *Vlyffes* he is dead :
Shew reason if thou vs refuse :
Say, if thou loathe our Parentage.
Or dost dislike our personage.

Her answere to her futors.

M Y louely youthes, and Lordings all,
As I haue said, so say I still :
I can but thanke you great and small,
For this your kindnes and good will :
It grieues me (Gallants) to the heart,
I cannot grant you your defart.

I loue you all, I do protest,
As did *Diana Phabus* faire,
Who of al woodmen, likde him best,

But when he lou'd, to loathe him fware :
So you as friends, I entertaine,
But louers, I you al disdaine.

Yea though my loue his bane hath bought,
(As Gods forebode) yet must you stay,
Vntil my web be fully wrought,
For why the world shal neuer say,
That such a worthie knight as he,
without a shrowde should buried be.

Penelopes Complaint.

The wooers aduised Telemachus, Vlyffes son, to put his mother out of doore, and inherit the land.

Telemachus, thou foolish lad,
A Lord thou were, if thou hadst wit :
Thou hearst thy father he is dead,
And we thy friends al can proue it :
Wherefore it now doth thee behoue,
That thou thy mother doft remoue.

Why doft thou not thy birthright claime,
And turne the beldame out of doore ?
Thou feest al we at her do aime,

To do vs right, we thee implore :
If from thy houfe, thou her expell,
We would her wed, and al were well.

With scoffing cardes she doth vs load,
And with faire speecches vs delay :
And woodcocke-like leades vs to roade,
Yea like tame fooles, she makes vs stay :
Thou art the onely cause of this,
Therefore amend that is amisse.

Telemachus answere to the wooers.

And is this al that you can say ?
Is this the counfel that you vse ?
Do you your parents so obey ?
Can you your mothers so abuse ?
No force : my father shal not find,
His *Tdemac*, so much vnkind.

For let my father liue or die,
If I my mother ill intreate :
Why then my Graund fire *Icary*,

With vengeance (surely) wil me threat.
I feare if I should her offend,
The Lord, short life would to me lend.

33

Your companies I well could spare :
Pardon me if I fret and fume,
I see right little do you care,
How you my fathers goods consume :
Except you better you behaue,
Your absence shortly let me craue.

She debateth with her selfe of marriage.

Now may I leaue, now may I take,
Now may I loue, now may I hate,
I now may chuse, I may forfake,
Twixt yea, and nay, stands my estate :
Now may I marrie, for my case,
Or else may tarrie if I please.

My hufband (hardly) is aliue :
And though aliue, yet ten to one,
If euer here he do arriuue :
What foole so long would lie alone ?
Who would a widdow stay so long,
And nature of her right thus wrong ?

Autinous my loue doth seeke,
(A gallant Lordly-minded lad)
And *Eurymac* (fac'd Angel-like)
To win my loue would be right glad :
Sith with such futors I am sped,
Why should I not, poore widdow, wed.

My father wils me for to wed,
And that shal stand for my excuse :
What though I soyle my bridall bed ?
Vlyffes will me not refuse.
And when againe he doth retourne,
What care I though he do me scorne.

But denilish wretch, how do I dote ?
What hellish hag doth me posseffe ?
What ? shal I sing *Medeas* note ?
Know good, and follow nothing leffe :
Shall I that yong a faint haue feemde,
In age a deuill right be deemd.

No, no, my constant chaftitie,
The world throughout about shal ring :
In prayse of chaft *Penelope*,
From time to time, shal al men sing :
My fame shall mount vnto the skie,
When *Hellenes* vile defam'd shall die.

Penelopes Complaint.

Her commendation of chastitie.

O Chastitie, the cheefest kay,
Of womens worthie treasury :
A vertue that's of virgines gay,
The pure and redoubted dowry.
A poesie springing fresh for aye,
A flowre that neuer can decay.

Diana it did beautifie,
And her among the gods caroll :
And *Ganimede* her chastitie,

Did to the heauens hie extoll.
Zenobia with her maiden might,
Did ramping Lyons put to flight.

35

When lawles loue, to luckles end,
A thousand, thousand, daily brings,
Diana to the woodes doth wend,
And sweetely with her damsel singes.
Diana-like, I wil disdaine,
Both louers ioy, and louers paine.

*The complaint of her waiting women against
the wooers.*

A h Madame, if you loue your life,
Or do regard your chastitie :
If you wil be *Vlyffes* wife,
Or tender your poore familie :
Those helhounds al with speede expell,
Which of your house do make a hel.

Anxious he fweares and flares,
By all the othes he can deuise,
If you come not, he vnawares,
Wil you salute in shamefull wife.
Foule shame shal take them al and some,
Ere I againe amongst them come.

For madame they haue me defilde,
With cruel shameles villanie :
Alas I feare I am with childe,
With trusting to their tyranny.
Oh wold to God I buried were,
I am fo tost with doubtful feare.

They are so dronken al with wine,
They care not what they say or do :
(Sauing your presence) where they dine,
They do discharge their stomackes too.
And al that euer they inuent,
Is but to haue vs wretches shent.

One sings, *Vlyffes* fure is dead,
Another saies, he feedes the fish,
Another at him shakses his head,
Another doth him euil wish.
Yea some your strangers ill intreate,
And others do your seruants beate.

Yet al this wil not them suffice,
Not al your cates, and costly cheare.
But they amidst their Gourmandise,
Your silver plate in peeces teare :
But when *Vlyffes* comes, no doubt,
He wil asswage this reuel rout.

37

Her speech unto her sonne Telemachus.

T *Elemaчus* (my louely sonne)
What shall we silly wretches do ?
I see we shall be al vadone,
Vnleffe thou to thy father go.
Those Lordings that a wooing come,
Will eate vs out of house and home.

Alas I cannot be so rude,
By cruell meanes their bloud to spill :
Nor yet by force them to extrude,

That proffer me so much good will :
Alas their loue I must respect,
Though their conditions I reiect.

Thou seest, how waſtful eke they are,
And in our house keepe careles coyle :
There's neither of them all do care,
Nor what they spend, nor what they spoile.
Yea now with me they may not match,
Well's he my silly maid's can catch.

Penelopes Complaint.
*The reply of her sonne Telemachus, then but
a childe.*

Place (mother) fie : what neede you mourne? Oh you may see (sweete mother deare)
My father will not you forfake :
Be of good cheare : he wil returne,
No thought for him (good mother) take :
He will with vs arrive ere long,
And wil revenge our woefull wrong.

How friendly-minded they are bent :
And eke what louing hearts they beare,
By this their trecherous intent.
But I commanded them be gone,
How say you? was't not stoutly done?

(Ah mother) would I were a man,
I would so plague these leachers vile,
Not one of them should scape me than,
They shold not thus our house defile :
O how I would their carcas carue?
They shold not you thus shrewdly serue.

These trencher-flyes me tempt each day,
To turne you (mother) out of doore :
The land is mine (these lyars say)
My father he is dead of yore.
Yet mother, here you still shall rest,
Of women al I loue you best.

Wel, though my father he be slaine,
(As Gods forbid it should be so)
And that he neuer come againe,
Yet one day will I worke their woe.
My dearest bloud I sure wil spend,
My fathers house for to defend.

39

Meane while (al heart) to *Troy* Ile trudge,
If you thereto wil but consent,
To runne or go I wil not grudge,
Pray (mother) peace, leſt they preuent
My going forth ; when I come backe,
I wil not feare the proudest iacke.

Her Epistle to Vlyffes.

Vlyffes (if thou be aliuie)
Peruse those lines I send to thee,
(Sweete) let me fee thee here arriue,
Tis booteles for to write to me.
Not thy epistle be thou sure
Thy prefent fight, my grieſe must cure.

Ah say (sweete heart) and truelove mine,
How canſt thou lingering stay ſo long?
Why canſt thou not home al this time?
How canſt thou offer me this wrong?
Say (fluggard) what doth thee reſtraine,
That thou doſt not returne againe?

The *Troian* warre is at an end,
To finders *Troy* is quite conſumde,
The Argiues al do homeward bend,
With incenſe are the Altars funde.
Some froe I feare me, holdes thee backe,
And that's the cauſe thou art ſo ſlacke.

To *Pylon* haue I oſten ſent,
To forrein countries farre and neare :
My messenger to *Sparta* went,
But there no certaine newes could heare :
At *Troy* (they ſay) thou were not slaine,
That makes me hope thou comſt againe.

Ah good *Vlyffes*, hie thee home,
For I had futors long agoe :
If that thou say, thou wilt not come,
Then know I what I haue to doe :
I neede not long a widow liue,
A hundred gladly would me wiue.

For of *Dulichium* fifty two,
Most ſtately futors feeke my shame :
Of *Zacinthe*, twentie do mee woo,
From *Samos* four and twentie came :
Befides twelue of our *Ithac* ſtates,
On whom, *Mædon* the minſtrell waiteſ.

Penelopes Complaint.

I would to God my sluggardise,
Which thou so highly dost accuse :
The *Greekes* at *Troian* enterprise,
Had holden for a just excuse :
Then had I not endured the toile,
I now sustaine in forrein soyle.

Then had I staid still with thee,
When I my selfe did frantick faine :
It grieu'd me (trust me) to agree,
The warres so soone should part vs twaine.
I would, nor could, as thou maist see,
So lightly leaue thy companie.

No *Troian* trull doth me retaine :
For *Troy* to cinders quite is rafle,
Priam, and *Paris*, both are slaine,
And al the countrey quite defasde.
Sarpedon slaine, and *Hector* stout,
And *Mars* so hurt, his guts came out.

I scotfree scap't, and *Rhesus* slaine,
His palfreys led I to my tent :
I feared not the *Thracian* traine,
But boldly I amidst them went :
And those that *Diomedes* slue,
Still by the heeles I from him threw.

Thou needst not doubt, my life or loue,
The one the *Troians* could not spill,
Nor th' other *Mermaids* could remoue :
To thee it resteth constant still.
No comfort haue I on the sea,
But loue, to make me thinke on thee.

Parthenope did oft assay,
Me to her loue for to allure,
Yet could she not me so betray,
My toyle I stoutly did endure :
And when she saw I would not stay,
She drownd her selfe in surging sea.

Nor yet *Calypso* with her skill,
When in *Ogygran* Isle I staid
Could with her drugges win my good will :

Though oft so shamefully she affaid.
Though me immortall she would make,
Yet could I not thee so forsake.

And where thou saist, thou futors hast,
It is a credit I confesse,
If they our substance do not wast,
Nor thee of honour dispossesse :
Beware leſt thou amidst thy wine,
Dost grant them that is none of thine.

47 If to the hundred thou hast had,
A thousand futors more thou fet,
Yet haue I had a sturre as bad,
With lasses, my true loue to get.
Do Lords the[e] court ? a common case,
Vnafkſt, braue Ladies me embrace.

But (wife) you scarcely did me please,
When *Telemac* my onely sonne,
You set on mercie of the feas :
Confesse a truth it was ill done.
That loue vngrateful is ywis,
That to such danger, subiect is.

49 But now his course is finished,
Our danger al is at an end,
My dolour eke diminished :
You after me no more shal send :
For suddenly you shal me see,
Before those Riuals looke for me.

Meane while, suppreſſe thy merrie cheere,
Let not thy futors know my mind,
Vnto their costis I wil appeare :
The helhounds shal me feele and find.
Thy countenance see that thou keepe,
When thou shouldest laugh, see that thou weepe.

I wil not open warres proclame,
Nor yet by force of armes there come,
Amidſt their banket wil I aime,
To cut them off both al and fome.
And when you see those Riuals slaine,
Then say that I am come againe.

Penelopes Complaint.

The aduice of Euryklea, nurſe to Penelope.

O H daughter deare, my Iem and ioy :
My comfort, and my onely care,
Ah *Ioue* preferue thee from annoy,
And from thofe spoiles that threatned are.
Be charie of thy chaſtitie,
Which futors ſeeke ſo shamefully.

Thy waiting women they abuse,
Without remorse or conſcience ſting,
And of thy house they make a ſtewes,

Thee to diſhonour for to bring.
Take heede in time I thee aduife,
wit bought, is at too deare a prieſte.

These luſtie Gallants, ſweare and ſtare,
If thou to wed wilt not conſent,
Thy houſe they'll topſie turuy teare,
And eke thy heart in peeces rent.
To hide thy ſelfe I thinke it beſt,
And vnto *Ioue* commit the reſt.

Her reply to Euryklea.

W Hat are they men, or are they not ?
Or are they beaſts, or are they worse ?
Are lawes of God, and men, forgot ?
No care of God, nor yet his curse ?
Or dread they not the day of doome ?
That they ſo beaſtlike are become.

Shal men, that God himſelfe hath made ?
And do his Image repreſent,
By their abominable trade :
To be the deuils lims, conſent ?
O moſt vnworthie wretches vile,
That do their veſſels ſo defile.

Fie : what can they not eate and drinke ?
But they muſt ſurfeit shamefully ?
Can they not miſchiefe meane or thiſke ?
But they muſt blaſt it by and by.
Can they not prettie damſels vſe ?
But they their bodies muſt abuſe.

Aurelianuſ here we lacke,
Or *Julia* with her ſacred lawe :
Then ſhould thofe gallants go to wracke,
Then better would they stand in awe :
For then the ſword or elſe the tree,
From shameful force, ſhould ſet vs free.

O curſed times, O cruel facts,
O manners vile, for men vnfitt,
O diſmal daies, O hainous acts,
O heliſh hagges, of *Plutoe*ſ pit.
O ſpightfull, cruel tyranny,
Enforcing endles miſery.

51

My tongue doth tremble for to tell,
The villanie that they inuent,
My heart (alas) with grieſe doth ſwell,
To ſee braue men ſo beaſtly bent.
From thiſ their wicked trechery,
The Lord aboue deliver me.

She bewaileth Vlyſſes long tarrying.

H Ow doth *Vlyſſes* time detract ?
How doth he play the coſoning knight,
He writes *Troy* is alreadie ſack't,
Yet wil he not appear in fight.
I feare me he hath caught ſome due,
And keepes her tame, with tills of loue.

I would I wifte he false did play,
Of ſpight I would reuenged be :
But then what would the people fay ?

As is the hee, ſo is the ſhee :
No, no, the care I abſent take
His preſence wil the ſweeter make.

Nor wealth, nor woe, nor enuies croſſe,
Nor grieſe, nor gaine, nor fortunes fall :
Nor paine, nor pleaſure, lucke or loſſe,
Nor treasure, nor yet wretched thrall,
Shall make me my *Vlyſſes* loath,
Nor to him false my faith and troath.

Penelopes Complaint.

*The speech of her wooers chalenging her
by promise.*

Come on (sweet nymph) what answer now?
Your towe is twift, your web is wrought,
With spedde perorme your sacred vow :
Thy murmurring mate his death hath sought :
Harpyades haue on him fed,
The citie-spoiler he is dead.

53 Thee for to wed is al our sute,
And now thy answere we expect :
Therefore say quicke, be not so mute,

Which of our futes wilt thou accept ?
If thou no ready answere make,
Thy house we neuer wil forfiske.

(Sweete Nymph) resolute vs now with spedde,
Thinke ere thou speake, denie not flat :
For we are they can do the deede :
Thou maist refuse thou knowest not what :
Make readie *Hymenaeus* bed,
For why, we must and will thee wed.

Her answere to the wooers.

Sweete Lordings though my web be wrought,
And al my towe be readie spun,
Another doubt comes to my thought,
You know, what worth *Vlyffes* won :
Yow know he was a worthie knight,
And got him honour for his might.

It me behoves to draw the latch,
And of my choyce in time beware,
Left I with fuch a milkefop match,

As may augment my wonted care.
Or you in fight for me contend,
And so the mighty Gods offend.

Lo Lordings, this is my decree,
He that *Vlyffes* bowe can bend,
That worthie wight shall wed with me :
Away with him I soone wil wend.
Hold take in hand to bend the bowe,
Your strength that quickly I may know.

*Vlyffes being come home, disguiseth himselfe, and
sojourning with Penelope amongst the woo-
ers, maketh this answere.*

Vhy then (faire queene) to win thy loue,
I silly wretch wil also trie,
My shruleed sinewes will I proue :
To win this worthie masterie.
Had I my youthfull strength and skill,
I would the acht right soone fulfill.

Eury machus I thee beseech,
And eke *Antinous* I thee pray,
To give me leaue my strength to stretch,

Which gods haue almost tane away :
Necessitie hath pincht me too,
A cruel dart it is you know.

The bowe resigne into my hand,
I trial of my strength wil make,
And if the same I cannot bend,
The prize you shal among you take.
But if the bowe be by me bent,
To wed the Nymph is my intent.

The wooers scoffingly checke Vlyffes.

How darst thou Palmer thus to prate ?
And with vs yongsters thus compare ?
Content thee with thine owne estate :

Of Palmery go take thou care :
Although *Vlyffes* bowe thou bend,
With Baldipate shall she neuer wend.

Penelopes Complaint.

But too much wine makes thee thus mad,
Which wiser men doth brainsicke make,
And bragge of that they never had,
If out of measure they it take :
Therefore leaue off to make such strife,
For her thou shalt not take to wife.

Leaue off I say : thus to contend,
If thou wilt banquet here at rest,
We wey not who the bowe doth bend,
For that we hold but as a iest.
But if with vs thou so contend
Thou foone shalt feele thy fatal end.

She checketh Antinous for abusing her ghefts.

A *Ntinous* leaue off I say,
Our ghefts thus euil to intreate,
Discurteous parts why dost thou play ?
My stranger thus why dost thou threat ?
Their neighbours al they wil abuse,
That strangers practise to mifuse.

If force consists in perfonage :
Pray giue him leaue his strength to trie,
Why offer you this iniurie ?

This stranger is of stature tall,
And borne of worthie parentage :
The likeliest amongst you all,

If that *Apollo* giue him powre,
For manly might the price to win,
Then wil I waite on him each houre,
And costly webs array him in :
My onely ioy I will him make,
And him to husband wil I take.

Telemachus wisheth his mother to be silent.

Fie : fie : what neede you thus to chaunt,
Silence doth best become your sex,
Tis giglet-like, thus for to taunt,
What thogh those vilains do you vex :
Yet (mother) you must patience vfe,
And smother vp this vile abute.

That nothing appertaines you to ?
Thei'll say you are alreadie won,
Their companie you cannot shun.

Vnto your maids your mind disclose,
And talke of that you haue to doe,
What neede you counterchecke with those,

Sweete (mother) let me answere make,
That am a man, and knowe to speake :
My speech shal make them sor to quake,
Against me dare they not to creake.
My father absent, I am king,
New dirges shall they shortly sing.

57

The death of her wooers represented vnto hir, in a dreame of an Egle and a flocke of geese.

Why dost thou *Morpheus* me annoy ?
What fantasies dost thou intrude ?
Why dost thou me of sleepes sweete ioy,
With vaine illusions thus delude ?
Those dreames iwis that I endure,
I doubt but little good procure.

They were a number numberles,
Whose gagling did me much offend :
I made them answere answereles,
And wist them to the fields to wend :
Yet would they not be answere so,
In rest for them I could not go.

Last night as I lay in my bed,
Stretcht forth (alas) in flumbring wise,
Me thought a flocke of geese I fed,
That al my corne could not suffice.
To giue them foode I did denie,
And yet not one away would flie.

At last as they were safe in mue,
A mightie Eagle with them met :
And them, both great and smal he flue,
Not one of them could from him get.
No creature could the spoile preuent,
The Eagle was so fiercely bent.

Penelopes Complaint.

At length when his bloud-thirstie bill,
Had thus vpon these gofelings prade,
(Me thought) the people for to kill,
This matchles Eagle al affaide.
They were so wroath they sware by gis,
They would despoile both him and his.

Ah *Cyfa* sweete, I thee implore,
My doubtful dreame for to dissolute,
For that which *Morpheus* told of yore :
I often in my mind revolute.
The resolution to me shew,
And endles thanks I wil thee owe.

*She hearing Vlysses fighting with her wooers
vnknowne to her, she feareth.*

How doth *Vlysses* me deride ?
How doth he foole faine me possesse ?
He promisde to returne with spedde,
But sure he thinks of nothing leffe.
My eies with looking for him ake,
with trembling feare my heart doth quake.

What horror doth my heart oppresse ?
What hurly burly do I heare ?
What sturdy tumults ? (God me bleſſe)

What's he that plaies the tyrant there ?
Who's he cries out, what's he is slaine ?
Go girle and fee, but hie againe.

59 Harke, harke, at daggers point on life,
Those dronkards with each other fight :
Why doth my sonne not stint the strife ?
Ah how doth feare my heart affright ?
What is the caufe of this their ruth ?
Come quick (sweete wench) and tel the truth.

Her maide sheweth the slaughter of her wooers.

Alas, beblubred al with bloud,
Antinous lieth vnder bord,
Yea *Eurymac* that was so proud,
Is slaine with dint of sharped sword :
Pylanders braines are beaten out,
And *Polybe* slaine, that champion stout.

Eurynomus, he waltring lies,
And eke *Polidor* worthie knight,
Amphimedon for mercie cries :

And *Liodes* is put to flight.
Cleippus put to deadly paine,
And eke *Eurydamantus* slaine.

Lioritus that Lordlie lad,
And *Demoptolemus* is dead,
Euriades hath sped as bad,
His braines are knockt out of his head :
I thought amidst their stately pride,
Some Tragedie there would be plaide.

*She hearing of the death of her wooers, feareth
left Vlysses will slay her also.*

Alacke, and are those Lordings slaine ?
Why then my Lord *Vlysses* deare,
Vlysses mine, is come againe,
How am I tost twixt ioy and feare ?
Ah he, tis he hath done this deede :
Yea, he this Stratageme hath plaide.

It is *Vlysses* deales fuch blowes,
What shall I silly woman doo ?
Ah fee, how furiously he glowes,

I feare he wil torment me too :
I wil him trie, with weeping eies,
Him to withdraw from tyranies.

Fie : cannot twentie yeares suffice,
Thy wrathful venome for to spit,
But thou must thus in warlike wife,
Thy tyranny continue yet ?
Though no wight can thy wrath appeale,
Let me request thee to surcease.

Penelopes Complaint.

*Vlyffes making himselfe knowne, comforteth
Penelope with these speeches.*

61

Fare not my iem and hearts delight,
Penelope my spotles spoufe,
Those lads no more shal worke our spight,
They shall no more desifie our house,
Ah I haue feene thy constancie,
Thy vertues haue reioyc'd mine eie.

But oh : what haue I tyrant done,
(Oh miser borne to endles toyle)
Now haue I new my care begon,

By this my pittie-wanting spoyle.
I mericles haue many flaine.
For bloud shall I pay bloud againe.

O furie with repentance fraught,
(Ah enemie to perfect peace,)
Thou to confusione hast me brought,
(Ah furie, soe to humane ease.)
I that my foes haue put to flight,
Against my friends am forc'd to fight.

*Penelope fearing to entertaine Vlyffes, debateth
as followeth.*

Bvt ah me wretch (borne but to wo)
What entertainment shal I gue?
Him, for my Lord how shal I know?
Tis hard to know whom to beleue.
Ah my *Vlyffes* was too kind,
To beare such a bloud-thirstlie mind.

But (doting dame) what can I tell,
May not God *Mars* his furie moue?
May not *Bellona* make him sell?

Ah *Mars* makes Turtles Tygers proue :
And thofe are ordinary events,
To them that do frequent the tents.

But yet, *Vlyffes* welcome home,
(If thou my Lord *Vlyffes* be)
A thousand times to me welcome,
Thee safte I do reioyce to fee.
Yet shew (ah good *Vlyffes* shew)
Some token that I may thee know.

Vlyffes sheweth by evident tokens, he is no cosening knight.

Why then I am *Laertes* sonne,
And he that Gods and men do hate,
Scommre of the world, by fates foredone,
Whose death my deedes do calculate.
Ah I am he, that for thy loue,
A thousand perills daily proue.

Yea I am he, that fainde me mad,
Thee in my armes for to embrace,
And I am that vnhappy swad,

That *Palemedes* did disgrace.
Yea I am he that for thy sake,
All dangers dare to vndertake.

Yea I am he, whose damned hand,
Haue flaine a knot of noble bloud :
And I am he, thou maist command,
Aliue or dead, to do thee good.
Yea I am he that maugre spight,
Wil alwaies rest thy constant knight.

L'enuoy.

Lo Ladies, *Ioue* referues a friend,
For those that tender chasfitie,
But Leachers brought to dolefull end,
Amidst their chiefe securitie :
Penelope for bale had blisse,
When villanes vengeance could not misse.

Let Riuals lot learne Lordly youthes,
To shun the snare of lewd desires,
Left lawles loue procure their ruthes,
With liuelies l[o]ue that lust requires :
Left while they recke not what they do,
Some good *Vlyffes* wrecke their woe.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Title-page, l. 8, '*Hexamiter verfe*' = six-lined stanzas, not (as usual) six syllables in a line. See our Introduction on this and after-title-pages.

Epistle-dedictory, p. 3, l. 5, '*Apologie in defence*' — somewhat tautological, seeing that 'Apology' is = defence: but, like George III., this is often forgotten. It will be remembered that his majesty startled the Bishop of Llandaff on being shown his famous 'Apology,' by exclaiming that he wasn't aware before that Christianity needed an 'Apology'! — oblivious that the learned prelate used it as equivalent to 'Defence' or 'Vindication'; l. 8, '*sithence*' = since; l. 20 — we should punctuate no more than with a comma after 'sane,' but the colon (:) is a favourite form throughout the Epistle and *Avisa* and in contemporaries. It indicates a longer pause ere passing to a new thought, and so the (to us) superfluous commas marked pauses; l. 26, '*disciphered*' — see our Introduction for this and other words that occur in *Avisa*; p. 4, ll. 1-2 — this promise was fulfilled, first in the 'preface' that follows this Epistle, and more fully in the 'Apologie' of the next edition of *Avisa* (1596), which will be found in our Appendix A; l. 5, '*chapmen*' = merchants, or those who make merchandise of the affections; l. 6, '*filly*' = innocent; ll. 10-11 — on this see our Introduction as bearing on the question of *Avisa*'s being a real personality, not a mere representative of Chastity — as was later sought to be made out. '*Brytaine*' = British — the latter did not come till much later; l. 21, '*Hadrian Dorrell*' — see our Introduction on him.

Epistle to the Reader, p. 5, l. 2, '*sithence*' = since, as in Ep. Ded., l. 8; l. 4, '*M. Henrie Willobie, a yong man*,' &c. — see our Introduction on this in itself and in relation to the 1596 'Apologie'; l. 13, '*prety & witty conciles*' — a phrase utilized by Nicholas Breton and others in title-pages, &c., &c.; l. 24, '*the name of Avisa*' — see an ampler and different account of the name in the 'Apologie' of 1596 in our Appendix; p. 6, l. 1, '*a voide paper*' — Purists would say how could it be void when it contained *Avisa* in great letters besides those beneath each letter? But the writers of Elizabeth's day knew better the use of language; ll. 19-22 = the Italian, without making known his own love in express terms, contents himself with making his mistress pleased with herself and with him by, &c., in this respect behaving quite differently to the Spaniard who 'bewailing,' &c.; l. 23, '*vnpatient*' — the transition form of our 'impatient'; ll. 23-27 — we should have more strong punctuation, but the

commas make no difficulty—so elsewhere; l. 28, ‘*pleasure*’—a common use of the noun as a verb = please; l. 30, ‘*nigher*’ = of kin with Avisa, supposed to be herself English; l. 32, ‘*re-quire*’ = seek her again, or still, or farther—curious use; p. 7, l. 3, ‘*Cavalieros*’—the transition-form of ‘cavalier,’ as found in Nashe, Breton, &c.; *ibid.*, ‘*Cutters*’—cant word for a swaggerer, bully or adventurer, or swashbuckler (Sherwood). So, much later in Cowley’s Cutter of Coleman Street, where Captain Cutter is of this type of character. See Nares, s.v.; l. 11, ‘*D. B.*’—perhaps mere chance-chosen initials; l. 14, ‘*D. H.*’—query the reversed initials of Hadrian Dorrell himself? But at page 74 it is in full, ‘*Dydimus Harco*’; l. 19, ‘*lone*’—I have displaced a comma after ‘*lone*’ in the original with a colon; l. 27, ‘*secretly to insinuate*’—as we would say ‘to insinuate by stealth’; l. 29, ‘*that commendes*’—a frequent instance of a verb singular following two nominatives because ‘*that*’ as pronoun intervenes; p. 8, l. 28, ‘*A. D.*’—I suppose his own wife was meant, if wife he had. Were married men allowed at Oxford as students? Dorrell dates this Epistle from his ‘chamber at Oxford’; p. 9, l. 5, ‘*Ludunt*,’ &c.—*Ovid Amor.*, bk. i, viii, 43 (but ‘*Ludite*’ for ‘*ludunt*’); l. 9, ‘*Rara ausis*,’ &c.—*Juvenal*, sat. vi, 165; the ‘black swan’ is now no such rarity since its discovery in Australia; l. 14, ‘*Frier Mantuan*’—Baptist Mantuan, born 1448: died 20th March, 1516. His *Elegies* were translated into English by Turberville so early as 1567; l. 21, ‘*courte*’ = coarse; l. 27, ‘*Angell*’ = a piece of gold money, value 10s. See Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.*, act i, sc. 2; p. 10, l. 6, ‘*perfwadeth with A*’ = argues persuasively; l. 8, ‘*occupation*’—used much in same sense as noted by Shakespeare, but with a slight variance worth recording; p. 11, l. 22, ‘*fact*’ = act, thing done or her doing, not as now used for ‘truth’; p. 12, l. 13, ‘*may not fancy others*’ = be to the fancy of others; l. 18, ‘*Astrophell the Arcadian shepherd*’ = Sir Philip Sidney—the meaning being that Avisa was not equal to Sidney either in his love-sonnets as ‘*Astrophell*’ nor in his verse in the ‘*Arcadia*’; l. 19, ‘*Fayry Queene*’—the first portion of Spenser’s great poem was published in 1590, so that in 1594 it was a recent book; l. 23, ‘*harryf*’ = hare-ish or hare-like. Query—is the hare’s skittish or frisky nature intended? l. 32, ‘*detraction*’ = withdrawn; p. 13, l. 8, ‘*farder*’ = farther, a North Country word. On both these Epistles see our Introduction.

Veres by Emet, p. 14, l. 8, ‘*on*’ = one, as in next line; l. 15, probably ‘and’ has inadvertently dropped out before ‘Pean,’ else ‘maides’ must be read disyllabically, and scan

You Coun | try mai | des Pe | , &c.:
the signature, ‘*Abell Emet*,’ is of one now unknown.

In praise, &c. Page 15, l. 1, 'Hexameton'—see on the title-page 'Hexameter verse,' here as containing six verses or stanzas; l. 3, 'Lauine Land' = Lavinium, *i.e.*, land of Lavinia, wife of Aeneas; l. 9, 'Collatine'—cognomen of L. Tarquinus, husband of Lucretia, because he lived at Collatia; l. 14, 'And Shake-speare,' &c.—see our Introduction on this very important notice of Shakespeare, among the earliest, if not actually the first; l. 15, 'Susan' = Susannah—it is to be noted that in the 'Apologie' of 1596, as before, 'Susannah' is named as the subject of another poem by Henry Willibie; l. 20, 'a meffe' = a set. See Nares, *s.v.*, where the present passage is cited as illustrative of *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv, sc. 3, and *3 Henry VI.*, act i, sc. 4; l. 24, 'Feemes,' *i.e.*, fems, contraction for 'females,' as repeatedly in Thomas Howell's Poems (Occ. Issues); p. 16, l. 6, 'Brytan'—see on Epistle-dedictory, ll. 10-11.

Faults escaped. These I have put right in our text in the several places.

The Poem. Cant. i, p. 17, st. 1. The pictorial initial letter here and elsewhere made the printer print the usual stanza of six lines as one of eleven; l. 8, 'Sheepe coates' = Sheep-cots; st. 2, l. 1, 'Sleepie Muse'—the second encomiast in his verses perhaps refers to this; l. 4—we should put stronger punctuation than a comma after 'kept,' and so elsewhere.

Page 18, l. 1, 'The birde'—here, and in the previous line, he plays on the name *Avisa* quasi *Avis*; ll. 3-4—the punctuation ought to have been 'loue'; plight, ; l. 5, 'This haue I tri'd'—one of many semi-unconscious revelations that *Avisa* was a real person; l. 19, 'where' = whether—and so throughout, as successively noted; l. 26, 'Not'—perhaps a misprint for 'Nor.'

,, 19, l. 1, 'wester side of Albions Ile,' &c.—see our Introduction on this; l. 5, 'each one' = each one to frame; l. 7, 'First Venus,' &c.—It is true that Homer in the *Iliad* makes Charis the wife of Hepheestus, and in the *Odyssey* it is Aphrodite who is his wife; but it is somewhat odd to have Venus, Pallas, and Diana, transmuted into the 'Three Graces' (l. 4); l. 13, 'reaching' = far-reaching; l. 20, 'feature' = feature—curious spelling in this and elsewhere.

,, 20, l. 1, 'luring' = alluring, tempting; l. 2, 'Olde Juno'—Willibie should have remembered the 'perpetual youth' of the gods and goddesses; 'olde' is singularly mal-apropos and unskilful; l. 8, 'wanting beautie' = beautie wanting, *i.e.*, wanting wealth. So that the punctuation ought to have been—agreeably to the margin—'wanting, beautie wants,' &c.; l. 23, a comma ought to have been placed after 'intice.'

,, 21, l. 1, 'sinke' = channel, drain-gutter, but see our Introduction; l. 5, 'thrift'—query equivalent to wealth, *i.e.*, obtained by savings or 'thrift'; last line, perhaps the comma after 'words' had

been as well deleted; *ibid.*, 'labour lost'—the phrase is found in *Alcilia* (Occ. Issues) and Breton, and in various contemporaries, as well as elsewhere in *Avisa*. Did Shakespeare choose a proverbial saying for title of his charming play just because, as such, it was in men's mouths? With reference to the comma after 'words,' and the suggestion as to its deletion, because both 'words' and 'labour' are the nominatives to 'lost,' it is nevertheless to be noted that a comma after each noun was contemporary usage, even with 'have' following. So onward as well.

Page 22, L. 16, 'shout'—shoot; l. 23, 'Thou virgin pure,' to give the proper nominative to, 'shalt' should also have been in *italics*; L. 26, punctuate rather comma after 'price,' and L. 25, comma after 'annoy.'

,, 23, L. 7, 'wild'—willed; L. 10, punctuate 'strife' (:) or (.) ; ll. 11-12 = whether [one] be rich in grace, or whether [another] be sound in health, [it matters not for] most men look only for wealth; l. 21, 'mirror'—wonder (Latin, *mirror*), i.e., Avisa is one the 'scornful age' may well wonder at or admire. As = looking-glass, it has no meaning—granted this is far-fetched, but it is characteristic of *Avisa*; l. 27, 'linke'—torch—context somewhat mixedly metaphorical—of course 'sodomes' (L. 25) is = Sodom's.

,, 24, l. 1, 'Aues'—Asa, both in Auth. Version and Breeches Bible; l. 4, 'Maachas'—Maachah; l. 6, 'lefte'—lose; l. 8, 'let'—strut proudly; l. 18, 'Where'—whether, as before; l. 23, punctuate (;) after 'small'; L. 25, 'saies'—assays; l. 26, 'without'—outside; l. 27, 'With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glōse'—with the 'Gorgeous shewes' of 'Golden glōse' or glozing, i.e., hypocritical fair-seeming flatteries—not = gloss. Cf. heading of next canto.

Cant. ii, p. 25, l. 10, 'her's'—here's; l. 18, 'meane estate'—see our Introduction on this with relation to Colse's attack on *Avisa*; l. 22, 'fondly'—foolishly.

p. 26, l. 2, 'shame'—shamefastness; l. 3, 'way'—weigh.
,, iii, p. 26, l. 3, 'this'—a probable misprint for 'the'; l. 11, 'Then'—than; l. 14, 'silly'—innocent, as before; l. 16, read 'false-resembling.'

p. 27, l. 1, 'base'—lowly born; l. 18, 'Where'—whether, as before, probably, but in its present sense will do here; l. 29, 'tracing tracts'—following the tracks.

p. 28, l. 1, 'This'—T'is; l. 9, 'wanton winged,' i.e., 'fond desire' of l. 7; l. 15, 'qualmes'—desires or longings, the faintings of lustful passion; *ibid.*, 'quale'—quell.

,, iii, p. 29, l. 1, 'Noble stocke,' &c. = irony; l. 18, 'liȝt'—choose; l. 22, 'quite'—requisite; l. 25, 'prince'—ruler.

Cant. v, p. 30, l. 1, 'strake' = go, or proceed A. S.; l. 6, 'naught' = naughty, wicked; l. 13, 'wreakful' = vengeful: cf. p. 40, c. xii, st. 1; l. 22, 'neede' = how necessary then is it that we should be wise. 'Neede' is used in a then-known sense, not in our present one.

p. 31, l. 4, 'And [they have] felt.' The writer has evidently given different nominatives to 'tried' and 'felt,' without sufficiently showing that they had such different nominatives.

" vi, p. 31, l. 7, punctuate 'Well, wanton,'; l. 20 punctuate; after 'ayre.'

" p. 32, l. 8, 'ioyes' is dissyllabic = joyesse.

" vii, p. 32, l. 8, 'tis sing' = enticing, l. 15, 'feate' — sic: but query = feet?

p. 33, l. 12, 'quaile' = as in p. 28, l. 15 = 'quell' rather than our 'quail.'

" viii, p. 33, l. 5, 'doubt' = fear.

p. 34, l. 4, 'be wrayd' = be bewrayed; l. 6, 'fad' = thing done, as before; l. 9, 'creake' = croak, or qu. = divulge abroad, the allusion being to the creaking of an opened door, &c.? l. 12, 'quite' = quit; l. 13, 'faſt' = see on l. 6, and so frequenter; l. 24, punctuate; after 'inough.'

" ix, p. 35, l. 1, 'Let that word stand' — she refers to st. 3, l. 6, on preceding page.

p. 36, l. 6, 'Let' — i.e., [Will] let, &c.; l. 11, 'this' = this's.

" x, p. 36, l. 3, 'Lillie' — query, symbol of himself as a nobleman, who needs not — any more than the 'lily' — to toil or spin? l. 9, 'haggard Hawke' = an illtrained hawk, a disobedient hawk. Cf. *Othello*, act. iii, sc. 3, *Much Ado*, act iii, sc. 1; l. 10, 'checkes the lure' — a falconry phrase = to refuse to return to the lure held or set out by the falconer when he wishes his hawk to return. *Twelfth Night*, act iii, sc. 1. Nares, s.v.

p. 37, l. 4, 'ſarder.' So in Ep. to Reader, p. 13, l. 8; l. 11, 'fond' = foolish; l. 22, 'ſhall' = shalt; l. 25, 'ſortie Angels' = money. See note on p. 9, l. 27; l. 29, 'quaſt' — he uses = quelled, but here and elsewhere seems to use it in sense of lessened or trodden down.

p. 38, l. 4, 'ten double ſpread' = a chain of ten double links? l. 8, 'preſt' = ready: perhaps punctuation should have been comma after 'geldings,' to show that 'preſt' applies both to men and horses.

" xi, p. 39, l. 3, 'ſwarue' by rhyme should be 'ſwerue': probably the printer followed 'awrie' in the previous line; l. 4, punctuate ; or : after 'die'; l. 8, 'gloſſing ſhow' — this confirms our note on p. 24, l. 27; l. 10, 'ſtice' = entice or tempt; l. 17, 'Then' = than; l. 21, 'poſts' = messengers as 'poſt-men,' with a sub-reference perhaps to the 'Angels' in the context.

p. 40, l. 3, 'traines' = stratagems, snares; ll. 5-6 — some error here

in 'fardest.' Can it be that 'farsed' or farced is = thrown off, as we would say, was intended?

Cant, xii, p. 40, l. 2, 'gill' = jill; l. 3, 'wreakfull' = vengeful, angry, as before; l. 6, 'the' = thee; l. 10, 'gaze' = gaze.

p. 41, l. 2, punctuate comma after 'pride,' and l. 3 after 'hart'; l. 6, 'fond affet' = foolish affect[ion]; l. 8, punctuate; after 'face'; l. 13, 'Thou selfwill gig,' &c. = I believe 'Thou selfe-will'd gig' (or flighty person). See Halliwell, s.v.

„ xlii, p. 42, l. 9, 'then' = than, and so frequenter; l. 10, 'ittances' = ceases; l. 14, punctuate; after 'pine.'

p. 43, l. 3, 'open bordes' = public tables; l. 23, 'waie' = weigh, as before.

„ xliii, p. 44, l. 3, 'Roysters' = roysterers, gay fellows; l. 4, punctuate; after 'loue,' and after 'moue' in l. 8.

p. 45, l. 16, 'knackes' = trinkets, toys, or knick-knacks; l. 21, read 'vantage-play.'

„ xv, p. 46, l. 8, 'but some mydeame' = but some [people] misunderstand my look; l. 11, 'feature' = feature, as before; l. 14, 'ingrade' — query, a variant of A. N. engrave, to hurt? l. 16, 'welds' = to carry or bear, in Halliwell, s.v., as a third meaning. But it may be here simply our 'wields.'

p. 47, l. 4, punctuate (;) after 'wyles.'

„ xvi, p. 47, l. 3, 'labor's loft' — see on p. 21, l. 5; l. 4, 'queanes' = mistresses, in not a good sense; l. 7, 'Coleman hedge' — evidently some then well-known evil haunt; l. 9, 'Frenchman's badge' = lues venerea.

p. 48, l. 17, 'cloſe' = shut or closed.

„ xvii, p. 48, l. 1, 'Gods wo' = an oath, resembling 'Gods wot' = Christ's sufferings on the cross.

p. 49, l. 4, 'on' = one; l. 15, 'ſchooles' — should either have been 'ſchoole,' or in l. 1 'ſooles'; l. 17, 'place' — see our Introduction.

„ xviii, p. 50, l. 3, 'waies' — another printer's error for 'waie'; l. 8, punctuate comma (,) after 'life'; l. 12, 'dings' = dashes — another north country word.

p. 51, l. 1, 'Calleſt' = drabs; l. 3, 'carire' — "to turn shortly, now this way now that, as a nimble horse." Baret; l. 7, punctuate with comma deleted after 'condemane' and placed after 'mind' in l. 8; l. 8, 'fwey' = is not prone to or persuaded to; l. 11, 'on' = one, as before.

„ xix, p. 51, l. 2, 'gagling' = cackling — some mediæval legendary reference probably under this; l. 6, 'reack' = trick.

p. 52, ll. 1-6 — The Editor has no knowledge of 'card' games, and so must leave discovery of the particular game intended to those better-informed; l. 13, 'her's' = here's, as before; l. 20, 'paſſing' = over-passing.

Cant. xx, p. 53, l. 2, 'Golde vpon a bitter pill'—it thus appears that gilding or silvering pills is no new device; l. 4, 'dill' = soothe, or perhaps flatter—another north country word; l. 5, 'want no mate' = surpass; l. 14, punctuate (;) after 'trut.'

„ xxi, p. 54, l. 2, read, [That] you, &c.; l. 3, 'take'—misprint for 'taken,' as 'give' (l. 4), but the whole stanza is obscure; l. 8, punctuate (;) or (:) after 'it.'

„ xxii, p. 55, l. 8, punctuate (.) after 'vowes.'

„ xxiii, p. 57, l. 2, 'close' = secret.

„ p. 58, l. 5, 'the stone' = the person — as in the common proverbial saying; ll. 7-10 — another proverbial saying and bit of superstitious lore; l. 11, 'floating' = flowing, i.e., disdainful or rejecting, as shown by 'yeeld' next line. B. the Frenchman is recalling her reception of him, against which he is contending and pleading; l. 16, 'retire' = concentrate, or = return, by stress of rhyme; l. 25, 'gameling' — not = gambling, but a depreciatory form of gamester, as witling, &c.

„ xxiv, p. 59, l. 17, 'be time' = betime.

„ p. 60, l. 2, 'sort' = dispose or order, Latin *sortior*; ll. 7-8 — construction is "Your . . . aide, that 'with sweete supply' might amend my present state."

„ xxv, p. 60, l. 5 = I have been long your secret friend in my secret mind, and, &c.—punctuate comma after 'still' in l. 6; l. 6, 'frind' —a noteworthy example of not only the spelling of the rhyming words being made to correspond, but their pronunciation. Cf. Canto xxvi, st. 3, p. 62, and Canto xxviii, st. 5, p. 65.

p. 61, l. 2, 'Prince of this'—he elsewhere (bis) uses 'Prince' as a noun feminine, and here 'Princess' would have obviated the unnecessary and obtrusive 'this'; l. 6, 'Sterne' = helm (placed in stern of a ship); ll. 9-10, reproduced by Byron.

„ xxvi, p. 62, l. 4, 'spill' = spoil; l. 6, 'quaille' = submit, probably in hawking sense; l. 10, 'files' — used in reference to the (account) books of the previous line; l. 14, 'leave' = forbear; l. 16, 'hurtleſſe' = innocent; ll. 17-18, note pronunciation of 'wold' with 'gold.'

p. 63, l. 3, 'ſverue' — this being in the same rhyme as before, shows that, as noted in the place, 'ſwarue' was a printer's error. See on page 39, c. xi, l. 3.

„ xxvii, p. 63, l. 2, 'coye' — dissyllabic, or query misprint for 'coying' or 'coyed'?

p. 64, l. 2, 'frame' = agree or frame together.

„ xxviii, p. 65, l. 2, 'tisng' = enticing; l. 8, 'ſell' = cell; l. 10 = I think, [You] That knowes, *not* the dame that knows; l. 19, 21 — here again we have the same pronunciation of 'frinds.' See c. xxv, st. 1, p. 60; l. 23, 'labor's leſſ' — third example in this poem of this phrase; l. 30, 'miſtake' — this form seems not uncommon with the Author.

Cant. xxix, p. 66, l. 24, 'Whare' = whether, as so often.

" xxx, p. 67, l. 6 = their fancie [doth] craue.

 p. 68, l. 6, 'credit' = crediting or belief; l. 13, 'Troyer' — dissyllabic, like 'Moon | es sphere' in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

" xxxi, p. 69, Heading — in original misprinted 'T. R.'; ll. 1-2 — a bit of folk lore; l. 10, 'The greater frost, the greater flame' — personally I can verify this, having ascended Vesuvius while it was fiercely active during a violent snow and hail-storm; l. 11, 'loft' = lust, i.e., desire, to rhyme with 'frost.'

 p. 70, l. 7, 'send' — misprinted 'sent' in the original — cf. p. 71, st. 3; l. 13, 'ay'd' = assayed; l. 19, 'Dudum beatus' — framed on the initials 'D. B.'

" xxxii, p. 71, l. 20, 'dallings' = dalliyings; l. 26, 'frame' = harmony, or query — within compass?

 p. 72, ll. 1-2 — a repetition of what 'D. B.' wrote and the next two lines in her reply. We should have placed them within " ", and so elsewhere.

" xxxiii, p. 72, l. 6, in the original a comma mis-inserted after 'must'; l. 9, 'where' = whether, as before.

 p. 73, l. 1, in the original no comma after 'tongue' and after 'loue' — corrected; ll. 9-10, change of type marks emphasis; l. 21, 'where' = whether, as *frequenter*, and as in ll. 23-24.

" xxxiv, p. 74, Heading, 'Dydimus Harco,' &c. — previously 'D. H.' only — a fancy-name. See our Introduction.

 p. 75, l. 10, 'I loue a woman now and then' — this is not in contradiction of p. 74, l. 14, 'You are the first I euer tride,' seeing that to all others he had been silent, while to Avisa he had avowed his love; l. 12, 'aduise' = consideration, not 'advice' from others; l. 13, 'Western part' — the West is once more referred to as the home-country or present residence at least of Avisa. This should have been numbered xxxiv in the text.

" xxxv, p. 75, l. 6, 'aduise' = advice.

 p. 76, l. 15, 'threden point' = tag or bit of thread or string to tie or confine anything. "Captain" Pistol wore such points, though his were probably of silk; l. 23, 'rate' = thinking or judging, *ratus*; l. 29, 'agree' [with me].

" xxxvi, p. 77, l. 1, 'traine' = snare or stratagem.

 p. 78, l. 12, 'void' = avoid; *ibid*, 'suspect' = suspicion.

" xxxvii, p. 79, l. 3, 'growth' = groweth, *r.g.*; l. 15, 'Bable' = Babylon's; l. 23, 'lift' = consent, but qu.—error for 'lift' as the rhyming word is 'gift'?

" xxxviii, p. 80, l. 10, 'farther' — before spelled 'farder.'

 p. 81, l. 2, 'of' = about; l. 6, 'proue' = try or test or sift; l. 9, 'relent' = become less, *r.g.*.

" xxxix, p. 81, l. 1, 'ingling mates' = jugglers or sleight-of-hand performers; ll. 5, 6, cf. c. xix, p. 51, l. 2; l. 10, 'passe' = pose, place or set; but query misprint for 'puffe.'

p. 82, l. 6, 'labor's lof' — fourth use of the phrase ; l. 22, 'fond' = foolish, as frequenter.

Cant. xl, p. 83, l. 13, 'iynning' = adjoining, neighbouring ; l. 17, 'fled of winges' — again no contradiction of the 'soaring' of l. 14, for he now explains that his 'byrde,' i.e., *Avisa*, was no bird with wings, but a fair lady — 'soaring' very aptly describes her airy dainty-footed movements. So in p. 84, l. 17.

p. 84, l. 9, 'clang' — i.e., of Cupid's bow at the loose of the shaft ; l. 19, 'byrde' — i.e., *Avisa* ; l. 26, 'redryue' = drive back or drive away ; ll. 29-30 — not well up in his Classics.

p. 85, l. 5, 'Spill' = spool or bobbin. So l. 9 ; l. 21, 'Where' = whether, as before ; l. 23, 'there' = their — I suppose he means that on the gathering (or return) of all her suitors to receive her decision, D. H. seeks to be made glad by her election of him.

„ xli, p. 86, l. 5, 'fad.' Cf. p. 85, l. 24. These shew that 'sad' sometimes had then its present meaning, and not always = solid.

p. 87, l. 3, 'rare delayes' = such uncommon stratagems for delay as Penelope's ; l. 8, 'spell' = spool or bobbin, as before ; *ibid.*, 'trend' = turned.

„ xlii, p. 88, l. 14, 'melt' = melted — like 'take' for 'taken,' &c. See our Introduction.

p. 89, l. 13, 'you' — misprinted 'no' in the original ; l. 14, 'Then' = than ; l. 29, I have punctuated with a comma after 'frend' = no [loving] friend equal to an [innocent] faith that will remain [an innocent faith] till death.

„ xliii, p. 90, l. 1, 'ref' = a card game term — to stand on one's present hand.

„ xliii, p. 90. Heading. 'Henrico Willobey' = Henry Willobie. On this most important of all these poems, see our Introduction ; l. 6, 'W. S.' = William Shakespeare ? See Introduction.

p. 92, l. 6, 'westerne ground.' See on p. 19, l. 1 ; l. 13, 'luffeſſe' — not desiring to do anything or to exercise themselves, nearly = our 'listless' ; l. 18, 'fraz' = freeze ; l. 19, 'ſeauer Eticke' — a variant spelling for Eticke, i.e., according to Boorde (*Brett of Health*, fo. 54) = hecktic. Batman, c. 35, l. 7.

p. 93, l. 6, 'O woeſworth' — possibly a current contraction for 'woe worth,' like those of so many minced oaths ; l. 10, 'bred' — misprinted 'breed' in the original ; l. 14, 'Protend' = stretch forward to, foretell ; l. 17, 'Where' = whether, as before. So in ll. 22, 24.

„ xliv, p. 94, l. 2, 'Lented' = fasting ; l. 8, [doth] moue ; l. 12, 'farder' = farther, as before ; l. 21, 'Then' = than ; l. 23, 'a' — qu., misprint for 'be' ? — or = If I [am or be] a friend ?

p. 95, l. 1, 'want' = require 'good counſeſſis' ; l. 3, 'plant' [themſelvēs].

Cant. xlvi, p. 95, l. 2, '*Englands Saint*'—see our Introduction on this inn-sign; l. 3, '*conquering rage*'—the sea?

„ xlvii, p. 96, l. 4, instead of original punctuation of comma after 'must,' I have punctuated 'Againe, . . . still'; l. 11, '*wield*'—wild, r.g.; l. 15, '*Where*'—whether, as before; l. 23, '*shoe*'—show.

p. 97, l. 3, '*fad*.' See on p. 86, l. 5.

„ xlviii, p. 97, l. 8, '*vernant*'—verdant. So on p. 135, l. 13—see our Introduction; l. 14, '*Where*'—whether, as *frequenter*.

p. 98, l. 2, '*as now*'—our 'now'; l. 3, '*unconuik*'—unknown; l. 12, '*reliens*'—verbal for substantive form, r.g.; l. 18, '*Wher*'—whether, as before.

„ xl ix, p. 99, l. 10, '*port*'—gate; l. 19, '*featuures*'—features, as before.

„ l. p. 100, l. 7, '*surpris'd*'—surpriz'd, i.e., overtaken or over-burdened. See 'surcharg'd,' l. 9; l. 20, '*randame*'—random.

p. 101, l. 1, '*wantes*'—is without reason; l. 2, '*ferne*'—helm or rudder, as before; l. 11, '*pryse*'—price, r.g.

„ li, p. 101, l. 2, '*ferne*'—helm; l. 11, '*bare*'—bear.

p. 102, l. 9, '*bearre the bell*'—a proverbial saying; l. 16, '*Acquite*'—acquit; '*fights*'—misprinted in the original 'lyke,' which yields no sense.

„ lii, p. 103, l. 2, '*lyf*'—bound or boundary-line; l. 13, '*rangling*'—rangeling, i.e., ranging, *not* quarrelling; l. 24, '*Where*'—whether, as *frequenter*.

p. 104, ll. 5-6, irony.

„ liii, p. 105, l. 12, '*faul*'—slip or mishap; l. 30, '*that*'—that that.

p. 106, l. 2, '*purer flame*,' qu.= 'poorer'? See st. 5, l. 2, of next canto.

„ liiii, p. 106, l. 10, 'feare of . . . , i.e., feare for . . . for death'; p. 107, l. 2, '*plaints*'—see our Introduction.

„ lv, p. 108, l. 14, '*Where*'—whether, as before.

„ lvi, p. 109, l. 18, '*Had I wiſt*'—this proverbial saying seems to have been used very loosely so as to mean almost anything. It is frequent in Breton, Davies of Hereford, and contemporaries.

p. 110, l. 4, '*But*'—only: in margin the Italian is fitting for H. W. as = Italo-Hispalensia. See p. 90, heading.

„ lvii, p. 111, l. 7, '*dispence*'—enable me to get rid of my woe; l. 19, '*ſelled*'—settled or married, but qu. misprint for ſet[ſ]led?

l. 21, '*Shrend*'—rend, with an imitative syllable—punctuate with (:) after 'gyues.'

„ lviii, p. 112, l. 15 = I pray [I may] begin; l. 22, '*fond affect*' = foolish affections.

p. 113, l. 6, '*mell*'—mate or match; or query meddle?

„ lx, p. 114, ll. 5-6. It is the flame and bait, that in our 19th century English, play with the gnat and fish: but he means 'along with,' or 'in the same way as,' 'in accordance with.'

Cant. lxi, p. 115, l. 1, 'haughty'—misprinted 'laughty' in the original ; l. 6, 'the'—similarly misprinted 'not.'

p. 116, l. 10, 'quis' = quite, requisite ; l. 15, 'ioye'—dissyllabic, as ioyes.

„ lxii, p. 117, l. 5, 'wher' = whether, as before ; l. 20, 'blubbered' = blubbered.

„ lxiii, p. 118, l. 10, 'choise, and change'—seems to have been a proverbial saying. So p. 125, l. 8 ; l. 15, 'wher' = whether, as before.

p. 119, l. 8, 'false' = play false to.

„ lxiv, p. 119, l. 2, 'ynch become an ell'—a proverbial saying, 'give some people an inch [of liberty or freedom] and they will take an ell' ; l. 3, 'writt' = twist, pervert.

p. 120, l. 6, 'spill' = spoil ; l. 7, 'tils' = props up : or query = tiles or covers ? l. 10, 'flering traine' = flattering, jeering stratagem ; l. 19, 'formal'—misprinted 'former' in the original ; l. 30, 'that'—i.e., her choice or husband.

p. 121, l. 1, 'trace' = track ; l. 5, 'repyne' = speak against or murmur : but uses 'repyne' r.g.

„ lxv, p. 121, l. 15, 'trauell' = travail, labour ; l. 18, 'haggard kytes' = ill-nurtured and ill-mannered.

„ lxvi, p. 122, l. 2, 'trill' = trickle ; l. 5, 'farder' = further, as before.

p. 123, l. 3, 'doubt' = fear ; l. 16, delete comma after 'sing' : but query, in this line read 'present' for 'pleasant' ?

p. 124, l. 3, 'diject' = cast out.

„ lxvii, p. 124, l. 7, 'remorse' = pity, but regret (at least) implied, e.g., Quarles in *Sion's Elegies* (Threnodia 3, Eleg. 15), "Enforce thy tender heart to pitie and remorse" (*Chertsey Worthies Library*, Verse, p. 113) ; l. 9, 'fawning' = flattering, in good sense.

p. 125, l. 14, 'frounceth' = frowneth or wrinkleth ; l. 24, 'tormenth' = tormenteth.

„ lxviii, p. 126, l. 1, 'plane' = smooth or pass along like a plane, but a singular use of the word—query, misprint for 'plow'? l. 7, 'chamfered' = furrowed, or channelled, but reference obscure ; l. 9, 'Scillan'—though Scylla was supposed to bark like a dog or dogs ('hounds'), the allusion is also obscure ; l. 17, 'affind' = assigned ; l. 21, 'rebates' = bluntings, lessening, i.e., excuses.

p. 127, ll. 1-12—probably he is here alluding to the then language of flowers, for 'Daisy' = dissembling, seems to fit, and his other flowers are otherwise oddly chosen.

„ lxix, p. 128, l. 4, 'retreat,' i.e., of Death sounding his order to retreat ; l. 11, 'feature' = making, as before. Here is an un-noted use of it in prose, in this sense—[Heaven] "spring and haruest comming always together, blooming and bearing all at a time ; nothing there but wish and haue it, from the chirping bird of

*rarest feature, to the loude organ," &c. (Sir William Wismans *Christian Knight*, 1619, Second Oration, p. 4)*

Cant. lxx, p. 129, l. 2, 'brookes' = bears; l. 11, 'inward rind' = the new sap-giving bark, *i.e.*, the wood torn from the very substance of the bark; l. 24, 'frieze' = freeze, as before.

p. 130, l. 1, 'fond suspect' = foolish suspicion; l. 6, 'offence' = query, misprint for defence? l. 8, 'crale' = crawl; l. 9, 'then' = than, though in l. 11 = then.

.. lxxi, p. 130, l. 3, 'my limbes' = misprinted 'thy' in the original.
p. 131, l. 2, 'braede' = breeds; l. 3, 'that' = that it was so.

.. lxxii, p. 132, l. 13, *haggard Hawkes.* See on c. x, p. 36, l. 9.
p. 133, l. 4, 'Chrysiades' = Cressid's; l. 8, 'with all' = withall.
Prose — l. 2, 'farder' = farther, as before; ll. 3-4 — see Introduction.

Page 135, l. 3, 'ingines [doth] frame'; l. 9, 'Inre' — misprinted 'lore' in the original; l. 13, 'vernant' — as in Canto xlvi, p. 97; l. 23, 'Traile' = trill, trickle.

.. 136, l. 4, 'trickle' = trickly, tricksome; but qu.— tickle? l. 11, 'limber' = pliant; l. 13, 'afind' = assigned, as before; l. 20, 'Then,' &c. = the ten years before named, *r.g.* = than; l. 26, 'he' = fortune — the masculine is noticeable.

.. 137, l. 6, 'solute' — I adopt this from 1635 edition for the original misprint 'stoole'; l. 7, 'petting' = peddling.

.. 138, l. 3, 'pight' = pitched; l. 5, 'compasse' = assigned limits; l. 6, 'joy' — again a syllable wanting = ioyess, but I have adopted from 1635 edition the reading 'outrunnes' for 'runnes,' which supplies the lacking syllable if it be not so congruous with context; *ibid.*, 'pointed' = appointed; l. 12, 'frizen' = frozen; *ibid.*, 'Axe' = axel, or a new-formed English word from Axis probably; l. 13, 'delight [in]'; l. 19, 'floating' = floating, but see note on p. 58, l. 11; l. 30, 'for that' = since or because; l. 35, 'rangling' = rangeling, *i.e.*, ranging, as before. See note on Canto lii, p. 103, l. 13; l. 41, 'gin' = giuen; l. 43, 'giglot' — Cotgrave. "Gadrouillette: F., A minx, gigle, flirt, callet, Gixie; (a feigned word, applicable to any such cattell"); and Sherwood, "Giggle or gigglet Gadrouillette." *Ibid.*, 'Troye' — read Troye[s], as before, a dissyllable, as p. 139, l. 6.

.. 139, l. 2, 'slis'd' = slived.

APPENDIX A.

Page 141. The Apologie, &c. — see on this our Introduction.

.. 142, l. 3, 'preiudicale' = prejudiced; l. 11, 'fond' = foolish; l. 12, 'graftis' — grafts; l. 26, 'P. C.' = Peter Colse — whose poem, with the attacks on Avisa, is added to Avisa in the present volume.

.. 143, l. 1, 'thirtie and fve yeares since' — a manifest untruth. See Intro-

duction, also on 'Susanna,' l. 4; l. 5 (from bottom), 'The Author was unknowne,' &c.—see our Introduction on this.

Cant. 144, l. 1, 'meaneſt'—see our Introduction; l. 10, 'ſome other'—notice used as a plural.

,, 145, l. 3, 'A Phenix.' See Introduction.

,, 146, l. 15, 'labor . . . loſt'—a favorite phrase of the author of *Avisa*, as noted in the places.

,, 147, l. 7, 'framed'—fashioned, adapted—another *Avisa* word; l. 18, 'quailed'—quelled—still another *Avisa* favorite word; l. 19, 'ſarder'—farther, as in *Avisa*; l. 20, 'frame'—see on l. 7.

,, 149, l. 12, 'rightleſſe'—unlawful, without right. By a curious misprint, 1596 is printed 1569 in the original (*i.e.*, 1635 from 1596 edition).

APPENDIX B.

Page 151. The Victorie, &c.—see on this our Introduction; l. 6, 'Price'—prize, as in *Avisa*; l. 12, 'Two,' *i.e.*, Venus and Juno, Pallas and Diana: and so (1) Penelope, (2) *Avisa*—the form in relation to Colse's *Penelope's Complaint*, as before; l. 14, 'liftes'—rolls (of fame)? *ibid.*, 'Lauin Land'—see note on *Avisa*, p. 15, l. 3.

,, 152, l. 1, 'Athenian Muſe'—Pallas—see p. 152, l. 19; l. 8, 'borne'—bourn or bourne; l. 16, 'cries'—*i.e.*, the 'fire' of hate 'flames forth' from Juno's 'envious eyes' accompanied with 'angry cries'—the former, not the latter, from the 'eyes'; l. 19, 'ſtoop'—qu. = stop? So 'stole' is mis-spelled 'ſtoole'; *ibid.*, 'trumpeſ'—trumpets.

,, 153, l. 4, 'meaneſt trade.' So in *Avisa*—see Introduction; l. 28, 'wriſte'—twist, pervert.

,, 154, l. 2, 'ſeme'—see on *Avisa*, p. 15, l. 24.

,, 155, l. 24, 'no'—misprinted 'to' in the original; l. 30, *i.e.*, your owne [*Avisa*], it is not the *Avisa*—repetition of l. 18.

,, 156, l. 2, 'Where'—whether, as in *Avisa*; l. 13, 'Fleuent Riggis'—frolicsome doings or tales, or loose contemporary pamphlets; l. 25, 'where'—whether, as in l. 2, so in ll. 27, 29; l. 29, 'old Penelope'—as unfortunate as *Avisa*'s 'olde Juno'—of course = ancient, but unskilfully chosen.

,, 157, Signature—Thomas Willoby, &c.—see our Introduction; ll. 3-4, men, should be punctuated (.) or (:) or at least (;) and 'bow'; should be 'bow,'.

PETER COLSE'S *PENELOPE'S COMPLAINT* (1596).

Epistle-dedictory. 'Ladie Edith wife . . . Sir Rafe Horſey knight'—Sir Ralph Horſey was of Melcombe Horſey, co. Dorset, where he died and was buried in 1612. His family was for many generations before him of this neighbourhood; but he was the

elder son of George Horsey of Digswell, Herts, Esq., by his first wife Ann, daughter of Sir Ralph Sadler of Standon, Herts. Sir Ralph Horsey's wife was Edith, daughter of William Mohun. She married secondly at Melcombe Horsey, in 1613, "Mr. Thomas Scetone" [? Seaton], and was buried there in 1628, having also survived her second husband. Their eldest daughter — celebrated on page 163 — became the wife of William Arnold. The family became extinct in the male line a generation or two later.

Page 162, *In commendation, &c.*, l. 2, 'shakbut' = sackbut; l. 3, 'Cosmos' = the world or universe?

„ 163, *Amico, &c.* The S. D. has been claimed for Samuel Daniel. See our Introduction on this and for translation of the poem; l. 3, 'posies' = posies, i.e., here 'nosegay.'

„ 164, *To the Reader*, l. 10, 'cinque pace' = a kind of dance (called also *galliard*), the steps of which were regulated by the number five. So Sir John Davies (*On Dancing*, st. 67):
 " Five was the number of the music's feet,
 Which still the dance did with five paces meet."

See Nares, s.v., and under 'galliard'; l. 23, 'Ela' = highest note in the scale of music.

„ 165, *She sheweth, &c.*, l. 3, 'phare' = husband; l. 14, 'sonde' = phoenix.

„ 166, *She discommendeth, &c.*, l. 9, 'scely' = innocent; l. 16, 'meacocke' = a poltroon, especially an over-indulgent husband. See Nares, s.v., for a full note, with pat examples.

„ *ibid*, *She accuseth, &c.*, l. 12, 'phorre' — see on p. 165, l. 3.

„ 167, *She controlleth, &c.*, l. 8, 'fal' — query — fall, r.g.; l. 13, 'peart' = lively or brisk. See Nares, s.v.; l. 17, 'giggish' = wantonish; l. 18, 'Brideuel birds' = jail-birds, inmates of prisons, or women of ill-fame? l. 36, 'Palliardice' — from 'palliard,' a vagabond who lies on straw; *ibid*, 'vre' = use.

„ *ibid*, *Againſt Paris, &c.*, l. 12, 'port' = bearing, dignity? l. 14, 'leachers' = 'lecher's,' i.e., Paris band.

„ 168, *ibid*, l. 10, 'fell' = fallen; l. 18, 'flead' = flayed.

„ *ibid*, *Antinous, &c.*, l. 2, 'fray' = be afraid or frightened.

„ 169, *She complaineth, &c.*, l. 32, 'fro' = frow, i.e., woman.

„ *ibid*, *She wifeth, &c.*, l. 13, 'Heart a gold' = heart of gold — complimentary saying.

„ 170, *Her supplication, &c.*, l. 2, 'swifly' — qu. misprint for 'shifty'? l. 3, 'transplendant.' So p. 171, l. 9 of *She sheweth, &c.* = splendid, or splendid beyond ordinary.

„ *ibid*, *Shee accuseth, &c.*, l. 9, 'giglet' = a wanton, or softened from 'giggle,' to laugh? l. 24, 'prinkox' = pert, forward youth; l. 22, 'aire' = a dissylable as 'crier.'

„ 171, *She bewailes, &c.*, l. 2, 'chim' = chime? — a nursery-phrase still — as when a child yawns, the mother or nurse says 'that's the

first bell for bed,' &c., &c.; l. 15, 'leach' = physician; l. 17, 'mough' = might.

Page 171, *She sheweth, &c.*, l. 13, 'wend' = wended.

„ *ibid.*, *Penelope, &c.*, l. 4, 'reede' = advice, judgment.

„ 172, l. 26, 'doubt' = fear.

„ 173, *The woers, &c.*, l. 8, 'beldame' = aged dame, not in its deteriorated sense; l. 15, 'woodcocke-like' = foolish-like. See Nares, s.v.

„ *ibid.*, *She debateth, &c.*, l. 28, 'Know good,' &c. — the well-known Greek and Latin lament, memorable modernly by Byron's pleading of it in his pathetic letter to John Sheppard.

„ 174, *The Complaint, &c.*, l. 11, 'al and some' = the whole and each; l. 24, 'shent' = reproached, disgraced; l. 36, 'affwage' = abate.

„ *ibid.*, *Her speech, &c.*, l. 2, 'silly' = simple; l. 14, 'coyle' = noise, tumult, difficulty; l. 18, 'silly' = innocent.

„ 175, *The reply, &c.*, l. 12, 'shrewdly' = a vixenish mastering passion — applied to males; l. 31, 'al heart' = heartily, or qu. error for 'alert'?

„ *ibid.*, *Her Episile, &c.*, l. 17, 'froe' = frow, i.e., 'woman,' as before.

„ 176, l. 3 (from top), 'too too' — note this early occurrence.

„ *ibid.*, *She bewaileth, &c.* — 34 = 43 (by misprint); l. 4, 'shent' = scolded.

„ 177, *Telemachus sheweth, &c.*, l. 9, 'great' = misprinted 'geat' but 'r' filled in in M.S.; l. 15, 'I hold a crowne' = I hold you or bet you a crowne? l. 26, 'trencher-knights.' See Nares, under 'trencher'; also our Introduction.

„ 178, l. 13, 'trull' = froe or frow, as before; l. 19, 'scot free' — an odd place to find this familiar word; l. 51, 'sturre' = stir; l. 3 (from bottom), 'al and some' = whole and each, as before.

„ 179, *The aduice, &c.*, l. 12, 'prise' = price. Cf. p. 181, *She checketh, &c.*, l. 14; l. 15, 'topsy turvy' — early occurrence of this now common word.

„ *ibid.*, *She bewaileth, &c.*, l. 1, 'detract' = delay, draw out; l. 6, 'tills' = toils? but see our Introduction.

„ 181, *She checketh, &c.*, l. 14, 'prise' = prize. Cf. p. 179, *The aduice, &c.*, l. 12.

„ *ibid.*, *Telemachus, &c.*, l. 16, 'creake' = croak or speak evil.

„ *ibid.*, *The death, &c.*, l. 13, 'number numberles' — early occurrence of a Miltonic phrase; l. 19, 'muc' = in mews.

„ 182, *ibid.*, l. 5, 'by gis' = by Jesus — a minced oath. So in *Hamlet*, "By Gis and by St. Charity," &c. (act iv, sc. 5.)

„ *ibid.*, *She hearing, &c.*, l. 2, 'foole faine' = foolishly fond? l. 4, 'nothing leffe' = he thinks of nothing less than, &c.; l. 8, 'hurly burly' — early occurrence of this Shakespearean word; l. 13, 'at daggers point' — a noticeable early phrase.

„ *ibid.*, *Her maide, &c.*, l. 7, 'waltring' = weltering.

„ 183, *Vlyffes, &c.*, l. 8, 'miser' = wretched (Latinate).

„ *ibid.*, *Penelope, &c.*, l. 9, 'fell' = fierce.

Page 183, *Vlyffes, &c.*, l. 3, 'foredone' = fordone, *i.e.*, destroyed, ruined; l. 9,
'fwoȝd' = a clown or clodhopper. Cf. Halliwell, *s.v.*

.., *ibid.*, *L'envy* — l. 10 'l[o]ue' — I have filled in the 'o' as 'lue' has no
sense — the 'loue' is caught up and repeated from the former
line. It could hardly be another Latinate noun from *lues*,
pestilence, destruction.

A. B. G.

XXXII. HENRY WILLOBIE.

Page 22, l. 6, 'thus' read 'such,' for the rhyme.
,, 36, l. 3, 'Lillie' = the maid a lily who loves a weed without scent, and giving no glee, *i.e.*, her virtue or chastity.
,, 39, l. 15, 'will' read 'wile.'
,, 53, l. 4, 'dill' = deal (cards)—by stress of rhyme.
,, 69 (margin), 'Canol cole.' This is an early quotation for the word. Skeat in 'Errata and Addenda,' p. 783, col. 1, says, "occurs in 1673."
,, 97, l. 11, 'vernant' = belonging to Spring.
,, 115, l. 3 (from bottom), 'griping grieves'—*Romeo and Juliet*, 4, v. 128, in quotation from ballad ridiculed.
,, 146, l. 2, for 'mortall' read 'morall.'
,, 156, 'Canton'd' = sung in cantos. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, 1, v. 289.
,, 163. Verses by S. D. These Verses show that 'Avisa' was a real, known, and recognised person; for "conjux cas/onis filia pan-doclei could not come from the poem 'Avisa.' The former might be inferred from p. 56, but there is no hint of the latter.
,, 166, col. 1, l. 16, 'with mangled mind'—conveyed from Sydney.
,, 181, 'The death of her wooers,' l. 2, 'gaggling' = cackling.

